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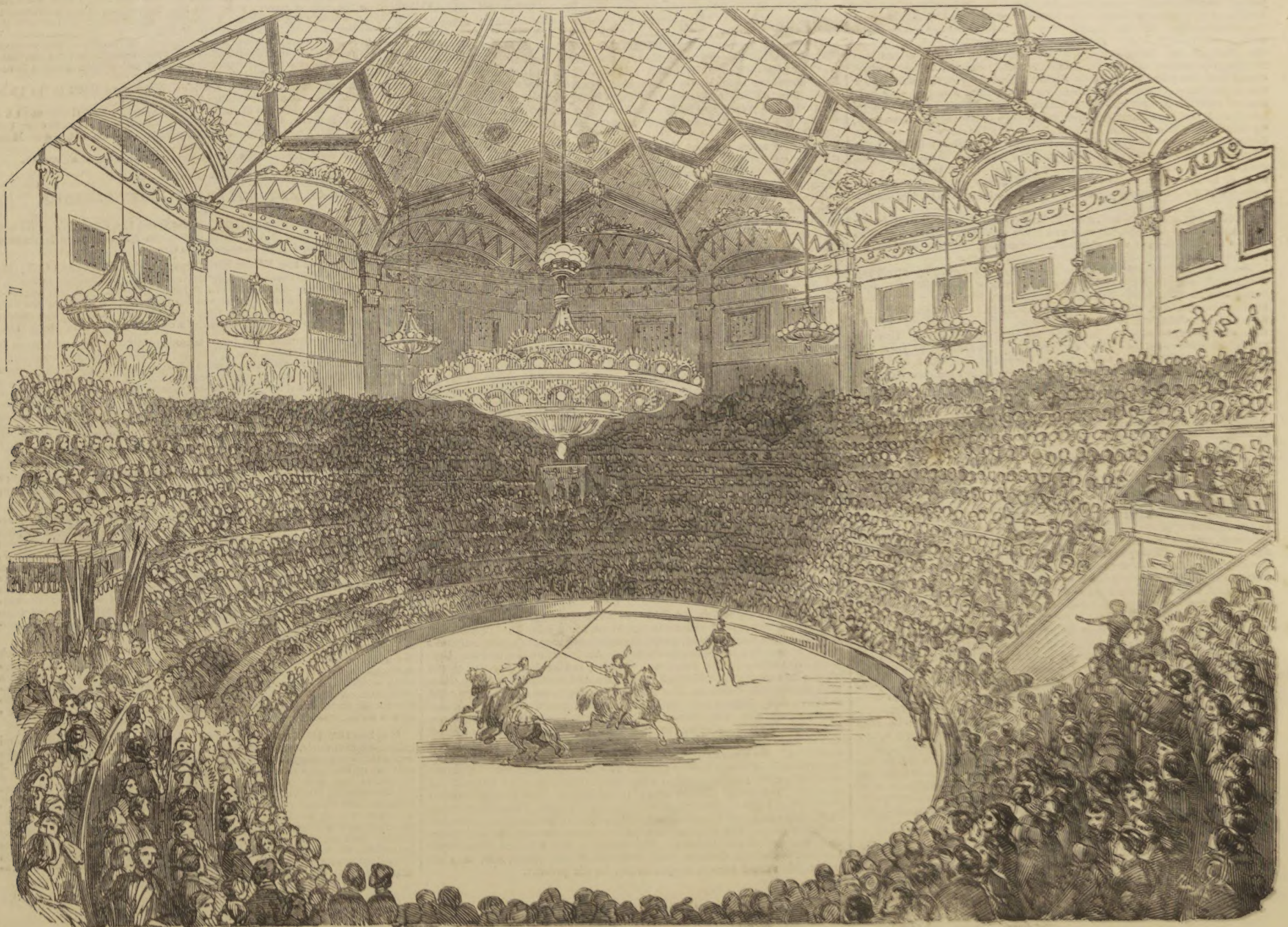
FALL OF THE DERBY ADMINISTRATION.

THE first trial of strength in the new Parliament has proved fatal to the Administration of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. So early a catastrophe, though natural, was scarcely expected by the public, and certainly not desired by the Opposition. It was not, however, to be averted. The unwise toleration extended to men who change or remodel their opinions for the sake of power, the unhappily lax tone of political morality which is the result, joined to the unwillingness as well as unreadiness of the great Parliamentary leaders to enter upon the responsibilities of office at the present time, all tended to maintain Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli at the head of affairs. But higher and more patriotic motives than these induced the Opposition, as well as moderate men throughout the country, to accord a fair hearing to the measures which the Ministers might propose, and to judge them, not by the demerits of their past professions, but by the merits of their present performances. Yet all these influences, powerful as they were, failed to prevent their fall.

The financial scheme on which Mr. Disraeli had based the fortunes of himself and his colleagues, was too much for the nation and for Parliament to bear. Compelled by their own sense of right, as well as of constitutional usage, to abide the decision to be pronounced upon that project, though selecting a minor and partial, rather than a broad and general, issue on which to stand or fall, the Ministers met their defeat in the manner that was ex-

pected; and, instead of striving to amend the Budget, resigned office. Their resignation was immediately accepted, and the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Earl of Aberdeen were summoned by her Majesty to form an Administration. The advanced age of the noble Marquis has prevented him from responding to the call of the Sovereign, and the wishes of the country; but the benefit of his tried sagacity, his long experience, and his unsullied character will, it is understood, be secured to the new Ministry as far as good wishes, advice, and unofficial aid can extend. The Earl of Aberdeen will have a difficult task to perform. He succeeds to office at a critical time, and selects his colleagues from parties that have not yet acquired the coherency or homogeneity hitherto essential for carrying on a Government; and he will be confronted by an Opposition of great strength, that has just disengaged itself of an inconvenient question, and started afresh, without the "Old Man of the Mountain" of Protection upon its shoulders, to impede or to strangle it. Yet he may reckon upon as fair a trial as his predecessors, and upon the cordial support of the country, if he follow out—as it is to be expected he will—the wisely conservative and reforming principles which he learned and practised with Peel and Wellington. Those illustrious men are no longer amongst us, but the inheritors of their statesmanship survive; and the old Whig party, with whom they have so little, if any, difference on essential and fundamental principles of policy, will have, there can be no doubt, sufficient virtue and self-denial to act with them.

But before considering the composition, the character, or the prospects of the new Ministry, it is just that, like our contemporaries, we should record our verdict upon the old. The Administration of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli is already a matter of history, and demands the record of the journalist. We cannot be classed among the number of those who have blown hot and cold upon the subject—who supported them once, when they seemed likely to be successful, and turned against them when defeat and disgrace "loomed in the future" before them. We may, therefore, claim to speak upon the subject with the authority derivable from consistency, great or little as that authority may happen to be. That the Ministry was an unnecessary one—we endeavoured to show in the very week of its formation. It was unnecessary, because when Lord John Russell, in the spring of the present year chose to resign office in a fit of spleen or of disgust—he was not compelled by the usages of Parliament, or by the real state of parties, to advise the Sovereign to choose his successors among the ranks of those who had not defeated him, and whose principles were not in question. But contemporary criticism may well grant the necessity of its existence. It was, and therefore it ought to have been. People look upon it as a fact, and make the best and the most of it. The impartial observer of events is justified, however, when he treats it as a fact, to inquire what was its character, individual and collective; and what good or what evil resulted from its tenure of office? Of its character little can be said. Lord Derby, throughout life, a brilliant debater and an uncertain politician, maintained



INAUGURATION OF THE NEW WINTER CIRCUS, AT PARIS, BY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

is former reputation in both respects; but forgot, or laid by, his old ambition, to become secondary to a more brilliant debater, and a more uncertain politician than himself. Mr. Disraeli was in reality, though not in name, the chief of the Ministry, and played his difficult part with a courage which many will admire, but with results upon the political morals of the age which a far greater number of persons will most unfeignedly deplore. The remaining members of the Administration were respectable and useful men, but stood at a long interval beneath these two. If Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli were generals and field-marsals, their colleagues were but corporals at the best. If they were worthy to play *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, the rest were but walking gentlemen, or scene-shifters. It is not now necessary to discuss their merits, for it is conceded that all, or nearly all, the good measures passed by the late Ministry were inherited from their predecessors; and that to the weak but well-meaning and honest Administration of Lord John Russell, and not to that of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, were due the valuable law reforms of the present year, and even the Militia Bill itself.

When we carry our inquiry beyond the personal character of the Ministry, and ask—in the convenient, but often abused, phraseology of the day—"What was its mission?" we find that Mr. Disraeli was not without his uses. It is true that he and Lord Derby impaired the public faith in public men—a grievous calamity; but it must be admitted that the evil which they did was accompanied by some countervailing benefits and advantages. They proved that not even party exigencies, strong as they are, are sufficient to fight successfully against an economic, a political, and a moral truth. Amid the storm and conflict of opinion they helped, perhaps against their will, and certainly against their convenience, to clear the political atmosphere. They rendered involuntary homage to the sagacity and the patriotism of a departed statesman. They dug the grave of an obstinate error. They removed a huge impediment from the path of all future Ministers, and left a clear field for the consideration of a thousand practical questions affecting the employment, the health, the education, and the morals of the people which that one pertinacious subject—the Corn-laws—kept continually in neglect and abeyance. For this consummation the country may well be thankful.

THE NEW WINTER CIRCUS, AT PARIS.

THE opening of this magnificent theatre, intended for performances in the winter, as the Olympic Circus of the Champs Elysées is for the summer season, was noticed in the letter of our Paris Correspondent last week. The Winter Circus is situated on the Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire: it is a vast edifice, with a decorated ceiling; and the inter-spaces of the supporting columns are embellished with characteristic paintings, wherein the noble horse is paramount. The seats for the spectators rise from around the arena to a great height, reminding one of the *circi* of Old Rome. The orchestra is placed over the entrance to the arena; and, for the opening night, when the Emperor was present, a state-pavilion was erected for his Imperial Majesty, who was seated in front of the box, which was appropriately decorated with the colours, the eagles, &c. The Emperor evidently enjoyed the chivalrous performances in the circle, and the drolleries of M. Auriol.

Altogether, this new theatre must be admired for its sparkling decorations, as well as for its vast size. In the centre hangs a large chandelier, and around it a circle of smaller lustres; the flood of gas-light from which gives a fairylike brilliancy to the entire scene.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

FRANCE.

The Senate makes some small show of independence. It appears that although the Emperor postponed his trip to Compeigne for several days, in hopes that the Senate would be induced at once to vote the *Senatus Consultum* relative to the modification to be made in the constitution of the 14th of January, 1852, he was obliged to leave Paris before the final settlement of that question. The committee on the measure having found that the Emperor was determined not to yield on the subject of the additional powers which he demands, agreed to accept, for form's sake, an amendment. The Emperor will have the initiative in the re-modelling of the tariffs, but he will ask, or take, the advice of the Senate. The articles relative to the voting of the Budget by Ministers gave rise to very warm discussions in the committee of the Senate. Several of the members declared that the effect would be to deprive the country of all control over the expenditure, and reminded their colleagues that a serious and real control over the Budget was the traditional right of the French people, and that it had been exercised even in the days of the ancient Monarchy, by the States-General. They added that as the Emperor had so often declared that he was determined to maintain the principles of '89, he ought at all events not to give less control over the finances of the country than was given at that period, and even before it. But none of these arguments would make the Emperor yield. His only answer was, "So the Senate wants a conflict;" and the Senate, in a fright, yielded.

On Monday the Senate met, and M. Triplong read his report, the mere reading of which occupied an hour and three quarters. The question of the printing of the report was carried unanimously, and the Senate adjourned till Thursday.

The Emperor, it is said, seeks to strengthen his hands by attaching the Republicans to his service. For this purpose M. Bethmont, who held a seat in M. de Lamartine's Provisional Government, was summoned to the Tuilleries, and honoured with an audience. Louis Napoleon did not disguise his want of able agents, or the hostility of all the statesmen who had belonged to the Monarchical Governments anterior to 1848. He expressed his readiness to treat on almost any terms with the men who had served the Republic, observing that they must now be aware that no Government but his own was possible. M. Bethmont was authorised to communicate what had passed to his friends, including General Cavaignac. It is unnecessary to add that the result was a collective and indignant refusal.

On Saturday the Emperor left the Tuilleries for Compeigne, where, on Monday, attended by the representatives of foreign Courts, he had a grand hunt.

PRUSSIA.

In consequence of the visit—a visit not without a political purpose—the first, we believe, that has occurred of an Austrian Emperor to Berlin, that town is in a state of unwonted gaiety. On Saturday a grand parade took place, and furnished a noble sight to the foreign officers and to the citizens of Berlin. The great point of attraction was the young Emperor, whose earnest and expressive countenance, symmetrical figure, and erect military carriage, produced a most pleasing effect. In the evening, a magnificent banquet was held in the White Hall, where covers were laid for upwards of 350 of the most distinguished personages of the land, as well as for the suite of the Emperor, and some other foreign officers, among whom were Major-General Charles Bentinck and Colonel Torrens, of the Welch Fusiliers. The third act of the day's amusement was a gala theatre, to which, in addition to all the party who dined at the palace, the members of the diplomatic corps and their ladies, without exception, were invited, the whole theatre having been engaged for the purpose by the King. The piece was Spontini's opera of "Olympia," to which little attention was paid, all eyes being intent on the Royal box, where sat the young Emperor, who was greeted upon his entrance with most enthusiastic cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, which his Imperial Majesty replied to by bowing repeatedly from the front of the box. The aspect of the house was splendid. Every corner from the pit to the roof was filled with brilliant uniforms or court dresses, sparkling with stars and decorations, interspersed with the costly toilets of the diplomatic and court ladies, which former have in this country rare occasions for exhibiting their taste or splendour. It was nearly half-past nine when the drop-scene fell upon an allegorical scene representing the union of Prussia and Austria, and the Royal party withdrew amidst the loudest cheers.

SPAIN.

The Ministry of Bravo Murillo exists no longer. General Roncali called on by the Queen, has formed a Cabinet as follows:—Roncali,

Premier, and Minister for Foreign Affairs; General Lara, War; General Mirasol, Marine; Vahey, Justice; Aristizabel, Finance; Llorente, Interior.

With the exception of one or two, the present Ministers are not persons of much influence, or much known in the political world. General Roncali came into notice in 1843, after the downfall of Espartero, and commanded for a short time in the Basque provinces. He was soon transferred to the Captaincy-General of Grenada, where he exercised his command harshly and unpopularly. His services were rewarded by the rich Captaincy-General of the island of Cuba, where his conduct resembled more that of O'Donnell than of José Concha. He has never figured as a politician. General Lara is only known as having commanded for some time in the Campa de Gibraltar. Neither as a military man nor as a politician is there anything remarkable in his career. General Concha is better known. He is the senior member of the Cabinet. He commanded in Bilbao in 1835, when Zumalacarreui besieged that city, and when the Carlist chief was struck by a stray ball, from the effects of which he died in June of the same year. In one of the sallies outside the garrison, Mirasol narrowly escaped being made prisoner by the Carlist outposts. He commanded in Guipuzcoa, in the Basque provinces, in the summer of 1837, and had his headquarters at Hernani, when he was obliged to fly, in consequence of an insurrection in one of the Spanish regiments of the garrison. An English officer, named Ebsworth, who had belonged to the British Auxiliary Legion, was shot dead by mistake for the General, whom he resembled in size, though much younger. General Mirasol afterwards commanded in Puerto Rico. Count Mirasol, however, is best known to the English public by his mission to London in 1848. It was he who was sent by the Duke of Sotomayor to explain the reasons for the delivery of his passports to the British Minister by the Spanish Government. M. Vahey is not much known. He is considered to be an ally of M. Salamañca; as also is M. Aristizabel, who is still less known. M. Llorente was in 1846 a member of the Spanish *Tiers Parti*—the Puritans—at the head of which was M. Pacheco, who was Minister with Salamañca, General Cordova, Ros de Olano, Escosura, and others. In 1847 that Ministry was upset by a Court intrigue, in which General Serrano, who was then the great favourite, took so prominent a part. General Narvaez re-established his power on its ruins. Llorente was a journalist at Cadiz during a part of the regency of Espartero, and obtained rather a melancholy celebrity by the fatal result of a duel in which he had engaged with a brother journalist on the other side.

TURKEY.

A letter from the Adriatic coast, dated the 11th instant, says:—"The European public will greatly err if it conceives of the insurrection in Montenegro as an isolated fact. It stands in close connexion with a revolution which appears to have its ramifications among all the Slavish races of Turkey in Europe. Thus we hear that a chief of Upper Albania—the name is not given with distinctness—has renounced allegiance to the Porte, and will assert his independence against the Turks, at the head of 10,000 men. Again, we hear from Mostar that the mountaineers of the Herzegovina refused the payment of taxes, and have declared that they are ready to oppose force to force. The certainty of receiving aid in case of need, not only from the Scavonian portion of Albania, but also from other provinces, explains the fact that the Montenegrines, who hitherto, however expert in raids and forays, have never been trained to field fighting, now venture to wage warfare with the Sultan's troops on Turkish ground. The Ottoman force disposable for their reduction cannot be very formidable, on account of the numerous and increasing claims upon its services. The Montenegrines are, moreover, remarkable for courage and fortitude. The leaders put the entire Turkish garrison of Zabljak to the sword, in order that the soldiers who took their place might feel that in the event of an attack by the Turks, if defeated they had nothing to look for but death, and so might fight with the energy of despair.

AMERICA.

President Fillmore has delivered his last message, preparatory to his resignation of power. It is dated Washington, December 6th. It asserts that satisfactory explanations have been given by the British Government of the real nature and object of the recent movements in relation to the fisheries of the north-east coast, and a desire is expressed that new arrangements in regard to these fisheries should, if possible, be made between the two countries, redounding to their mutual advantage. The effort, it admits, would be attended with difficulties; but yet, there being a sincere desire on both sides, it is not unlikely to prove successful. Reference is made to the recent unpleasant occurrences affecting commercial intercourse with Cuba. They are spoken of as comprising acts of which the United States have a right to complain; and it is stated that the refusal of the Captain-General to allow passengers and the mails to be landed in certain cases, for a reason which does not furnish, in the opinion of the Government, even a good presumptive ground for such a prohibition, has been made the subject of a serious remonstrance at Madrid. In connexion with this matter, the interesting fact is presented that the United States Government, in the early part of the present year, was officially invited by England and France to become a party with these powers to a Tripartite Convention, binding themselves against an acquisition at any future time of Cuba by any of the three, and that the invitation was respectfully declined. Yet strong, and it is believed valid objections were then urged against any attempt to incorporate Cuba into the Union.

The differences between the Government and Mexico, in regard to the Tehuantepec route, are acknowledged to be embarrassing, but it is hoped they will be satisfactorily adjusted. A similar hope is expressed in regard to the Nicaraguan difficulty. Venezuela, it is stated, has acknowledged important claims of citizens of the United States. Steps have been taken to obtain commercial access to the extensive countries watered by the tributaries of La Plata.

In regard to the Lobos Islands, it is fairly and honourably admitted that further investigation has removed all doubt of the title of Peru to a sovereignty over them.

Reference is made to the Japan Expedition, and its object is distinctly declared to be the procurement of a relaxation of the un hospitable and anti-social system which Japan has pursued for about two centuries, and to be altogether peaceful and friendly in its nature.

The domestic affairs of the country are represented as very satisfactory. The revenues of the country are in an unusually prosperous state.

The President again urges the strong facts and arguments in favour of the revision of the present tariff, so as to prevent frauds, and better protect the industry of the country. Whatever disposition of this matter may be made by Congress, the Executive has fully acquitted itself of all its duties in regard to it. The injurious operation of the present law, it would seem, is too manifest to be either denied or tolerated.

The general condition of Indian affairs is believed to be improving. In regard to the Mexican boundary commission, it is stated that the survey of the Gila has been completed, but that the survey of the Rio Grande has been suspended, in consequence of defects in the existing law. The efforts during the year to restrain the incursions of the Indians into Mexico, it is said, have been unusually successful.

The Message closes with a clear and powerful vindication by the President as to his adhering, in all great essentials, to the liberal conservative policy laid down by the fathers of the Republic.

WEST INDIA MAIL.

By the *Orinoco*, which reached Southampton on Sunday, we hear much of the ravages of disease in the West India Islands. The cholera at Nassau had nearly disappeared, though in other parts of the Bahamas it was raging to a considerable extent. At St. Thomas's and the Leeward Islands the yellow fever was making sad havoc. Several of the officers and crew of the *Ek* had been attacked with yellow fever, soon after leaving St. Thomas's. The mortality at Barbadoes, both among the natives and Europeans, had been very great. Assistant Commissary Neil and the whole of his family, numbering six persons, had fallen victims to the disease. Two or three cases of sporadic cholera had occurred at Jamaica; the small-pox was disappearing. Sir Charles Grey, it is said, is to leave Jamaica, and Lord Howard de Walden or Lord Wharnclyffe will be his successor. A severe shock of earthquake was felt at Jamaica on the 26th ult., but did no damage. Trade was dull in every department. The produce-market was quiet. Rum and sugar maintain last quotations. The heavy rains in St. Elizabeth and Manchester parishes have been most destructive to the coffee crop. Ten deaths from yellow fever occurred in the homeward passage of the *Orinoco*. On Monday Sir William Pym, from London, visited the *Orinoco*; and determined that the vessel and its passengers should remain in quarantine for the present.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

RESIGNATION OF MINISTERS.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, the Earl of Derby rose and said, consistent with the usual practice on such occasions as the present one, he came forward for the purpose of making that declaration on the part of the Government in that House which was generally expected from him. In doing so, he felt called upon to enter into an explanation of the causes which had led to the resignation of the Government, an event which could not, under ordinary circumstances, but be more or less productive of disturbance to the public service. He felt that he ought not to throw up office from any light grounds. He was relieved from the necessity of trespassing at any length upon their Lordships' time, because the ground of his resignation was on the surface, and patent to all. There were 310 gentlemen in the other House, who, he believed, were disposed to give their support to the Government. There were, however, three, if not more, other parties in the other House with whom the Government had to deal. One included in its ranks a great variety of opinions, from the high and aristocratic and exclusive Whig down to the wildest theorist and most extreme Radical. That party comprised about 200 in number. There was another party from the sister kingdom, which principally represented the views of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy, and the extreme doctrines known by the title of Ultramontane—a party that was pledged to overthrow the present or any other Government which was not prepared to act upon their extreme views. There was also another party, though numerically small, comprising about thirty-five persons of great worth, and respectability. Having referred to the motion of Mr. Villiers, and the speech of Sir J. Graham, his Lordship observed—AM these parties combined together to defeat the Government upon a question of the highest importance—a question which was to form the basis of their whole financial policy, and succeeded by a majority of nineteen in effecting that object. Under these circumstances he (the Earl of Derby) and his colleagues felt that a further course remained to the Government than to tender to her Majesty their resignation. He had also to announce that her Majesty had been graciously pleased to accept the same. Her Majesty, at the same time, had signified her pleasure of sending for and taking the advice of two noblemen of great experience and wisdom—one of them peculiarly distinguished in that House, not only for his long experience, but for the well-known moderation of his opinions. One of these noblemen was, unfortunately, in consequence of illness, unable to attend. The other noble Lord was, therefore, undertaken to form the Government. He (the Earl of Derby) presumed that that noble Lord would seek to carry on the Government upon strictly Conservative principles. How that Government was to be carried on he entertained some doubt. He could assure their Lordships that retirement from office was no personal sacrifice to him. He could only say, that, whatever Government were in power, he should feel it his duty to support such a course of policy as would tend to promote the continuance of peace abroad and prosperity and contentment at home. Under the existing circumstances he had only to say, that he and his colleagues only held office until their successors were appointed, and until they should be able to present for her Majesty's approval a Government which, in her Majesty's judgment, would be capable of conducting the affairs of the country. He had received a communication from the noble Earl who was engaged in the formation of a new Administration, requesting him to move the adjournment of the House until that day week. Looking, however, to the extreme inconvenience attending the detention of their Lordships in town until after Christmas-day, he had sent the noble Earl a message, subject to his approval, with the hope that in the meantime the noble Earl would have made some progress in his arrangements, that he would move the adjournment of their Lordships' House to Thursday next.

The Duke of Newcastle was anxious to avoid everything that could excite hostile feelings or promote controversy, and therefore he should not stop to consider whether the course taken by the noble Earl was in conformity with the courtesy which usually prevailed between a Minister who had resigned office and one who had been commanded to form a new Administration. But he must take notice of the statement made by the noble Earl relative to a right hon. Baronet in the other House of Parliament. To that statement he (the Duke of Newcastle) gave a positive and emphatic denial. The very opposite of that statement was the truth. The right hon. Baronet had himself stated that attempts were made by a few gentlemen, himself included, to prepare a resolution which should combine the whole of the friends of Free-trade, and to separate it from all appearance of opposition to the Government. That there was no such combination as the noble Earl had described, was proved by the simple fact that the very words which the right hon. Baronet framed were eventually accepted and adopted by the Government.

Lord DEBY explained, and the House adjourned till Thursday.

In the House of Commons the same evening, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER rose, amidst profound silence, and said—Sir, after the vote at which the House arrived on Thursday night, the Earl of Derby and his colleagues thought it their duty to tender the resignation of their offices to her Majesty, and her Majesty has been most graciously pleased to accept the same. It has reached me that the Earl of Aberdeen has undertaken the office of forming a new Administration; and, therefore, it only remains for me to say that we hold our present offices only until our successors are appointed. I hope the House will not think it presumptuous on my part if, under these circumstances, I venture to offer them my grateful thanks for the indulgent, and I will even say the generous, manner in which, on both sides, I have been supported in attempting to conduct the business of this House. If, sir, in maintaining a too unequal struggle, any word has escaped my lips (and that, I hope, was never except in the way of retort), which has hurt the feelings of any gentleman in the House, I deeply regret it; and I hope that the impression on their part will be as transient as the sense of provocation was on my own. The kind opinion of members of this House, whatever may be their political opinions, and wherever I may sit, will always be to me the most precious possession, and one that I shall ever most covet and most appreciate. Sir, I beg to move that this House, at its rising, do adjourn till Thursday next.

Lord J. RUSSELL, Sir J. GRAHAM, and Sir C. WOOD gave credit to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the abilities he had displayed.

Colonel STANHOPE ridiculed the notion of knocking down the Government and then hanging them to a plaster; and consoled himself with the reflection that the "conspirators" on the Opposition side were like dogs and cats, and could not agree long together.

After a few words from Messrs. Hume and Cayley, the House adjourned.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Duke of Northumberland has conferred the Captain's good service pension on Captain Henry Smith, C.B.; and has nominated Commodore Charles Falbot, a naval a-de-camp to the Queen.

Vice-Admiral of the White Sir Thomas John Cochrane, C.B., the new y-appointed Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, is eldest son of the late Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander F. J. Cochrane, G.C.B., and first cousin of Admiral the Earl of Dundonald; he was born in 1789, and entered the navy as a first-class volunteer in June, 1796, on board the *Thetis*, 42, commanded by his father, with whom he served on the North American station until 1798.

The following circular has been issued relative to free discharges in the army:—"Horse Guards, Dec. 8, 1852.—The General Commanding-in-Chief having had under consideration the cases of soldiers serving abroad, who, under the provisions of the Royal warrants, being entitled to free discharges, wish to avail themselves of that indulgence, and to return home, has been pleased, on the suggestion of the Secretary at War, to direct that individuals so circumstanced may not be finally discharged in the colony, as has hitherto frequently been the practice, but shall be sent to the United Kingdom when opportunities offer, and finally discharged on their actual arrival, their discharge documents being transmitted in the same manner as those of invalids.—By command, G. BAOWN, Adjutant-General."

The *Adelaide* steamer, which sailed on Saturday last, with passengers &c., for Australia, to touch at the Cape, put in to Plymouth on Sunday morning in a leaky state.

A board of officers, consisting of Lieut.-General Sir John F. Burgoyne, G.C.B., Inspector-General of Fortifications (president); Lieut.-General Sir Hew D. Ross, K.C.B., Deputy Adjutant-General of Artillery; Major-General Griffiths; G. Lewis, C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of the Royal Military Academy; Colonel E. C. Whinney, C.B., K.H., Commandant of the Garrison; and Colonel Thomas Manshard, C.B., Commandant of Royal Engineers and Royal Sappers and Miners at Woolwich, assembled at Woolwich on Tuesday, in the hall of the cadets' barracks, at the Royal Arsenal, for the purpose of witnessing the examination of the gentlemen cadets whose period of study in the Practical Class was completed, and decide upon their qualifications to be appointed to commissions in the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers.

Upwards of sixty-five horses arrived at the garrison at Woolwich last week. These horses were purchased in the country by Lieut.-Colonel Wingfield, and amongst them are some beautiful greys, it being intended to have a troop of the Royal Horse Artillery, and one of the field batteries, supplied entirely with horses of that colour. It is also intended to issue a new brown harness for the Royal Horse Artillery and field batteries, instead of the black harness in use at present.

GALLANTRY REWARDED.—In consideration of the brilliant and gallant conduct of No. 844, Sergeant Richard Perry, 24th Foot, in securing the colours of the regiment at the battle of Chillianwallah, after both the officers who had carried them had been killed, and nearly the whole of the two centre companies had been swept down by grape-shot from the enemy's guns, the Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to place this brave non-commissioned officer's name on the list to receive a medal "for meritorious conduct," with an annuity, so soon as a vacancy shall occur; and the right hon. the Secretary-at-War, at the instance of the Lords and others, Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital, has transmitted a warrant under the Royal sign manual authorising the grant of a special pension of 2s. 6d. a day to Sergeant Perry, instead of the rate to which he was entitled for service under the ordinary regulations—viz., 1s. 6d. per diem.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

POLITICAL MEETING AT LORD DERBY'S.—On Monday, at noon, about 160 members of the two Houses of Parliament, met at the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, in Downing-street. Lord Derby addressed the meeting at some length, declaring his firm resolution, at whatever cost of personal convenience, to continue his services to the great cause and the powerful party with which he was so closely connected, and urging upon all present the imperative necessity that existed for the closest and most intimate union. A general feeling of satisfaction was manifested at the conclusion of this address; and a strong expression of confidence in the character, conduct, and guidance of the noble Earl was embodied in a speech made by Lord Delawarr.

FINE ARTS IN THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE.—A letter has been received by Messrs. Owen Jones, and Digby Wyatt from the Baron Von Klenze, of Munich, who, during their visit to that town, kindly undertook to intercede with King Louis of Bavaria for permission to mould some of the chief works of sculpture belonging to the public galleries and monuments. Baron Von Klenze reports that the interest which His Majesty feels in the Sydenham undertaking—as a step in the same direction as his own institution of the Glyptothek—is so great, that he has granted in its favour the permission which he has hitherto refused even to the Governments of Europe. The works which will be thus for the first time brought under the knowledge of the English public are “Schwanthaler's Victories,” a colossal figure from the monument of Kelheim, by Haibig; and the finest antique sculptures of the Glyptothek, the private property of the King. The Academy of Munich has kindly granted permission to mould the colossal head of Bavaria, by Schwanthaler.

ST. THOMAS'S DAY.—Tuesday being St. Thomas's Day, wardmotes were held in each of the 26 wards of the City. In very few of them did any contest or change occur.

THE LATE CONTEST FOR MIDDLESEX.—On Tuesday night about three hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down to a cold collation at the Albion Hotel, Hammersmith, to celebrate the return of Lord Robert Grosvenor and Mr. Bernal Osborne. Sir John Shelley, M.P., occupied the chair, and was supported by Lord R. Grosvenor, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Keogh, M.P., Sir A. Rothschild, Mr. J. Williams, D. Simpson, Captain Reid, Captain West, &c.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO THE POOR.—On Saturday last the parochial authorities of St. Clement Danes, St. Martin's, St. James's, and nearly every parish in the metropolis, commenced the distribution of meat, bread, and coals, with baskets, flannel, tea, and small gifts of money to the aged. On Monday the Queen's bounty of 5s. to each of 400 persons above 60 years of age was distributed at the Almondy Office, in Scotland-yard. On Christmas-day a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding is to be given to some thousand poor people at the City Soup Kitchen and the Leicester-square Soup Kitchen. Bands of music have been engaged, and tents erected for dancing in the evening.

THE PARISH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES AND THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL.—The Committee having the conduct of the erection and sales of sittings in the Churchyard of St. Clement Danes, on the occasion of the funeral of the late Duke of Wellington, have already been enabled to dispose the following sums to the undermentioned valuable institutions, viz:—the St. Clement Danes' Benevolent Pension Society, £31 10s.; the King's College Hospital, £31 10s.; the St. Clement Danes' Ragged School, £30; the St. Clement Danes' District Visiting Society, £30; the Parochial Charity Schools, £25; the Public Dispensary, £25; the Parochial Sunday Schools, £20; with many other charitable donations of smaller amounts.

ABOLITION OF CHRISTMAS-BOXES.—The City and metropolitan commissioners of police have issued strict orders to the constables that they were to refrain, under pain of dismissal, from soliciting Christmas-boxes.

EAST INDIA CADETS.—At a general quarterly meeting of the East India Company, held on Wednesday, the following motion made by Captain McGregor was, after some discussion, negatived:—“That in accordance with a principle which obtains at the Royal Military Colleges of Woolwich and Sandhurst, it be recommended to the Honourable the Court of Directors to establish at Addiscombe a graduated scale of payment for cadets, reducing the charge for the sons of Indian officers proportionably to the ascertained means of parents, provided the same can be effected without increased charge to the East India Company.”

THE NEW CHELSEA BRIDGE.—The works for the construction of the new suspension-bridge near the end of the Grosvenor canal, Chelsea, and which is intended to connect that neighbourhood and Pimlico with the long-delayed Battersea-park, are being carried on with great activity. The embankment to form the roadway has had that portion abutting on the river nearly completed, and when the planing of the bridge is laid down, it will raise the level of the road from 18 to 20 feet above the present ground, and will be carried on arches to agree with the level of the new streets to be built in the Commercial-fields, and which will branch off from the proposed new street in continuation of Lower Sloane-street. When the whole work is completed, steamers and sailing craft will be enabled to pass under the bridge without lowering their funnels or masts at high water. The remains of the Great Exhibition building are piled up in tons in the Commercial-fields; pillars, balustrades, columns, and all the iron railing that surrounded the outside of the building are here, when they are taken, as wanted, down the river to Sydenham.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—A valuable addition to the extensive catalogues to the Museum library has just been made, in the form of an exclusive catalogue of works on music possessed by the library of the nation. The new catalogue introduced to the reading-room is entirely in manuscript form, and is composed of 57 volumes folio. It is divided into two parts—music, and names of authors of words set to music.

DEATH OF THREE PERSONS FROM THE FUMES OF CHARCOAL.—On Sunday morning, Thomas Martin, aged 24, Harry Burton, aged 17, and William Sheen, aged 20, assistants in the employ of Mr. Elliot, a cheesemonger, of Portman-place, lost their lives by suffocation with carbonic acid. They had retired at an early hour on Sunday morning, in a room where a tripod charged with candent charcoal was standing under an opening in the skylight, there being no chimney in the apartment. Their non-appearance on Sunday, at breakfast time, led to a search, when two of them were found dead in their beds; while the third, Burton, was unconscious, and died in the evening.

FIRE IN THE METROPOLIS.—There have been very numerous fires this week. On Monday, there was one fire under the Eastern Counties Railway, in No. 36 arch, situate in Tapp-street, Bethnal-green, the property of Mr. T. Cripps, a pig and cattle merchant. Another took place in the premises of Mrs. Ellen Sullivan, No. 17, Wells-street, Poplar. A third occurred on the premises of Mr. J. Smithy, a bread and biscuit baker, No. 1, Brick-lane, Old-street, St. Luke's. A fourth broke out in the premises of Mr. J. Bedford, No. 25, Amelia-street, Weston-street, Southwark. A fifth happened on the premises of Mr. S. Mann, oilman, No. 35, Langley-place, Commercial-road. A sixth took place in the premises of Mr. J. Seaborne, 3, Blue Anchor-alley, Ratcliff. The greater part of these fires originated from carelessness with candles. On Tuesday a fire, attended with a destruction of property valued at several hundred pounds, broke out in the extensive premises belonging to Mr. R. Smith, linen-draper and silk-mercer, carrying on business at Camberwell-place. The outbreak commenced in the shop from, it is supposed, an escape of gas.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.—Last week the births of 878 boys and 784 girls were registered in London. The deaths were 1041.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.—At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.318 in. ches. On Wednesday the mean daily reading was 29.914 inches, and on Saturday, 30.044 inches. The mean temperature of the week was 48.5 deg., which is 7.5 deg. above the average of the same week in ten years. The mean daily temperature was about 10 deg. above the average on the first three days, and from 6 deg. to 8 deg. above it on the next three days. On Friday the mean temperature was 49 deg., and on Saturday it fell to 41 deg.

RAILWAY LEGISLATION.—The committee, consisting of Mr. Hanley, Mr. Hume, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Strutt, Mr. Patten, Col. Mure, Captain Jones, Mr. Deedes, Mr. Milnes, Mr. Denison, and Mr. Laffan, appointed to consider the principle of amalgamation as applied to railway and canal bills about to be brought under the consideration of Parliament, and to consider the principles that ought to guide the House in railway legislation, have reported that in their opinion all railway bills introduced into the House during the present session should, as a general rule, be made integral in themselves, and that the greatest caution should be exercised in admitting into them, otherwise than by specific enactment, provisions which repeal, continue, or extend the powers of former acts, and that the attention of committees on private bills should be directed to this point.

THE WELLINGTON NUGGET.—This singular piece of gold, which has recently attracted so much attention in London, from its striking resemblance in profile to the late Duke of Wellington, was brought in the month of June last from the Rock diggings, on the Peel river, Tamworth, New South Wales, by Mr. Stuart A. Donaldson, one of the members of the Sydney Legislative Council, and by him shipped to Messrs. Donaldson and Lambert, of the City. The resemblance to the features of the Duke are surprising in the bold forehead, the broad temple, with the peculiar shape of the nose, and low ear. The weight of this nugget is something more than six ounces, of pure gold. It arrived in England by the *Maidland*, on the day of the Great Duke's funeral.

QUARANTINE, AND THE EUPHRATES ROUTE TO INDIA.—Dr. Thompson has just returned from his mission to Constantinople and Vienna, to make inquiries upon the above subjects, and on Wednesday had a long interview with the Earl of Malmesbury, at the Foreign-office.

ARMS FOR THE KAFFIRS.—It has been often asked how the Kaffirs get supplied with arms and ammunition. The following account may throw some light on the matter:—A large French barque was driven ashore at Ficot, on the Chelil Bank, near Weymouth, on the night of Wednesday last, laden with muskets and gunpowder. Out of fifteen souls who composed the crew, only six were saved. Upon being asked where the vessel was bound, it was answered, “The Cape of Good Hope.”

MUSIC.

THE HARMONIC UNION.

Mr. Charles Edward Horsley is the first composer who has selected the Biblical narrative of Joseph and his brethren for the subject of an oratorio. The celebrated Mehul, the pupil of Glück and rival of Cherubini, composed an opera in 1807, called “Joseph,” which was produced at the Opéra Comique, and was revived at the same establishment about two years since with prodigious success. The opera has been presented in this country as an oratorio, but Mehul never contemplated that his work would be executed in any other mode than that which the lyric stage exacts, namely, with a dramatic *mise en scène*. It was the popularity of Mehul's “Joseph,” in France and Germany, which induced Rossini to compose “Moïse” (known in England by the two titles of “Pietro el Eremita” and “Zora,”) and which also prompted Auber to compose the “Enfant Prodigue.” It is to be regretted that Mr. C. Horsley, the clever composer of “David,” an oratorio of so much promise, should have chosen for his second sacred work the legend of “Joseph,” the incidents of which are so scanty, and admit of such few opportunities for contrasts and diversity of treatment. It is evident that however prolific have been the productions of painters, in illustrating the principal adventure of Joseph in Egypt, the poet and the musician are debarred from using the incident in an oratorio. It is to be doubted whether any ingenuity could have rendered the story of “Joseph” sufficiently interesting for a sacred composition of three hours' duration; and it is positive that the author of Mr. Horsley's oratorio has utterly failed in doing so. A more confused book, a duller narrative, and words worse adapted for music, have rarely been met with. A musician of creative genius might, perhaps, have triumphed over the fatal defects of the poem; its monotony might have been relieved, and its diffuseness rendered less wearisome; but Mr. Horsley seems to have been depressed by the heaviness of his materials; and the youthful elasticity, which, despite the want of originality in “David,” inspired the amateurs with such hopes of the young composer's future, has disappeared in “Joseph.” Long before its conclusion, the auditory in Exeter-hall, on the 17th inst., evidently felt such a sense of fatigue and prostration, that the benches became deserted, leaving only to a very small minority the task of calling for the composer as a tribute of respect, at all events, for his industry and his unquestionable abilities. In short, for this oratorio, there cannot be a particle of sustained interest, as a whole; although in detached pieces, the composer commands the sincerest sympathy, and, at times, the cordial admiration of his listeners. The overture and the symphony between the first and second parts, may be subjected to the charge of over-elaboration; but the two orchestral pieces are beautifully scored, and the accompaniments to many of the choruses equally challenge eulogium for their fancy and piquancy. However clever may be some of the vocal combinations, sublimity is never reached; and an oratorio without sublimity is like an epic without genius—the length only making the want of the divine spark more sensibly felt. Essentially Mendelssohnian as are the ideas and forms of Mr. C. Horsley, he signally fails to imitate the vocal facilities and inspirations of his great model. The most natural, the most unaffected, and consequently the most pleasing specimens of part writing, is in the quartet “The Lord Knoweth,” sung by Miss Birch, Miss M. Williams, and Messrs. Lockey and Lawler; and it was redemanded with unanimous alacrity. Miss M. Williams was also invited to repeat the contralto air, “How Plentiful is thy Goodness,” which has been inserted in the work since its first performance by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, on the 31st of May last. Mr. Horsley has been remarkably happy in writing the tenor songs for Mr. Lockey, who sang the part of Joseph with an expression and fervour worthy of especial commendation. There can be no question that the bass airs, allotted to Mr. Lawler, as Jacob, must have been infinitely more effective in the hands of Formés, who sang the part in Liverpool, and every allowance must be also made for the want of sufficient rehearsals; but, all drawbacks and contrarieties admitted, the lack of individuality in the composer's style was too palpable to cause any mistake as to the impression created by the first performance in London of Mr. Horsley's “Joseph.” He has displayed a very honourable and praiseworthy ambition; and, as a musician of considerable attainments, he will be respected; but, as an oratorio writer, his fame will have to rest on the future, not on the past.

Of the aims and intentions of the “Harmonic Union,” mention has already been honourably made in these columns. The main object—to afford to living composers the opportunity of producing their works, sacred and secular—is so good, that all amateurs and professors ought to assist the society in every possible manner. An admirable orchestra has been engaged, under the experienced command of Mr. Benedict, who has always displayed the utmost zeal for art advancement in this country. The directors must be, however, cautious in the selection of new works, and must be careful that they are not performed without sufficient preparation; the failure of Bach's noble motet in B flat, No. 6, on the opening night, should be a warning to secure the services of a practised organist who can sustain with tact the voices, in emergencies such as those which unfortunately occurred.

Mendelssohn's “Walpurgis Night,” Beethoven's “Ruin of Athens,” and a new overture by Henry Leslie, will be included in the scheme of the first secular concert. Here, again, is a wide, noble, and novel field for exertion. In addition to the MS. works of our native composers, why not introduce the latest compositions of Schumann, Richard Wagner, Gade, Reber, David, Berlioz, &c., to afford a notion of the state of continental art?

MUSICAL EVENTS.

A meeting of the Board of Professors of the Royal Academy of Music—including Mr. C. Potter (chairman), Sir H. R. Bishop, Messrs. W. S. Bennett, Goss, Lucas, Blagrove, and Howell—took place on Monday, for the election of candidates for the vacant King's Scholarships. There were 36 candidates, about 18 of whom were pupils of the Academy, and the other half strangers. The election fell on Miss Janetia Aylward and Mr. Henry Baumer (pianoforte and composition). Miss Rosina Bentley and Mr. Louis Schroder received special notice, and the following were highly commended:—Misses Sadler, Spiller, M. Hales, R. P. Lyne, S. Marie James, and Eliza A. Hughes; and Messrs. J. W. Pen, W. Pettitt, and T. Watson. There were more competitors than has been known for some years past, and a considerable degree of talent was displayed, particularly in the female department. The branches of study of the candidates were chiefly the pianoforte, harp, violin, violoncello, and harmony. The ages of the candidates varied from twelve to nearly eighteen years, no one being allowed to compete after eighteen years of age.—The last meeting of the fourth season of the Brighton Musical Union took place on Thursday at the Royal Pavilion; the executants were Madame Oury (pianoforte), Messrs. Oury and W. Hill (violins), Mr. W. Cramer (viola), Mr. R. Nibbs (violoncello); and Miss Messent, Mrs. Dance, Signor Arigotti, and Mr. Normanville (vocalists).—The Cecilia Society performed Handel's “Messiah” last night, at the Albion Hall.—Miss Dolby gave her third and last *soirée* on Tuesday night, assisted by Miss Birch, Miss Barolay, Messrs. Francis, Land, Bodda, W. S. Bennett, Sainton, Dando, Lucas, Lazarus, and Lindsey Sloper.—Haydn's “Creation” was performed, on Wednesday night, at Mr. Salaman's Amateur Choral Meeting.—The second performance this season of Handel's “Messiah” took place at Exeter-hall, on Wednesday night, under Costa's direction, Madame Fiorentini making her second appearance on this occasion. Miss Birch and Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey and Mr. Phillips, were the other vocalists.—On Thursday night, Mendelssohn's “Elijah” was executed by the London Sacred Harmonic Society, under Mr. Surman's direction. The oratorio was preceded by Dr. Mackay's elegy, “Mourn for the Mighty Dead,” the music by Sir H. R. Bishop (published in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS). The principal singers were Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Stewart, Miss C. Felton, Miss Dolby; Messrs. Lockey, Seymour, Morgan, Cotterell, Bareham, and Phillips.—The accounts of Seyntog's great success in America are fully confirmed; she was to appear in Italian opera at New York.—Alboni had not been so fortunate in her concerts as had been anticipated, although her singing was so much admired.—Madame Thillon, Mrs. Bishop, and Mr. Augustus Braham had no reason to complain of the want of patronage in the United States.

JULIEN'S BAL MASQUE.—We understand that there were admitted to the parterre of Drury-lane Theatre, on the night of Julien's Bal Masqué, last week, 2500 persons; and to the other parts of the theatre, 2256 spectators: total, 4756 persons. Such was the anxiety to witness the gay scene that private boxes were let at from eight to twenty guineas, making the entire receipts to exceed those at any former Bal Masqué in London or Paris. M. Julien's popularity is attributable, irrespective of his talent, to the fact that during a period of fourteen seasons he has never disappointed the public, or been induced to prolong an engagement beyond the advertised “positively” last nights.

THE THEATRES.

PRINCESS.

On Saturday, as we had announced, the veteran Mr. Bartley took his farewell benefit at this house, being the fiftieth anniversary of his acting. The play was the first part of “Henry IV.” Mr. Bartley's performance of *Falstaff*, on the last occasion, was touchingly interesting. It was full, also, of his usual unctious, and he revelled in the humour which he had to embody. At the conclusion, Mr. Bartley delivered an admirable farewell address, with great elocutionary propriety and emphasis, which was followed by immense applause. The house was crowded in every part.

FORTHCOMING PANTOMIMES.

The theatres, at the time of our going to press, are busy with night-rehearsals of their Christmas pieces. DRURY-LANE will make its opening feature, and the pantomime, from the pen of Mr. Blanchard, is announced under the title of “Harlequin Hudibras; or, Dame Durand and the Droll Days of the Merry Monarch.” The subject is a good one; and *Clown* (Tom Matthews) excellent. It will be preceded by a new drama in three acts, founded on “Uncle Tom's Cabin,” and dramatized by Mr. Fitzball, who professes to have depicted therein “the horrors of slavery.” At the PRINCESS, the name of the pantomime is “Harlequin Cherry and Fair Star;” while SADLER'S WELLS rejoices in the subject of “Whittington and his Cat.”

Mr. Nelson Lee, as usual, provides pantomimes for his own and other stages. In that at the ADELPHI, he will be aided by the extraordinary talent of Flexmore, the most excellent of modern clowns. The subject selected is certainly a happy one—“Nell Gwyn; or, Harlequin, the Merrie Monarch, and the Orange Girl;” and, from the programme, the piece includes an unusual variety of character, and a profusion of scenery, with an extraordinary amount of decoration; particular care having been taken to provide Flexmore with sufficient opportunity for eccentric display. Next to this, the pantomime at the OLYMPIC, is opulent in resources, and has a theme capable of abundant development. “Romeo and Juliet; or, Harlequin and Queen Mab in the Land of Dreams,” is the attractive title; and the incidents and poetic personifications of the dialogue of the immortal drama are wrought into an ingenious and allegoric series of scenes, in which the demon of Poison, *apropos*, we suppose, of *Sarah Blangi*, plays a prominent part. Mr. Edwardes is the clown. A third pantomime, by the same author, appears at ASTLEY'S, entitled “Fortunio and his Horse Conrade, and the Seven Gifted Men.” The clown is Mr. Gardeven Bolero, and the piece of the most costly description. At his own theatre, the CITY OF LONDON, Mr. Lee has trusted to a subject of his own invention, sufficiently intelligible, however, from the title, “King Emerald and Harlequin in the Crystal Palace on Fairy Land,” in which are introduced some new and remarkable mechanical constructions by Mr. Beaumont and Mr. J. Johnson.

The HAYMARKET promises an extravaganza, called “Leo the Terrible;” but the LYCEUM has not yet announced the name of its Christmas drama.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Additions for the holidays have been made to the Diorama of the Wellington Campaigns—the Lying-in-State of the remains of the Great Duke—the Funeral Procession—and the Interior of St. Paul's. The last is accompanied with music and singing; and thus, by a combination of arts, impresses the senses both of seeing and hearing with the solemn reality of the scene. The lecture was well delivered, and attended on Monday by a numerous and well-pleased assembly of spectators.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE.—This gentleman—whom we commended some twelvemonth since for his assumption of character-parts in certain histrionic entertainments at more than one literary institute—has adopted the advice given him by several journals—ours among the number—and taken to the stage as a profession. We find that he has been serving his *penitence* term at the Queen's Royal Theatre, Dublin, and succeeded in such parts as *Paul Pry* and *Robert Tyke*; his quaint and original drollery, pathos, and impersonating power being acknowledged to be first-rate. We are not surprised at this result. Last week, we learnt that Mr. J. L. Toole took his benefit, which was extremely well attended, on which occasion he appeared in a smartly-written original farce, by Mr. Edward Copping, entitled “Wanted a Madman,” and which proved highly successful. His acting and make-up as *Whigs* is reported to have been admirable. We have no doubt of Mr. Toole's prosperous career.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

The steeple-chase campaign for 1852 is at an end, and the only proximate gatherings for next year are Stratford, on the 1st of January, and another metropolitan early in the same month, in the neighbourhood of Epsom. The coursing fixtures for the ensuing week possess little public interest; they stand thus:—Monday, Beltay; Tuesday, Scorton; Wednesday, Limerick, Kyle, and Aston Combermere.

TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.—A very indifferent muster, and speculation the reverse of brisk; enough, however, was done to admit of the following quotations:—

METROPOLITAN HANDICAP.		
30 to 1 agst Muscovite	33 to 1 agst Ammonia	33 to 1 agst Lord Fauconberg
CHESTER CUP.		
65 to 1 agst Ethelbert	80 to 1 agst Confessor	80 to 1 agst Cardinal Wiseman
DEBUT.		
18 to 1 agst West Australia	33 to 1 agst Brocket	50 to 1 agst Lord Fauconberg
100 to 1 — Cissa	33 to 1 — Ninyhammer	50 to 1 — Urinoco
17 to 1 — Umbriel	50 to 1 — Hatanplan	

CHRISTMAS BEEF FOR THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND, PRUSSIA, AND BELGIUM.—On Saturday last, Mr. Minton, of Windsor, butcher to her Majesty the Queen, slaughtered the remarkably fine Devon ox, exhibited by his Royal Highness Prince Albert at the Smithfield Club Show, and has since had the honour to forward the rumps and loins to the Kings of Prussia and Belgium respectively, while it is understood that another portion of the beef will be supplied for the use of the Queen, at Windsor Castle. The intention, we believe, is, that portions of the Prince's ox should grace the sideboards of the King of Prussia, the King of the Belgians, and the Queen of England simultaneously on New Year's-day.

THE CURVILINEAR OMNIBUS.—On Monday this improved patent of the Messrs. Scott was exhibited to a number of gentlemen at the Carriage Bazaar, King-street, Baker-street, Portman-square. Its peculiarities render this considerably more convenient and comfortable to the passengers than other omnibuses. In the first place the seats are separate, resembling arm-chairs, or more nearly, the seats of a first-class carriage in a railway train, the backs bulging outwards, and thus becoming what the patentees call *curvilinear*. Then there is to each seat a bell, affording the means of instantaneous and easy communication with the conductor. A sort of little platform runs up the whole length of the conveyance, and under this every passenger can place his feet in such a way, that no income, even if he make his way to the further end, can tread upon them; and last, not least, the ventilation being arranged by means of an apparatus in the roof, there is no liability to dissension as to which of the windows shall be opened.

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS.—Adam Murray Alexander, Esq., has been appointed Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of British Guiana. Mr. Robert N. Spence is appointed Commissary Clerk of Zetland. Mr. George Smith is appointed Sheriff Clerk of Zetland, in the room of Mr. Charles Duncan, resigned.

POST-OFFICE NOTICE.—Henceforward letters for Switzerland, when especially addressed to be forwarded in the Prussian closed mails, *via* Belgium, will be liable to a rate of postage of 10d., instead of 1s. 1d., the single letter, not exceeding half an ounce in weight, and so on, according to the scale in operation for charging inland letters. This postage may be paid in advance, or the letters may be forwarded unpaid, at the option of the sender.

THE GREAT CENTRAL GAS COMPANY v. TALLIS AND ANOTHER.—On Monday, in the Court of Exchequer, this case, which appears to have created great public interest, was brought to a close by the jury returning a verdict for the plaintiffs for £109 13s. 3d. The plaintiffs sought to recover the sum of £224 16s. 5d. for four quarters' supply of gas at 4s. per 1000 cubic feet. The defendants paid £115 3s. 2d. into court, and denied their liability to pay the balance.

THE FRACAS BETWEEN THE HON. BUTLER JOHNSTONE, M.P. AND MR. OLIVEIRA, M.P.—At the Middlesex Sessions on Tuesday, shortly after the Grand Jury had been discharged, Mr. Huddesstone said: My Lord, perhaps I may be permitted to take this opportunity to trespass on your time for a few moments, to make an application to the Court. I have to apply, on the part of the Hon. Mr. Butler Johnstone, that the recognisances of himself and his two friends, Lord Drumlanrig and Mr. Stirling, may be discharged. Mr. Johnstone was bound over to appear at this session to answer a charge of assault; but the matter, I believe I can say, has been amicably arranged, privately, through the intervention of mutual friends of both parties in a satisfactory manner. The Assistant-Judge granted the application, and said: I am very glad to hear that this is so, for that is the manner in which gentlemen ought always to arrange such differences.



SHOW OF THE METROPOLITAN FANCY RABBIT CLUB.

METROPOLITAN FANCY RABBIT CLUB.

THE eleventh Winter Show of this prosperous Society was held on the evening of Wednesday week (the 14th), at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet-street; Mr. James Handey, president of the Society, in the chair. The vice-chair was occupied by Mr. Bancks, president of the Chatham Club; and upwards of 180 gentlemen were present. After an appropriate address from the chairman, there were exhibited some remarkable rabbits, which, from various circumstances, were ineligible for the competition. The following rabbits, to whom the judges had awarded prizes, were then shown:—

- 1st Prize.—Length of ears: Mr. Park's fawn doe; aged 6 months 29 days; length, $21\frac{1}{2}$ inches; width, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. To this animal the judges appended the remark—"This is the finest specimen ever shown."
 2nd Prize.—Length of ears: Mr. Park's fawn buck; 6 months 29 days; $20\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$. Brother to the above.
 3rd Prize.—Black and white: Mr. Herring's buck; 7 months 2 days; $19\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$; a tie with Mr. Lillerton's buck; 7 months 20 days; $18\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$.
 4th Prize.—Yellow and white: Mr. Lock's buck; 7 months 14 days; $19\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$.
 5th Prize.—Tortoiseshell: Mr. Herring's buck; 7 months 3 days; $19\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$.
 6th Prize.—Blue: Mr. Handey's doe; 7 months; $17\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$. A perfect specimen of a "blue butterfly."
 7th Prize.—Grey and white: Mr. Lock's doe; 7 months 7 days; $19\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$. No competitor.
 8th Prize.—Self colour: Mr. Bird's fawn buck; 6 months; $19\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$.
 9th Prize.—Weight: Mr. Payne's yellow and white doe; 6 months 4 days; $19\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$; 10 lb 13 oz.
 10th Prize.—Weight: Mr. Stinton's sooty fawn buck; 7 months 23 days; $19\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 9 lb 13 oz.
 Aggregate length of ten rabbits, 195 inches.

In the accompanying Sketch are shown six specimens, which, commencing from the left, are—Mr. Park's fawn buck, prize 2; Mr. Park's fawn doe, prize 1; Mr. Handey's "blue butterfly," prize 6, occupying the centre of the group. To the right are Mr. Lock's buck, yellow and

white, prize 4; Mr. Herring's buck, black and white, prize 3; and Mr. Herring's buck, tortoiseshell, prize 5.

After a merited tribute to the merits of the exhibition, the chairman proposed "Prosperity to the Metropolitan Fancy Rabbit Club." The summer show was announced for the 3rd of June next.

BURSTING OF THE RESERVOIR AT BURY.

THIS destructive inundation was fully detailed in our Journal of the 11th inst. The illustration shows, in the fore portion, the remains of the burst Reservoir and embankment. On the right is seen the breach through which the water rushed, and swept onwards to Mr. Whitehead's dye and bleach works, consisting of a group of buildings occupying about an acre of ground.

The "Lodge," as the Reservoir is called in the neighbourhood, is an accumulation from three narrow streams rising in Cockney-moor. An immense embankment thrown across the valley at this point served to retain the waters of the Reservoir. Owing to the heavy fall of rain during the previous week, there was an immense body of water in the Reservoir at the time of the accident, and it became a source of serious and well-founded alarm to the inhabitants of the district. During the whole of the preceding night the rain fell in torrents, and numbers of people were on the embankment anxiously watching the progress of the accumulation. About seven o'clock on Sunday morning (the 5th inst.) it became evident that the by-wash of the "Lodge" was no longer sufficient to carry off the surplus water, and almost immediately afterwards the waves commenced making a clear breach over the central portion of the embankment. The earth forming what is called the "backing," which supports the puddle-wall in the centre of the embankment, was first washed away. About nine o'clock the puddle-wall, from which the backing had been washed, gave way in a body, and a breach, measuring 36 feet in height by about 40 in breadth, was made in the embankment. The pent-up water rushed from its lodgment in an immense volume till it reached the second reservoir, where it received a momentary check. A great portion of the flood swept completely

over this, however, while the pressure of the rest in a short time burst the right hand side of the embankment of the second lodgment. In this way the flood made two clean breaches through the buildings forming Mr. Whitehead's bleach-works, and made a complete wreck of a large portion of the property.

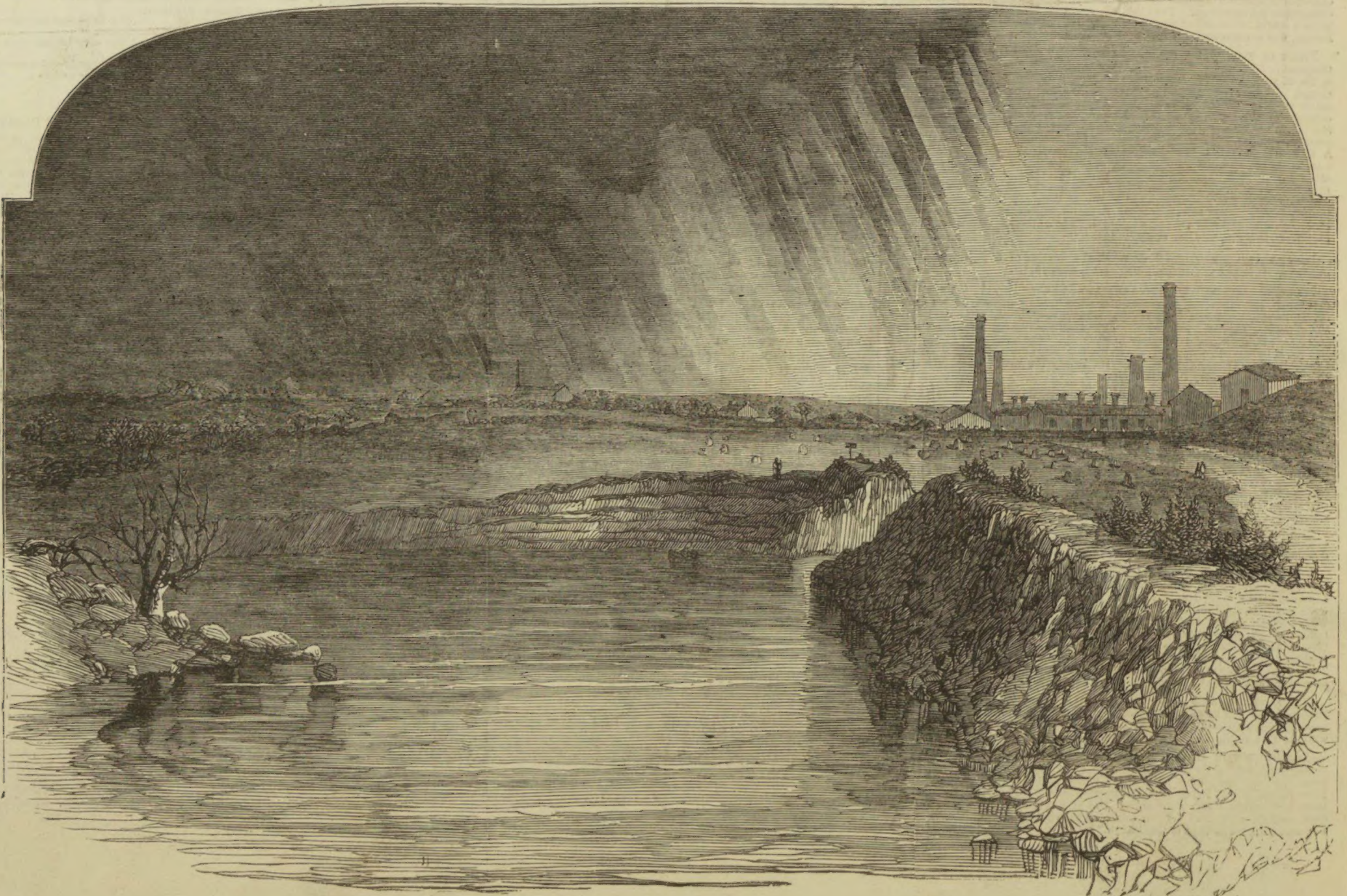
THE POULTRY EXHIBITION AT BIRMINGHAM.

THE annual exhibition of Poultry at Bingley-house took place last week, commencing on Tuesday, and closing on Friday; and the excellence of the display well attests the extraordinary importance and interest attached in this country to the rearing of poultry. A larger space was allotted to the show than was appropriated last year; and this extra provision was indispensable, there being 200 additional pens.

The show of Poultry was magnificent, comprising about 5000 birds. The competition to be found at Birmingham is now so well understood, that the owners of inferior birds abstained from sending, and the result was the above number of first-rate specimens. It may safely be affirmed, that so good a collection of Spanish fowls was never before seen together. The admirers of this beautiful breed, who had believed the dead white face to be unattainable, must have had their minds disabused of this error by the specimens exhibited by Captain Hornby, who took the first prizes, Mr. Peck taking the third.

Of Dorkings there were 123 pens, and the best breeders in England contributed their stock. The Hon. and Rev. S. W. Lawley (precluded by his duties, as one of the judges, from exhibiting) had some pens of extra stock of unusual merit: one hen weighed nearly 9 lbs. The White Dorkings were but poorly represented, and they appear to be losing ground. We hope the breed will, however, maintain its supremacy, which, by the way, dates from the time of Columella.

The Cochins-Chinas were numerous and beautiful, numbering 275 pens. The Birmingham show has become the peaceful battle-field of all



REMAINS OF THE BURST RESERVOIR, AT BURY.



THE HON. J. ASTLEY'S SILVER-PENCILLED HAMBURG.—FIRST PRIZE.

MRS. HORNBY'S SPANISH.—FIRST PRIZE.

MR. J. H. PECK'S SPANISH.—THIRD PRIZE.

the amateurs of a breed; and the contrast between this magnificent exhibition and thistle display of 1848 is not more marked than the alteration in the fashions of these birds. The first pen that took the medal at Birmingham was sold for eight guineas; now £100 is a common price. The desire to gain the Birmingham medal has, undoubtedly, much contributed to raise the price.

Mr. Sturgeon's, among the buff Cochins, the first prize, with

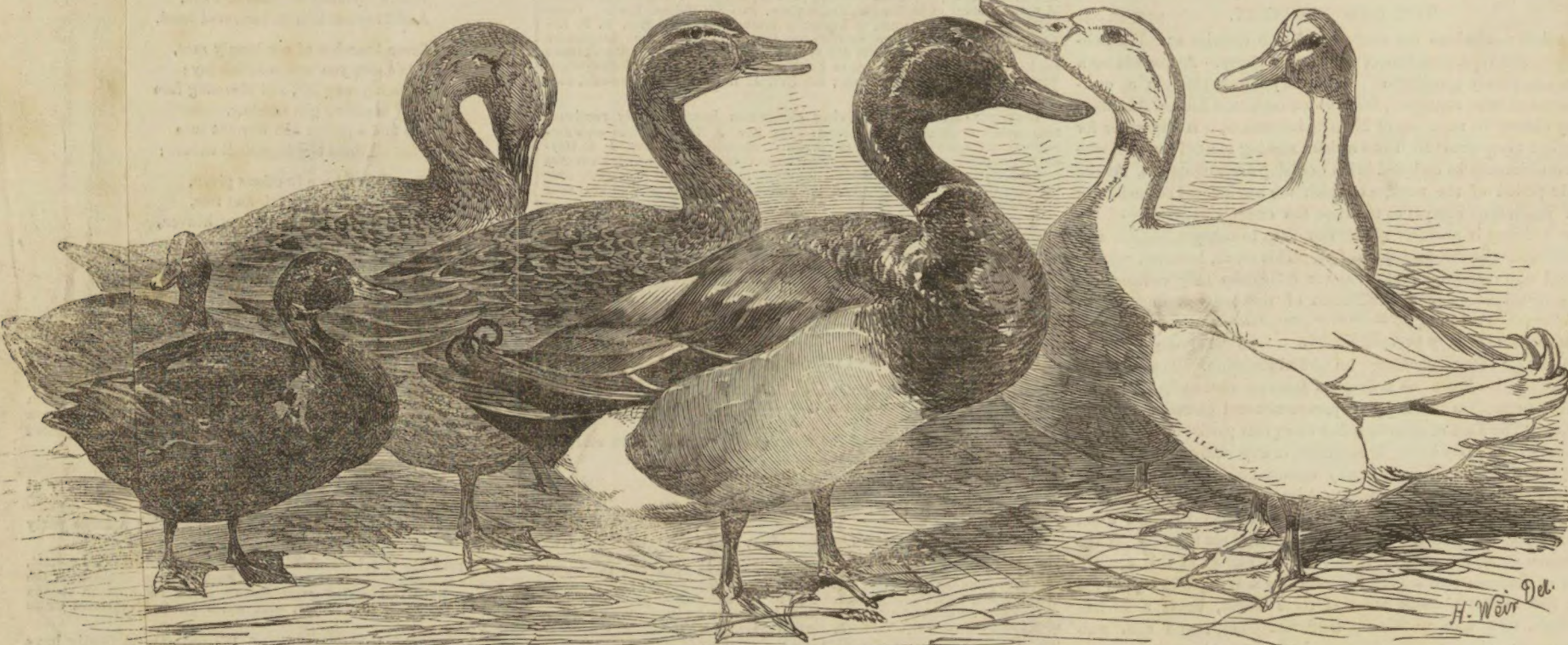
the celebrated cock, Jerry, which we have engraved. Some of these birds were of immense size; but many specimens showed crosses of the breed, though exhibited as Cochins. There were also some good partridge-colour birds. Mr. Herbert's white Cochins were very fine. Mr. Fairleigh's black also attracted much attention.

The Malays seem nearly to have gone out of fashion, few being shown: the specimens, though small, were good.

The Game Fowls, in 164 pens, well supported the reputation of past years. Some of the specimens might challenge comparison with anything ever exhibited.

The Hamburg, both pencilled and spangled, were in great force, and of the highest merit, and were represented by 165 pens. The pencilled Hamburgs exhibited by the Hon. Mrs. Astley were very fine.

The Poland class was of the highest order of merit, and the judges



MUSCLIFTON'S LABRADOR DUCK.—FIRST PRIZE

MR. PUNCHARD'S ROUEN DUCK.—FIRST PRIZE.

LORD HILL'S AYLESBURY DUCK.—FIRST PRIZE.

were of opinion such display had not before been witnessed. All classes—black with white top-knots, golden and silver, bearded, and others—were in force, and met favourable specimens. They numbered 69 pens. Mr. Hewitt's black Ponds with white top-knots were extremely good.

The next class was of a miscellaneous character, and the lover of natural curiosities might here have enjoyed a rich treat, in scanning Silk Fowls, Negroes, Crevcoeurs, Frizzled, Andalusian, Russian, Java, and Poland. All quarters of the globe thus contributed to this display.

The improvement in Bantams was marked; and each class, gold and silver-laced, black, white, and partridge, was represented.

The Geese were numerous, but rarely so heavy as last year. The Ducks were excellent, and numerous; and the Turkeys unequalled. The cock in the prize pen weighed 22½ lb., and many others varied from 18 lb. to 21 lb. each.

The show of Pigeons was capital.

A number of pens were, as usual, set apart for dealers; and Mr. John

Baily sent some uncommonly fine Spanish, Cochins-China, and Dorking fowls with some very superior Sebright bantams, Buenos Ayres and Call ducks, and Toulouse geese. Messrs. Baker, of London and Chelsea, and Mr. Nolan, of Dublin, were also contributors—the best specimens from the former being Dorkings and Toulouse geese; and of the latter, turkeys, stated to have been bred from wild birds.

We have not space for the List: but we have engraved a few of the finest specimens of Fowls and Ducks. We should add that the sales of



MR. STURGEON'S BUFF COCHIN-CHINA.—FIRST PRIZE.

MRS. HERBERT'S WHITE COCHIN-CHINA.—FIRST PRIZE.

Poultry were very large—in one day amounting to £1000. Some pairs of fowls brought as much as £40 and £50; and in the catalogue, prices of £100, and even £1000 were put down for special pens, though these sums were fixed practically to protect exhibitors who did not wish to sell; but in some cases "protection" failed here, as elsewhere, and specimens of the highest price, were bought.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, December 26.—First Sunday after Christmas. St. Stephen.
MONDAY, 27.—St. John the Evangelist.
TUESDAY, 28.—Innocents.
WEDNESDAY, 29.—Lord Stafford beheaded, 1689.
THURSDAY, 30.—Royal Society established, 1660. Coleridge born, 1772.
FRIDAY, 31.—Silvester. Charter to East India Company granted, 1600.
SATURDAY, January 1, 1853.—Circumcision. Union with Ireland, 1801.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 1, 1853.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1 50	2 10	2 30	2 50	3 10	3 30	3 50

WITH THIS WEEK'S NUMBER OF THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

IS ISSUED THE

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

PRICE OF THE TWO NUMBERS, ONE SHILLING.

With Next Week's Number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS (price Sixpence) will be presented the MONTHLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, GRATIS.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1852.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

WE shall not imitate the example of club coteries and idle politicians, and reproduce lists of the new Ministry. At present such lists are purely speculative. Amid the absolute plethora of competent and tried statesmen, from whose ranks the Earl of Aberdeen may choose the members of his Administration, it is impossible for any one to construct such lists without naming most of the men who must ultimately be included in his Lordship's arrangements. At the early period of the week, at which the mechanical necessities of our publication compel us to write, the exact composition of the new Ministry is probably not known, even to many noblemen and gentlemen who will form part of it. This much, however, may be stated with certainty, that whatever difficulties may environ the Earl of Aberdeen in the fulfilment of the arduous duty which has devolved upon him, they are not of a character similar to those which once prevented, and a second time impeded, his predecessor from forming an Administration. The Earl of Derby had to choose his colleagues from the ranks of a party, not agreed in itself as to one grand paramount and essential point of policy. The Earl of Aberdeen has two great parties from whom to choose—each party strong in character, in experience, and in knowledge, and agreed on every really essential political question. It augurs well for the stability of his Administration, of whomsoever it may ultimately be composed, that such men as Lord John Russell and Lord Aberdeen have consented to act together for the common good, at a critical period in the history of this country and of Europe; that a Tory Ministry and a Whig Ministry, in the old and almost obsolete tenor of these words, being alike impossible, men who were once moderate Tories, and men who were once Conservative Whigs, have opened their eyes to a discovery long since made by the nation, that the difference between them was more in their names than in their principles. A coalition of parties is a phrase and a thing that are not very popular. If rival parties coalesce to overthrow a rival party that is acting for the public good, and to the public satisfaction—if they combine for the merely selfish objects of their own ambition, and without regard to the national welfare—their coalition, or combination, or conspiracy—for either of the designations would fit it, and the last the best—would deserve all possible odium and condemnation. But a coalition of the followers of Lord John Russell and of the late Sir Robert Peel—not for a selfish purpose, but to enable the Government to be carried on—is a coalition of a different kind, and one that requires a different word to express its true meaning. In our day, party is no longer what it was in the years prior to 1829. Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington commenced the break up of the old sub-divisions at that time, and effaced, to a great extent, their distinctive marks and angularities. The solution of the Corn-law question completed the work then begun, and the only party that the public cares to see, or will support, in office is the party of practicability—the party of hard, honest, and sincere workers. Such a party, there is every reason to believe, will have accepted office before this sheet is in the hands of our readers. If it prove, as we trust it will, a wise and reforming, but truly Conservative Ministry, it will be supported by the moderate and enlightened public, which forms the vast majority of this nation. Such a Ministry will have many noble tasks before it. To simplify and amend the law—to extend the franchise to unrepresented property, intelligence, and good conduct—to remove impediments from trade and industry—to promote the employment of the people—to untax cleanliness, health, and knowledge—to extend the blessings of education to the humblest British child—to amend our whole system of taxation—to conciliate and satisfy our colonies and dependencies—to promote our wholesome and beneficial influence over the greater and lesser nations of the world—to cement and increase a friendly understanding with all civilised countries—to maintain the national honour and dignity in all circumstances, great or little—these are the onerous but honourable objects to be attained, and in the prosecution of which an honest Ministry, even although its enemies may call it a coalition, will find abundance of supporters.

ELECTION RECOGNISANCES.—The following are reported unobjectionable:—Cork, Carlow county, Ennis, Liverpool, Westmeath, Sligo and Sligo county, and Louth.

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

The Earl of Aberdeen continues busily engaged in the task of forming an Administration.

A meeting of the leading members of the Peel party, including the Duke of Newcastle, the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and Sir James Graham, took place on Tuesday, at noon, at Argyll House.

Lord John Russell left his residence, in Chesham-place, at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning. His Lordship drove direct to Argyll House, and remained in deliberation with the Earl of Aberdeen for nearly two hours. The noble Lord left shortly before the arrival of Sir James Graham.

After the meeting at Argyll House, the Earl of Aberdeen proceeded to Lansdowne House, and had an interview with the Marquis of Lansdowne.

A Queen's messenger, bearing despatches from her Majesty, addressed to the Earl of Aberdeen, arrived at the Waterloo terminus of the South-Western Railway at one o'clock on Tuesday. A servant in the noble Earl's livery had previously gone to Osborne with a letter for her Majesty. The Queen's messenger returned to Osborne, with a second despatch for her Majesty, by the train leaving the Waterloo station at three p.m.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, we regret to learn, continues much indisposed.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

ORDINATIONS.—On Sunday morning the Bishop of London held a general ordination at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. Prayers were read by the Rev. John H. Howlett, M.A., and the sermon preached by the Rev. W. Gibson, Humphrey, B.D., vicar of Northolt.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.—The examination for the Goddard scholarship at this college commenced on Tuesday last, and at its close, on Saturday, the examiners—the Rev. T. Branker, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, and the Rev. F. Faushaw, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford—adjudged the scholarship to C. H. Pilkington (scholar); the second in merit being G. H. Moberly (scholar). At the same time the Duncan prizes for mathematics were also awarded, the senior to F. Morshead (scholar), the junior to A. H. Harrison (commoner).—A very excellent portrait of himself (painted by Grant) has lately been presented to the head-master, Dr. Moberly, by those educated at Winchester under him, as a mark of their esteem, and of the respect in which he is held by them.

PREFERMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.—The following preferments and appointments have recently been made:—*Rectories*: The Rev. W. D. Astley, to East Langdon, near Dover; the Rev. A. Lyall, to St. Dionis Backchurch, in the city of London; the Rev. A. H. Stokdon, to Orington, Hants; the Rev. E. Thompson, to St. John the Baptist, Middleton Scriven, near Bridgnorth; the Rev. E. Wickham, to Preston Candover, Hants; the Rev. Philip Parker Gilbert, M.A., incumbent of St. Mary's, Haggerstone, to High Halden, Kent. *Vicarages*: The Rev. E. H. James, to Letcombe Regis, Berks; the Rev. H. P. Edwards, to Llanspythid, near Brecon; the Rev. W. D. Morris, to Longbridge Deverill, with Monkton Deverill and Crookerton Chapelries, near Warminster; the Rev. W. St. George Sargent, to Kimberley, Notts; the Rev. T. Stanton, to Burbage, in the diocese of Sarum; the Rev. J. W. Watkin, to Stixwold, near Horncastle.

TESTIMONIALS.—The following clergymen have recently received testimonials of affection and esteem:—The Rev. J. Wardale, late assistant-master of Highgate school, from the pupils of the school; the Rev. J. S. Haygarth, principal of the Cirencester Agricultural College, from the students of that institution; the Rev. John Teague, from the parishioners of Westfield, near Glossop; the Rev. W. Barnes, from the parishioners of Brixton Deverill, near Warminster.

A meeting of the friends of the London Colonial Training Institution was held at Great Smith-street, Westminster, for the purpose of taking leave of twelve inmates, about to emigrate. During the past year it appears that that upwards of 3000 discharged criminals have applied for admission. There are at present about 100 in the institution. The most of those who have left have been sent to America, the passage to Australia being too expensive. They are subjected to a rigorous course of industrial training, and religious instruction is given to the inmates on the broad basis of those Bible truths upon which all real Christians are agreed.

The friends of the Sons of the Clergy Society met on Saturday, to make Christmas benefactions to clergymen with families. The cases of eighty-five poor clergymen were submitted, and sums from £10 to £20 given to seventy-eight. £540 was also divided amongst the widows, single daughters, and children of clergymen.

The perpetual advowson of the vicarage of Boston has been sold by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to a layman, for £1050.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.—The public, both in England and Ireland, have not been slow in following the examples set them by the Earls of Charlemont and Yarborough. Among the numerous noblemen and gentlemen who have promised to become exhibitors in this department, we have pleasure in mentioning Lord Talbot de Malahide, who has consented to place his entire collection at the disposal of the committee. His gallery contains many fine gems of art by Sir Peter Leys, Vandeyck, Peter Wouvermans, Minderhout, Hobbema, &c. The Marquis of Conyngham has also promised to send some of his valuable paintings. Lord Massarene and Ferrard exhibits the throne and mace of the last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and some fine paintings and antiquities. The Hon. Richard O'Grady will contribute some original De Grees; Mr. Peto, M.P., several pictures; Mr. Robert Stephenson some works of Clarkson Stanfield, and other eminent English artists; Mr. J. W. Brett, of Hanover-square, some Raphaels and Rubens; Mr. Charles Cannel, of Sheffield, and Mr. Gosser, of the same place, some fine specimens of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Mr. W. Jackson, M.P., his group of Bacchantes by Guacciarini, a pupil of Canova, &c.; and the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert many fine gems from his well-known "Pembroke collection."

THE CONVICT KIRWAN.—The Hon. Justice Crampton has refused to reserve for the consideration of the Court of Criminal Appeal the points of exception made by Messrs. Butt, Q.C., and J. A. Curran, counsel for the convict, at the conclusion of the trial. Kirwan is full of hope that the change in the Government will save his life. He has been led to expect that the new Lord-Lieutenant—whoever he may be—will decline to sign a warrant for his execution on commencing his duties at Dublin Castle. A deputation will wait upon his Excellency with a numerously-signed petition, praying that the punishment of the wretched criminal may be mitigated to transportation.

NARROW ESCAPE OF MR. ISAAC DAY.—Mr. Isaac Day, the well-known trainer of Ephesus, Newcourt, Coronation, and many other celebrated race-horses, had a most wonderful escape from drowning whilst hunting with Mr. Villebois' foxhounds, last week. Mr. Day, in attempting to jump a gate upon a bridge, from the floods, fell backwards with his horse into the stream, and was upon the point of being dragged under the bridge when he was rescued by two p. destrians, who dragged him out by the hair of his head.

HARBOURS OF REFUGE.—In addition to the harbours of refuge intended to be constructed by Government on the east coast of England, it is intended to apply for a charter of incorporation for the purpose of forming a harbour of refuge at Cardigan, South Wales, on the west coast. This measure has been decided upon, owing to the mouth of the Tyrry, where it enters the Bay of Cardigan, being admirably adapted for the protection of vessels passing through St. George's Channel, where they are exposed to all the dangers of the Welsh coast, and often obliged to put back in great distress by contrary winds when attempting to proceed round the Land's End, or leaving the Channel for America. It is also intended to make a direct communication between the metropolis and the port of Cardigan, by the formation of a line of railway from Carmarthen to Cardigan, on the broad gauge principle.

PLAY AT PORTSMOUTH.—Much gossip has prevailed at this port lately in reference to some reported heavy losses at play incurred by officers of some of the corps now in this garrison. A party of foreigners, pretending to be of "distinction," took up their quarters at one of the first hotels in the borough about three weeks ago, bringing with them what appeared to be first-rate introductions, and by these they procured access to the best military circles. The result of their operations is, that they have netted very large sums in cash, besides, it is said, some £2000 in IOUs.

INUNDATIONS AT SOUTHERY, NORFOLK.—In consequence of the extensive and destructive inundations in the Feltwell New Fen District, the inhabitants of Southery are thrown into the greatest distress. At the present time 8000 acres of land are flooded to the depth of from four to six feet; and of the greater part of this year's produce, now standing in the water, one-third will be rendered useless. Upwards of 100 poor families have been compelled to leave their habitations, and are now crowded together wherever they can find shelter—from 15 to 20 persons in one cottage. The fuel which they had provided for the winter is for the most part carried away or spoiled, not to mention other losses. The farmers, without timely aid, must many of them be inevitably ruined, having lost not only much of their corn, but also their newly-sown wheat, and a great portion of their root crop. As it is calculated that the land cannot be drained for three months, there will be scarcely any employment for the labourers; and if there were, so crippled are the occupiers in their finances that it would be difficult to find the wages. The estimated loss of the district is from £25,000 to £30,000.

In six months ending the 10th October last there were 14,488 sailing vessels and 2258 steam vessels employed in the foreign and colonial trade of the United Kingdom, entered inwards; and 17,582 sailing and 2683 steam vessels cleared outwards.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

[VICTORIA-ADELAIDE-MARY-LOUISA, born November 21, 1818, *Princess Royal*. ALBERT-EDWARD, Prince of Wales, born November 9, 1841, *ALICE-MAUD-MARY*, born April 25, 1843. ALFRED-ERNEST-ALBERT, born August 6, 1844. HELENA-AUGUSTA-VICTORIA, born May 25, 1846. LOUISA-CAROLINE-ALBERTA, born March 18, 1848. ARTHUR-WILLIAM-PATRICK-ALBERT, born May 1, 1850.]

There's pleasure in the lowliest lot,
With "pure affection undefiled,"
There's rapture in the poorest cot
That boasts a little child.
And teeming wealth and lowly state,
Without such buds, are desolate.

Fair branches of our Royal tree!
The sweetest blossoms of our isles!
The people's hearts, with fervour free,
Return you smiles for smiles;
And fondly deem you all their own,
As much as her's who fills the throne.

Cornelia's jewels, what were they
Compared with you, ye Regal gems,
That glitter in the face of day
Beyond all diadems?—
Britannia's jewels, maid and son,
And rich with blessings every one!

Amid the poverty of States—
Their penury of law and right—
Their grim oppressions, wrongs, and hate—
Their darkness, black as night—
We look abroad with grateful eyes,
Like free men worthy of the prize;

And see that here, on English ground,
A man may think, and speak, and do
That here one chosen spot is found
Where law is just and true:
Where Tyranny forbears to tread,
And Freedom lifts its honoured head.

Green branches of our kingly race,
We love you with a selfish joy;
In each young life, and blooming face
Of blushing girl and boy,
We find a pledge and warrant sure
That all these blessings shall endure;

That, like a hope to others given,
Our Britain, ever fair and free,
Shall flourish in the light of heaven,
Amid her circling sea:
Her beacon lit, her flag unfurled,
To cheer the darkness of the world.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, with the youthful members of the Royal family, and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, arrived at Windsor Castle, on Wednesday afternoon, from Osborne. His Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen accompanied his illustrious relatives to Windsor.

The Duke of Devonshire will entertain a numerous family party at Chatsworth during the Christmas recess.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford are entertaining a large party at Woburn Abbey.

Her Grace the Duchess of Wellington honours Messrs. Leggatt, of Cornhill, by inspecting at their gallery Mr. Barker's interesting picture of the meeting of the late Duke and Marshal Blücher at La Belle Alliance, on the evening of the battle of Waterloo, with which her Grace expressed entire approval.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster and family have arrived at Grosvenor-house from Eaton-hall. The marriage of the Lady Octavia Grosvenor with Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, will be solemnized on Tuesday week.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Anglesey are entertaining a family circle at Beaudesert. Viscount and Viscountess Sydney and Lord Clarence Paget joined the party on Saturday.

The Earl and Countess Howe and family have arrived at Gopsall-hall for the holidays.

Viscount and Viscountess Canning have arrived at Grosvenor-square, from visiting the Earl and Countess Cowper, at Panshanger.

Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston have returned to town, from visiting Viscount and Viscountess Melbourne, at Brockley Hall, Hert's.

Viscount and Viscountess Ebrington have left London for Paris, where they intend to pass the winter.

Lady Carrington gave birth to a son on Saturday last, at the family mansion in Whitehall. Her Ladyship, with the infants going, on most favourably.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—Married on Tuesday, at St. George's, Hanover-square, the Right Hon. Lord Erskine, to Anna, widow of Thomas Calderwood Durham, Esq., of Largo, and of Polton. The marriage ceremony was performed by Lord Erskine's brother, the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Ripon.

THE IRISH VICEROYALTY.—The Earl and Countess of Eglington will hold an undress morning reception at the Castle previous to their departure from Ireland. No day is yet named for the ceremony. Without reference to party or politics, it may be truly stated that no Irish Viceroy, during the present generation at least, enjoyed more general popularity in the course of a brief government than did the noble Earl who is about to resign the reins of office. It would be impossible to point to any administrative act which could justly give offence to either of the hostile parties into which Irish society is divided. Much higher praise could not be awarded to any one filling the anomalous office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL.—Hamilton, Canada West, 4th December, 1852.—Sir,—As you are publishing much which relates to the immortal name of Wellington, it may not be uninteresting to you to learn that throughout this province of Canada, from Quebec to Sandwich, in all of the principal towns, all possible respect was paid to the day on which the remains of that great man were supposed to be consigned to his last resting-place in St. Paul's. In this rising city, at the head of Lake Ontario, the mournful day was observed by the suspension of all business, and eighty-three minute guns were fired, while in the evening the numerous fire-brigade turned out in procession with torchlight, and were addressed by Sir Allan Napier Macnab, which was received with gratifying respect. At the several festivals on St. Andrew's Day, "The Memory of the Duke of Wellington" was introduced as a standard toast.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, a Subscriber.

A SHEET OF PAPER.—We had the pleasure of inspecting, on Friday last, at Airthrey Mills, an enormous sheet or web of white paper. The web is without a break, being one continuous sheet, 3000 yards in length—within a little of a mile and three quarters—84 inches broad, and weighs 400 lb. This web was made, dried, and finished, ready to be despatched, within three hours, and might have been at its destination (Edinburgh) that night, had it not to wait until the next morning for the Excise officer to charge it with duty, and then an additional number of hours, to give the supervisor an opportunity to re-weigh it, causing a delay of about two days. For this delay and careful supervision there is charged upon the web £2 11s. 6d. as duty. The manufacturers will receive rather under £10 for the above sheet.—*Stirling Journal*.

PETERBOROUGH ELECTION.—A petition from the electors of Peterborough has just been presented against the return of Mr. G. H. Whalley, who contested the representation with Mr. Cornwell Lewis, praying that the return of the former may be declared null and void, on the ground of bribery and corruption.



PRINCESS ROYAL—PRINCE ALFRED.

PRINCESS LOUISE.

PRINCESS ALICE.

PRINCE OF WALES.

PRINCESS HELENA.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The Duke of Portland has been presented with his likeness, as a testimonial of respect, by his tenantry.

It is calculated that one eminent iron and coal master in the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton has lost £20,000 by the damage done to the pits by the late floods.

Last week the Hon. F. Scott, M.P., was elected chairman, and Mr. Hibbert deputy-chairman, of the South-Western Railway.

Mr. Vincent, the only officer saved from the ill-fated *Amazon*, has been carried off by yellow fever.

Last Saturday, with the exception of two vessels, the whole of the German fleet passed into the hands of the General Steam Navigation Company.

An English company has been formed to supply Berlin with water.

In future all rails in Prussia to be laid down on new lines are to be of wrought iron.

The *Moniteur* publishes the returns of the merchandise imported into France during the eleven months of 1852, ending on the 1st inst., the duties on which produced 126,354,277 fr., or 19,000,000 more than during the corresponding period of 1851.

Tampico advances of the 26th ult. state that a formidable revolution had broken out in the State of Tamaulipas.

Havannah accounts of the 29th ult. state that the *Crescent City* affair was at last settled, the Governor-General having taken Purser Smith's affidavit as satisfactory.

The Vienna Correspondent of the *Times* says:—"A very handsome bracelet, set with diamonds, has been forwarded by a society of Viennese to the Austrian Embassy in London." It was intended for Mrs. Benfield, the landlady in Banksdie, who saved General Hayman from the mob, but she has disappeared.

Some valuable remains, drawings and models of which have been sent to the Royal Society, have lately been discovered at Metarennan, the ancient Memphis.

The Emperor of the French has decided that there shall be established at his cost, in three of the poorest quarters of Paris, premises containing public baths and wash-houses.

A report was current at Vienna on the 11th that the Austrian Government was about to contract in England another loan of a hundred millions of florins (£10,000,000).

A letter from Trieste states that a Slavonian chief of the frontier of Albania, the Knez of Mirtidi, has revolted against the Ottoman Porte.

A meeting was held last week in Kilkenny for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of John Banim, the novelist.

The celebrated Irish sporting horse, Harkaway, which began its career on the Curragh eighteen years ago, was sold by auction last week for £550.

The Corporation of the city of London has presented the liberal donation of one hundred guineas in aid of the building fund of the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital, in Bloomsbury-square.

The Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden, aunt of the Emperor Napoleon III., arrived at Coblenz on the 14th, on a visit to the Prince of Prussia.

Last year, out of the grants made by Parliament in aid of the county rates, £244,271 12s. was expended in the prosecution of prisoners; £5482 1s. 7d. in the conveyance of prisoners; and £69,024 8s. 6d. in the maintenance of prisoners from the 1st of April, 1851, to the 31st of March last.

Of the 50,000 militia-men required to be raised in the present year, only 29,521 volunteers have been enrolled, leaving 20,813 men to be made up by ballot.

Letters from Leipzig state that the betrothal of the Emperor of Austria with the Princess Marie Sidiene, one of the daughters of the King of Saxony, will be solemnised during the visit of his Imperial Majesty at the Court of Dresden.

The trial of Mr. Bower for the murder of Mr. Morton will take place at Paris, on the 27th.

The *Posen Gazette* states, from Warsaw, that the Emperor of Russia has in contemplation to abolish generally in his dominions the punishment of the knout, which is to be preserved only in the army.

Accounts from America mention that one wheel of the calorific-ship *Erlanson* had been moved by the natural elasticity of the air, no fire being used.

The deliveries of tea last week were only 148,720 lbs., being 100,000 lbs. less than in the preceding week.

Mrs. Stowe is about to commence the publication in the *National Era*, the Abolitionist paper at Washington, of a new story called "Mark Sutherland; or, Power and Principle."

Thirty-seven private banks, and seven joint-stock banks, have, since the act 7 and 8 Vict., cap. 32, ceased to issue their own notes.

A great fire occurred on the night of the 1st instant at Boston, by which property to the amount of 200,000 dollars was destroyed, and upwards of 100 persons thrown out of employment.

The manager of the theatre at Breslau is giving frequent representations of a drama called "Luther;" and the peasants from Protestant villages come in large parties to demonstrate, by their applause, their resentment at the Jesuit missions.

The Canadian Rebellion Losses Commissioners have adjudicated on 2244 cases, in which the compensation claimed amounted to no less than 751,820 dollars. They have allowed claims to the amount of 331,320 dollars. The act of appropriation only sets apart 100,000 dollars.

The *Cologne Gazette* states that the Turkish Government had caused 300 Magyar soldiers in its service to be suddenly disarmed and led to a prison at Serajevo in Bosnia. The alleged cause of this proceeding is, that the men were about to desert.

It is said that M. Ledru-Rollin has just been enriched by a legacy of 4,000,000 francs, bequeathed to his wife, an English lady of good family.

King Oscar is now out of danger, and no more bulletins will be issued for the present.

A glass bottle, supposed to be thrown overboard from the *Amazon*, was picked up in the Solway Firth last week.

Several apple-trees in the neighbourhood of Gulval (Cornwall) are yielding a second crop.

The British Government has entered into a treaty of reciprocity with Austria for the delivering up of deserters from Austrian vessels found on British territory.

A piece of land was sold recently in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, at the enormous rate of £800,000 per acre.

The *Augsburg Gazette* states that the Prince Regent of Baden has made proposals to marry the eldest daughter of the reigning Prince of Liechtenstein.

Rumour has found a new bride for Louis Napoleon, in the daughter of the Duke Maximilian of Bavaria.

The Belgian Government has given orders that, in addition to the medicine-chest which is carried in every railway train, the chief or inspector of every train shall also carry a book, containing instructions as to the conduct to be pursued when it shall be necessary to render assistance after an accident, before medical advice can be obtained.

The proclamation of the Empire took place at Algiers on Sunday, the 12th inst., with great ceremony, and amidst universal enthusiasm.

Mr. Napier has returned to Dublin, it is said, for the purpose of carrying on the prosecution of the *Anglo-Celt*, in his capacity of Attorney-General.

The *Corriere Mercantile* states that Madame Madiai has been ill for some days, and that the Grand Duchesses, moved by her miserable state, have exercised their influence to exhort her to return to the Catholic religion, hoping thus to obtain her liberation from the Grand Duke, but without success.

A person named Guarducci has been arrested at Florence for having been found in possession of an Italian bible.

The Emperor has deigned (says the *Moniteur*) to remit sentences pronounced by courts-martial on 443 soldiers, and to mitigate the sentences of forty-five. Pardon has been granted to seventy-two condemned to drag the bullet, and the time contracted in 135 other cases; eighteen under capital sentences have had their sentences commuted, and four imprisoned for insurrectional acts have been pardoned.

Mr. Frederick Lemaître, the well-known actor, appeared on Saturday, before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, Paris, to complain of M. Beaulieu, for having written, and of M. Villemessant for having published, on the 1st of August last, in the periodical called the *Chronique*, of which he is the editor, an article charging him with subjecting theatres to heavy loss by neglecting to fulfil his engagements. The Tribunal condemned M. Beaulieu to 3000 fr. fine, M. Villemessant, who made default, to 5000 fr. fine, and both jointly to 10000 fr. damages.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HIBERNIA, JARNDYCE AND OTHERS.—We mentioned in our last that the variations arising from the game between Messrs Andersen and Dufrene were far too lengthy for our columns. They have been transferred to the *Chess-Players' Chronicle*, and, from their remarkable beauty and value will, no doubt, be given in the opening number for January R. G. Water ord.—You may have two or more Queens on the board at the same time SUBSCRIBER.—All letters should be addressed simply to the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. We wish correspondents would attend to this T. G. of Liverpool.—If a problem can be solved in fewer moves than the number stipulated, it is comparatively worthless; and even if it admit of two different ways of solution, it is considered of little value. The problem you refer to is one of the most beautiful we have published for some time, and cannot possibly be solved in less than seven moves P. Q. R.—The solution is given in the work from whence you have taken the problem.—1. B to Q 3; 2. Kt to K 5th; 3. Q mates. It is of no consequence how Black plays—he cannot delay the mate D. W. H.—Your solution of the Enigma No. 773 is incorrect. If you wish a reply the same week, you must send much earlier E. M. H. Hull.—They were duly received C. L. Rutherford, North Carolina.—Your Problem, No. 1 in eight moves, can be easily solved in four; and No. 2, in five moves, is an obvious mate in two A. L. A. F., St Thomas.—The solutions are all correct. As to the short-hand notation, it is, like many other systems submitted to us of late, very neat and ingenious, but not at all likely to supersede the notation in common use in this country R. T. G. St Albans.—A pretty, though very easy end game H. E. W. of Plymouth.—You must be good enough to send us the position in question, as we have no means at hand to find the back Number A. D.—While we would then evidently play K to Q 4th (dis ch) &c SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 453, by A. Z. I. P. of Bohemia—green. Robin Hood, are correct; SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 453, by T. M. Alpha, I. P. E. F. H. of Hackford, Lancet, R. G. G. I. Loughor, M. E. K. Anna, Brig-end, Murdoch, D. D., Rev. B. M. T., Secretary, Arnetine, M. G. Weston, S. M. F. A. S. Lincolin, Lyne-croft, are correct; SOLUTIONS OF ENIGMAS, by Henricus, A. Z. Albert, J. P. Sigma, Stella, D. W. H., are correct; all others are wrong * * * We are compelled to postpone the greater part of our answers to Correspondents until next week

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 463.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt from Q 6th to Q 8th (ch)	King moves	5. Kt from Q B 8th to K 16th (double ch)	King moves
2. Kt to Q Kt 6th (ch)	King moves	6. R to Q B 8th (ch)	Kt to R
3. Kt from K 7th (ch)	King moves	7. Kt mates	
4. Kt to Q 7th (ch)	King moves		

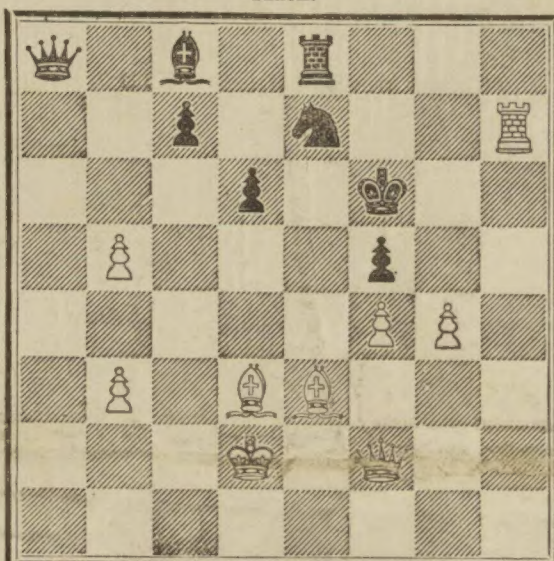
PROBLEM No. 464.

With deference to the talented authoress of this position, we submit that she has overlooked one variation by which Black may escape. To remedy this, we propose that the Pawn at White's Q B 4th should stand at White's Q B 2nd.

PROBLEM No. 465.

This ingenious stratagem, which is taken, with some modification, from the *Sanscrit*, we owe to the kindness of the celebrated Oriental scholar Professor D. Forbes.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in five moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Mr. STANTON gives the Pawn and two moves to the Rev. T. Gordon ("Gamma"). Remove Black's King's Bishop's Pawn before playing over the game.

WHITE (Gamma).	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Gamma).	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	24. P to K R 4th	P takes Q B P
2. P to Q 4th	Q to K 2nd	25. B to Q B sq	P to Q 6th (g)
3. B to Q 3rd	Q to K B 4th	26. Kt takes P	P takes Kt
4. P to K B 4th	P to Q 3rd	27. Q takes P	Q to Kt 2d
5. P to Q 5th	P to K 3rd	28. K R to K R 2d (h)	P to Q 4th
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	29. P to K B 5th	R to Q B 6th
7. P to K B 4th	B to K Kt 2nd	30. Q to K 2d	R to K 4th
8. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K R 3rd	31. Q to K B 2nd	R takes Q R P
9. B to Q 2nd	Castles	32. P takes Kt P	P takes P
10. Q to Q B 2nd	Kt to Q R 3rd	33. Q to Q B 5th (i)	Q R to K B 6th
11. P to K R 3rd (a)	Kt to Q B 2nd	34. K R to Q B 2d	Q R to K B sq
12. Castles on Q side	P to Q R 3rd (b)	35. Q to Q 6th	Q to K B 2d
13. P to K R 3rd	B to Q 2nd	36. Q takes Q R P	R to K 3rd
14. P to K Kt 4th (c)	P to Q Kt 4th	37. Q to Q 3rd	P to Q 5th
15. Q P takes K P	Q Kt takes P (d)	38. Q to Q B 4th	B to K 4th
16. Kt to Q 5th	Q to Q sq	39. R to K B sq (K)	Q to K 2nd
17. P to K B 5th (e)	Kt to Q 5th	40. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
18. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	41. Q to K B (ch) (f)	Q to K B 2nd (m)
19. P to K Kt 5th	Kt takes K B P	42. R to K B 2nd	B to B 3rd
		43. R takes B	R takes R
20. P takes Kt	B takes P	44. Q takes R	Q takes Q
21. B takes B	R takes B	45. P takes Q	K to B 2nd
22. Kt to Kt sq	R to Q B sq	46. B to K Kt 5th	
23. Kt to K B 4th	Q to Q 2nd		And wins

(a) The opening is carefully played on both sides; and White, if he has not improved, has at least preserved the advantage originally given him.
(b) Preparatory to an advance of his forces on the Q's side.
(c) White, plainly seeing that his best defence is counter attack, wisely resolves to push on vigorously with his infantry, and throw his enemy into confusion by an assault upon the King's entrenchments.
(d) Tempting, but hardly so good as taking with the Bishop, on account of its allowing the adverse Q Kt to be planted so commandingly in the centre of the field.
(e) "Gamma" has now a splendid attack.
(f) Hurried away by the impetuosity of his assault and the temptation of capturing a Kt, White overlooks a more advantageous move than P to Kt 5th, which enables Black to gain two Pawns for the Kt and escape from his difficulties: he should have played—P to K B 6th.
(g) This move, properly followed up—as it equalizes the forces, and leaves Black with no inferiority of position—should at least have drawn the game, but it is not the best that he could make. The far less promising move of P to Q B 6th, it will be found on close examination, would have given him a decided advantage. We commend the position, which leads to many most instructive combinations, to the study of the reader.
(h) This was necessary, for Black threatened to take the Bishop with his Rook, and mate next move.
(i) The terminating moves are extremely well played by White.
(j) Very well conceived.
(k) Much stronger than R to K B sq, because it enables the Queen to go afterwards to K B 3d.
(l) The game has evidently been drawn for some time past, but the unaccountable lapsus throws it away. Black should have moved his King, of course, to Kt 2nd.

CHESS ENIGMAS.

No. 783.—By SOPHIA.

White: K at his Kt 5th, Q at Q Kt 7th, R at Q B 6th; Ps at K B 2nd, 4th, and 6th, Q 3rd, and Q R 6th.
Black: K at Q 4th, B at K sq; Ps at K B 2nd, Q 3rd, and Q B 4th.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

No. 784.—By a CANADIAN, of Toronto.

White: K at his R sq, Q at Q Kt 2nd, R at K R 2nd, Bs at K Kt 2nd and Q Kt 8th, Kt at K 6th, P at Q R 5th.
Black: K at Q R sq, Q at K Kt sq, Rs at K Kt 6th and Q B 3rd, Bs at K B 2nd and Q 3rd, Kt at Q sq, Ps at Q 2nd and Q R 3rd.
White to play, and mate in six moves.

No. 785.—This position occurred in a game between Signor Dubois, the best player in Rome, and an Amateur:
White: K at his Kt 5th, Ps at K R 6th, and K Kt 6th.
Black: K at his Kt sq, Ps at Q Kt 3rd and Q R 6th.
White, Signor D., having to play, won the game.

No. 786.—This position occurred in a game between Signors Dubois and EGERT:
White: K at his 5th, Kts at K B 2nd and 4th; Ps at K R 6th, K B 3rd, and K 2nd.
Black: K at his Kt 4th, B at Q Kt 6th; Ps at K R 2nd and 5th, Q B 6th, Q Kt 5th, and Q R 5th.
White, Signor D., having to play, gave mate in six moves.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

HENRY PEYTO, LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

THE decease of this venerable nobleman, who was in his eightieth year, occurred on the 16th inst., at his seat, Compton Verney, county Warwick. His Lordship was the second son of John Peyto Verney, sixth Baron, by the Lady Louisa, his wife, sister of the celebrated Minister, Lord North. The Peerage he inherited, was a Barony in fee, conferred originally on his ancestor, Sir Robert Willoughby, Kt., of Broke, a gallant warrior of the time of Henry VII. His Lordship was also heir general to the Barony of Latimer, created by writ 20th December, 1299.

He married, in 1829, Margaret, third daughter of Sir John Williams, Bart., of Bodolwyddan; but had no issue. His nephew and heir (the son of his late sister Louisa, wife of the Rev. Robert Barnard) is Robert John Barnard, born 17th October, 1809, now ninth Lord Willoughby de Broke; who married, in 1849, Georgiana Jane, third daughter of Major-General Thomas William Taylor, of Ogdell, Devon, and has two sons and a daughter.

ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS BRIGGS.

ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS BRIGGS, G.C., M.G., Commander-in-Chief of Portsmouth, was the seventh and only surviving son of Stephen Briggs, Esq., Chief Surgeon at Madras, by his wife, Magdalene, youngest daughter of James Pasley, Esq., of Craig. Through this lady, his mother, Admiral Briggs was nearly allied to a galaxy of naval and military heroes. Admirals Sir Pulteney and Sir Charles Malcolm, General Sir John Malcolm, and Colonel Sir James Malcolm were his first cousins: Sir Thomas Pasley, Bart., Admiral of the White, was his uncle. Briggs himself was a scion worthy of this goodly race. Born in 1780, he entered the Royal navy 10th September, 1791, when but eleven years of age. His rise through the minor grades was rapid, and his career throughout most gallant. He became a captain in 1801. During the late war he was in continually active employment, and he did good service to his country by his captures of hostile vessels, and by other feats of arms too numerous to detail. Among his most remarkable exploits were the part he took as commander of the *Salamine* at the reduction of Genoa; and the same he won at the expedition to Egypt, under Keith and Abercrombie. After the conclusion of the war, Briggs filled the offices of Resident Commissioner of the Navy at Bermuda from 1823 to 1829, and Superintendent of Malta Dockyard from 1832 to 1838. He was made a Rear-Admiral in 1832; a G.C.M.G. in 1833; a Vice-Admiral in 1841; and an Admiral the 2nd September, 1850. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief of Portsmouth on the 18th September, 1851.

Sir Thomas Briggs married, 1814, Isabella Harriet, daughter of General Trepan, and has had issue three sons, of whom the eldest, Lieutenant George Campbell, R.N., is deceased, and an only daughter, married to Captain George Bohun Martin, R.N., C.B. The death of Sir Thomas Briggs took place somewhat suddenly, on the 16th inst. at Portsmouth. His loss is generally and sincerely felt. A kinder-hearted man never lived, nor one more devoted to the service. In the discharge of his duties he was most active: he might be seen every day in the dockyard. His hospitality and benevolence had a very wide extent, and he was as much beloved in the social circle as he was universally respected in the navy.

PETER BORTHWICK, ESQ.

THIS gentleman was formerly M.P. for Evesham, and was known for the eccentric ability of his speeches in the House of Commons; he was also for some time manager of the *Morning Post* newspaper. Mr. Borthwick was a high Conservative in politics, and took an active part against the Slavery Abolitionists; he delivered lectures on the subject in opposition to those of Mr. George Thompson.

Mr. Borthwick died on the 18th inst., at his residence Walton villas, Brompton.

OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

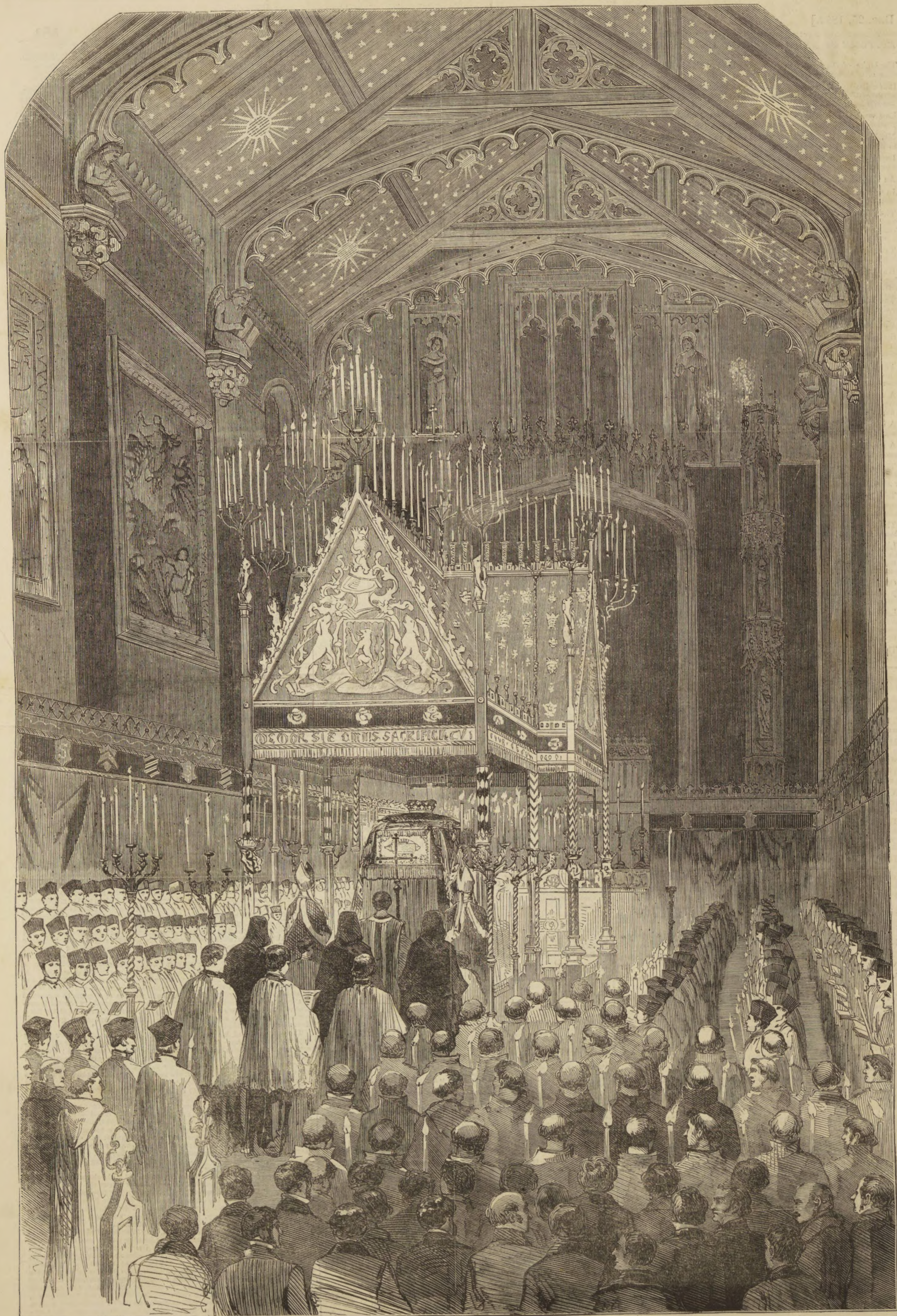
THE death of the Earl of Shrewsbury, which took place at Naples, on the 9th ult., was recorded in our Journal of the 27th. The body was removed to Alton Towers by the 30th ult., and was placed in the Tomb Gallery, where an altar had been erected; and here were completed the requiem-masses of thirty days, which had been commenced by his Lordship's chaplains, the Rev. Dr. Winter and the Rev. W. Gubbins, when the sad intelligence of the Earl's death was received. The arrangements for the funeral having been completed in the chapel of St. Peter, the work of removal commenced. The Rev. W. Gubbins, preceded by cross and torch-bearers, led the procession, chanting the "De Profundis;" and the Rev. Dr. Winter gave the asperges at the door. The body was then placed on a bier beneath the magnificent catafalque. The chapel of St. Peter communicates with the family residence. The interior, in gorgeous decoration, equals the church at Chesham: the windows are filled with stained glass; the roofs are spangled with stars; and the mural stelling, and carved figures of saints and angels give the interior a very sumptuous appearance. Among the pictures, in superb Gothic frames, are the "Communion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino; the "Transfiguration" of Raffaelle (a copy); the "Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," after Titian, &c. On each side of the altar are exquisitely carved statues of the four earliest English saints, in niches. The altar was hung with black velvet, bearing a white cross in the centre; and the windows were covered with black drapery, every ray of light being carefully excluded.

In the large illustration of the gorgeous solemnity, upon the next page, the catafalque is placed nearly in the centre of the chapel; it is cruciform, and is supported by twelve pillars of beautifully carved wood, eight having gilt coronets surmounting shields, and at the summit, talbots, bearing standards with coronas of light. The roof is finished by carved crestings, from which rise standards of light. Coronas of light surmount the points of the gables, whilst at each corner of the catafalque (on the floor) are four great standards with branches of lights, and between them, eight smaller standards, with branches; the tapers altogether numbering between 300 and 400, magnificently displayed the gilt catafalque. The gilt angles on the corbels, the saints in the niches, the star-spangled roof and the paintings, with their massive frames. The roof of the catafalque is covered with black cloth, dotted with the letter S, supporting coronets. A valance with gold fringe hangs round the whole, on which is embroidered the inscription. The eastern gable of the catafalque contains the device of the three Earldoms, worked on a black ground; wreaths of shamrocks surmount the coronets of Waterford and Wexford, and the Shrewsbury coronet is surmounted by the Tudor rose. In the west gable is the achievement of the Earl, worked in the proper, on a black ground. The north and south gables have fleury crosses, with the inscription "In hoc signo spes mea."

The coffin and pall, both executed by Hardman, of Birmingham, are of very superior workmanship. The coffin is of Spanish mahogany, covered with crimson velvet; the edges are engraved with gilt metal work, and the corners clamped and richly ornamented with the letter S in the centres. On the lid is a fleury cross, supported at the foot by two talbots. The arms are engraved in gilt metal at the coffin foot; and at the head is a large brass plate, on which is the inscription, in old English characters.
The pall is of black velvet, with a cross of white velvet running through the centre; the arms of the late Earl, in gold embroidery, surmounted by four coronets. The family motto, "Prest d'Accomplir," is worked in gold on crimson velvet, running bend-wise across the whole pall. The initials of the late Earl, "J. T.," are placed in each of the angles, and on each end, in gold embroidery, the versicle, "Requiem eternam dona eis Domini et lux perpetua luceat eis." The painting and decoration of the catafalque and church was executed under the superintendence of Mr. Kearns, his Lordship's painter, to whom the church at Chesham owes its exquisite finish. The coffin, pall, brasses, and embroidery are by Hardman; the designs for the whole being supplied by Mr. Edward Pugin, son of the late distinguished architect.

On the morning of the 14th two altars were erected in the chapel; masses were commenced at six, and were carried on without interruption till eleven o'clock, when the grand high mass commenced. The Bishop of Birmingham was the celebrant, with the Vicar-General as Deacon, and the Vice-President of Oscott as Sub-Deacon. There were present, besides the Bishop officiating, the Bishops of Northampton, Shrewsbury, and Clifton. There were also present several distinguished clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Cleric, Benedictine, Dominican, and Passionist Orders were represented by members of each, dressed in their peculiar habits; and there were at least 150 secular priests present. The "Dies Irae" with the other hymns and responses peculiar to a mass for the dead, were sung and chanted by the priests in full choir, with lighted tapers in their hands; and the choir of St. Chad's, Birmingham, assisted at the ceremonies. After the mass, Dr. Weedal ascended the pulpit, and preached an eloquent sermon, eulogising the late Earl. The ceremony of incensing the coffin, and chanting the prayers for the dead, was performed by each of the four Bishops. The coffin was then removed, and the procession formed, of the cross-bearer and torch-bearers; the choir; monks and priests, bearing lighted tapers and chanting; the canons, in purple vests; his Lordship's chaplains; the Bishops; a servant, bearing the coronet; the hearse, drawn by six horses; and the chief mourners. The head-servants walked next in the procession; then the tenantry, to the number of several hundreds, and the labourers employed on the estate. On reaching the extremity of his Lordship's domain, the priests and religious orders divested themselves of their surplices, and returned to the Towers; the Chaplains, Bishops, and Canons being conveyed in mourning coaches to the little Chapel of St. John, situated on a rocky eminence overhanging the river Churnet, and there deposited in a remains in a vault beneath the Sanctuary, with all the usual ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church.



THE REMAINS OF THE LATE EARL OF SHREWSBURY LYING IN STATE, IN ST. PETER'S CHAPEL, ALTON TOWERS.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



MR. ALBERT SMITH'S "ASCENT OF MONT BLANC," AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

"THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC."

MR. ALBERT SMITH has gracefully acknowledged the success of his last season at the Egyptian-hall, in Piccadilly, by adding to the attractions of his already favourite entertainment; by which judicious course he has not only maintained his popularity, but bids fair to extend it through the present season. Thus, Mr. Smith has reproduced his "Mont Blanc" with scenic novelty; having himself acquired fresh glimpses of his sublime locality, he has added to his sparkling monologue; and the public have not failed to recognise these renewed exertions for their gratification. We are induced to particularise these merits, because it is a common error with *entrepreneurs* for the public entertainment to get spoiled

by popular favour, to grow careless of further excellence, and, in some cases, retrograde; so that the general public are in the end losers by their recognition of merit.

Mr. Smith has chosen the wiser part of rendering his entertainment as perfect as possible, and one of his means is in aiding association by accessories in themselves realities. Thus, the proscenium has been re-constructed precisely to represent the exterior of a Swiss *châlet*, not in the mere style of stage carpentry, but actually of solid wood, and of the real size. The centre of this rises out of sight while the views are exhibited; and a pretty effect is gained by the light through the curtained windows in the interval of the scenes. The front is occupied by a large pool of water, surrounded by granite rocks and Alpine plants, and well stocked with some fine live fish; and from this spring clumps of bulrushes and Arum lilies, which throw water and gas from

their petals. Chamois skins, Indian corn, Alpinstocks, vintage baskets, knapsacks, and other appropriate matters are grouped about the balconies, and vines and creepers cling about the rafters and beams. The model was made by Kehrl, whose shop for white wood fancy-ware is the most attractive place in Chamouni; and all the detail has been carried out under Mr. Smith's direct supervision.

The room itself is adorned with the banners of the Swiss cantons, as well as some interesting pictures having relation to Mont Blanc and the neighbourhood; and some remarkably elegant lamp-shades of hanging leaves and flowers break the light very agreeably. Altogether, the effect is very novel, and in itself an exhibition; and this tasteful decoration is evidently appreciated. The room is crowded night after night by the most fashionable audiences, and the excitement appears quite equal to that of last season.



THE WESTMINSTER PLAY, 1852.—EPILOGUE TO THE "ADELPHI."—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

(Continued on page 568.)

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GROCER'S SHOP AT CHRISTMAS.

THE BANKER'S CLERK.

(Continued from page 566.)

son, appeared to taunt me, and to remind me mockingly of the cause of my being detained a prisoner within them. All these wicked thoughts have left me, and I feel ashamed of myself for having ever entertained them. I am now at peace and happiness with all men; and do not envy any one the smallest particle of his gold or treasures that may be locked up in the rich safe below. What is the cause of this joyful change? Is it the influence of the good dinner? Is it to be attributed to the kindness shown me by the housekeeper? or is it the result of my own thoughts as I kept looking into the fire (which may have purified them), slowly watching the roasting of my chestnuts? Never mind what is the secret of this mental metamorphosis. I feel so happy I could take my greatest enemy by the hand, and dance with him round the room.

Half-past Nine o'Clock.—A band of music has struck up in the street,

It is playing a polka. Oh, how I could dance if I only had a partner. Ah! here's the housekeeper!

Quarter to Ten.—Ha, ha the poor old woman is so exhausted she cannot go round any more. She has retired "to put herself to rights;" for, to speak the truth, I fell (at least she said it was I) over one of the desks, and there she lay on the ground, laughing to that extent, that I thought she would never be able to get up again. I laughed also, as I thought that we had been dancing, where dancing, probably, had never taken place before, and I wondered if it could be construed into desecration of the Shrine of Mammon? I don't care much if it is!

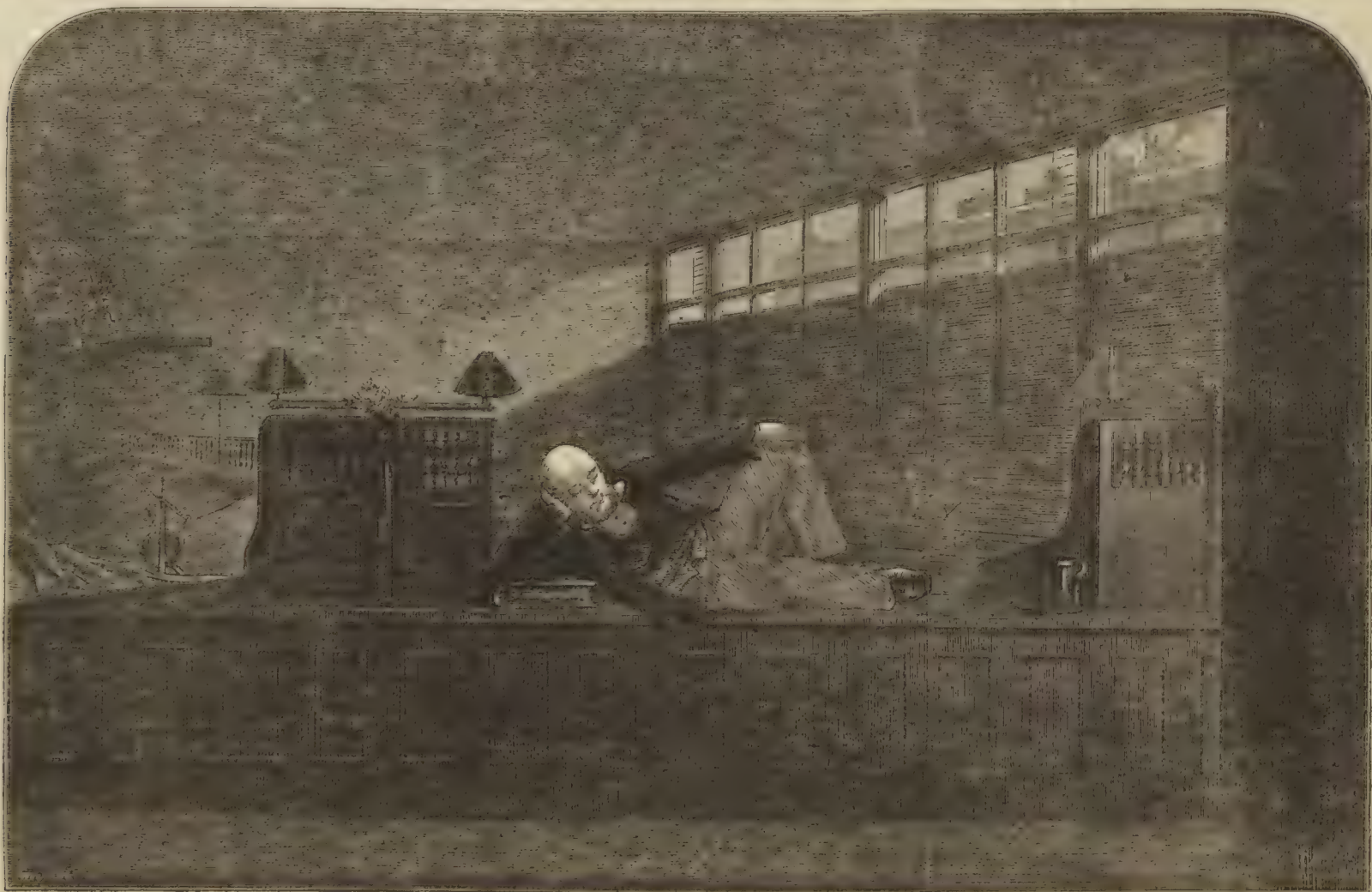
Five Minutes to Ten.—My partner has returned. Whilst waiting for the music to break out again, she helps me on with my great coat. I don't know how sufficiently to thank her for her kindness, and I offer her the sovereign. She smacks my face, calls me a stupid fellow, and asks me what I mean; she then folds the comforter round my neck,

and makes me drink another tumbler of hot punch. I shall be tipsy if I go on at this rate.—Hark! there's a knock at the door. "Who's there?" "All right; the watchman."

My Christmas imprisonment is at an end, and, strange to say, I feel loth to leave the scene of it. I open my prison door, and, if I can believe my eyes after drinking so much punch, there's my wife "Bless you Peggy, dear, for thinking of coming to fetch me home. Have I spent a merry Christmas? Yes, dear, much happier than I could have expected; it only wanted you and the little ones by my side to have made me perfectly happy."

On our way home I told my wife of the black envious thoughts that had hung everything in the morning with black, and how bright all things seemed now; and our hearts returned thanks to those kind souls who, out of their small means, share their comforts with others who have not the means of procuring them, to make them happy on Christmas-day.

HORACE MATHEW.



CHRISTMAS DAY.—THE BANKER'S CLERK.



NO. 600.—VOL. XXI.—DECEMBER 25, 1852.

CHRISTMAS MORALITIES FOR 1852.

THERE are stated periods in the year which the whole community regards with traditional respect or religious veneration. The anniversaries of memorable events—the days on which illustrious men were born, or useful institutions founded—are consecrated in the national memory. Such retrospective associations inspire a people with hopefulness, strengthen their moral feelings, call forth their gratitude, and fortify their resolutions. They teach us to admire our ancestors for the difficulties they surmounted and the triumphs they achieved, of which we are reaping the fruits; and impress upon us the duty of emulating their example, and enriching the inheritance that we have to bequeath to posterity. In such remembrances we connect the present with the past—seize the initial point from which great improvements in science and art have started, and trace through the obstructions of ignorance and the resistances of prejudice the advancing movements of social progress. We recognise the power of individuals to elevate the human race and to stamp the impress of their genius not only on their contemporaries, but on future generations; and the fact conveys a lesson of responsibility from which none can be permitted to plead exemption. The invention of printing has made thought, with its results, a continuity, and civilisation is matured as the stores of wisdom are transmitted and accumulated.

This season of the year is distinguished from all others by the solemnity of the mission with which it is associated. If the works and deeds of men, their discoveries or their personal sacrifices, as these affect our temporal welfare, demand a grateful commemoration; our hopes and aspirations, our feelings and emotions, are warmed with holier fervour, and sublimed into a purer and loftier elevation when we meditate on the spiritual blessings with which the festival of Christmas is connected. It is a season for the forgiveness of injuries, the pardon of enemies. We are called upon to cast away the pride of birth and riches, and to remember the lowly and the poor. The pursuit of wealth is to be suspended for its distribution, and in dispensing charity we are reminded that we are no more than trustees of our worldly possessions. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

We are not about to usurp the functions of the pulpit, and deliver a sermon, but the opportunity is not inappropriate to connect some of the laws of social and industrial progress with higher considerations than the speculations of political economists, and the theories of statesmanship.



CHRISTMAS CEREMONY IN EXETER CATHEDRAL.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

TWO NUMBERS, ONE SHILLING.

Barbarism and despotism have both this in common—that they regard the law of the strongest as the law of nature; and, on this rude maxim, both practically act, till moral power conquers physical force. This is a great epoch

the history of progress, for it announces the downfall of slavery and feudalism, but not the extermination of privilege and exclusiveness. These spring from the ruins of what has been destroyed; but, if their aspect be blander or less openly repulsive, their influence is scarcely less fatal to the progress of humanity. We only give half a definition of real civilisation, when we describe it as the conquest of the external world; the other half is the conquest of individual selfishness, which is the special mission of Christianity; and, if this be true, all legislation must fail till it is based on Christian principles. It is consolatory to know that so far at least as the production of material objects is concerned, the tendency of public opinion is flowing with a strong current in this really religious direction.

On the present occasion we desire to avoid political, and confine ourselves to social, views. That all our material wealth is derived from the three kingdoms of nature, is a truth universally acknowledged; but, at this season of the year, we should remember who is the donor of that wealth. It is not man who gave fertility to the earth—who implanted the law of obedience in those animals which are our domestic servants—who appointed the ebb and flow of the tides, and gave its peculiar properties to the magnet. It is not man who fashioned in such diverse forms the foot of the horse, the ox, and the camel—each variety in the structure being a special adaptation to the uses which the animal has to subserve. It is not man who deposited the metals and minerals in the mines, or secured them against waste and injury till they could promote the happiness of our race—which could scarcely have emerged from barbarism without the gifts of coal and iron. It was not man who imparted lateral and longitudinal strength to the oak, or infused the constituents of cordage into hemp, or those of sail-cloth into flax; nor was it man who ordained the trade-winds, or indented the coasts with natural harbours of refuge. In the midst, then, of the material civilisation by which we are surrounded, let us not forget who gave us the external world, and its countless treasures for our conquest. Let us with reverential gratitude bear constantly and deeply in our hearts and minds how ample is the provision made for the whole human family, and that it was made prospectively, even from the beginning, before man was placed on the earth.

Such reflections should influence our conduct.

towards each other as members of society, sprung from one common origin, reserved ultimately for one common destination—the destination of being accountable for our actions; for “after death comes the judgment.” Political economy may aid us in the more easy conquest of the external world; but it is Christianity alone that can teach us how its fruits may be most equitably distributed, by destroying selfishness and inculcating generosity and disinterestedness. We are apt, indeed, to overlook its influence as a civilising agent, though it has effected a moral revolution wherever its teachings have penetrated. To be convinced of this truth, we have only to compare the social spirit of antiquity with that of the modern world. Surely there is more of brotherhood among us than in the palmy days of Greece and Rome. Our hospitals, our asylums, our schools for friendless children, our retreats for old age, attest the purifying and ennobling character of Christianity. The mildness of our criminal code, the abandonment of brutal sports, the efforts constantly made to facilitate the administration of justice, also testify to its social influence. What laudable efforts are we not daily witnessing to improve the dwellings of poverty, to destroy drunkenness, to point out the advantages of cleanliness and ventilation! Who can estimate the benefits derived from Mechanics’ Institutes, local libraries, lectures, in educating the mind and the feelings? A short-sighted or ungrateful philosophy is too prone to attribute these social ameliorations to mere unaided human means, which are included in the compendious term civilisation; but if our civilisation be superior to that of antiquity, let us not forget that it arises from Christian influences, which have purified the heart, softened the temper, elevated thought, and made art and science not the exclusive servants of a privileged class, but the instruments of ennobling our common humanity.

In the ancient world, slavery was an institution sanctioned by philosophers, legislators, and statesmen. In the middle ages this hateful system declined, through the influence of the Christian priesthood, for it is known that they constantly refused the last rites of the church to the dying till they had given freedom to their slaves. England is now free from this atrocious guilt, and her example has taught a moral lesson to the world which will terminate in universal emancipation. But it is not enough that slavery should cease, it is essential that the dignity of labour should be recognised. We attach glory and honour to the profession of arms, and crown the soldier and sailor with laurel; but, if they who defend our country against the horrors attendant on war deserve our gratitude and applause, have we no praise or thankfulness to bestow on the ingenious mechanic and skilful artisan who produce our wealth, and create that civilisation which is the boast of our age? Surely Christianity teaches no such narrow and heartless lesson. Labour is the destiny of the millions, but in labour there is nothing degrading; it is idleness rather that dishonours. The Great Exhibition had a nobler object in view than merely to teach the processes of industry in connection with the plough, the anvil, and the loom; it sought also to direct the minds of the working classes to study the laws of the material, mental, and moral universe, to form a more enlarged estimate of human capabilities; and, by the improvement of taste, to encourage the good and restrain the evil impulses of our nature. The Crystal Palace now erecting is designed to be a permanent temple, or school of high intelligence, so as to render labour self-respecting and dignified. Hitherto honour has been paid to the poet, the sculptor, the painter, the musician—these professions being regarded as the aristocracy of the arts; but why exclude the manufacturer of a steam-engine, the ingenious weaver, the naval architect, the worker in metals, or any one of those varied classes who confer grandeur on empires and shed lustre on civilisation? The labourer is not merely “worthy of his hire,” he is worthy of the esteem and admiration of his fellow-citizens; and, as prejudice dies away, he will occupy the station to which he is entitled. There is no surer mark of social progress than a national recognition of the claims of industry.

It is gratifying to observe that the old political heresy, which regarded foreigners as “natural enemies,” has partially disappeared, and is becoming no more than a mere tradition of ancient intolerance. The nations of the earth are now brought into brotherly intercourse. Intervening mountains and rivers and seas are treated but as geographical boundaries, not as the frontiers of hostile races. If the desire of gain first prompted to international commerce, Christianity, following in its train, conquered prejudices, removed distrust, conciliated prejudices, and linked traders in friendly co-operation. The Gospel was to be preached to all nations, that its influence might unite together the scattered members of the human family, by the sanction of a common bond, by the upraising of a standard to which all could make a common appeal. Thus was the savage tamed, and the aboriginal brought into fearless contact with the stranger. It is one of the glories of our epoch to have conquered many of the resistances which formerly impeded the brotherhood of nations. Commercial liberty is the best guarantee of peace; under its auspices nations become families, having identical interests. We are all beginning to learn that there is more glory in feeding and clothing our fellow-creatures than in stripping their dead bodies on a field of battle. Public opinion has already branded duelling with ignominy, though it once was the most honoured of fashionable vices; and that same opinion, deepened and widely-spread through Christian influences, will, in the fulness of time, convince the world that war is a curse, a crime, and an infamy. Ocean navigation by steam—submarine telegraphs—the rapidity of personal intercourse—the multiplicity of transactions—all are strengthening and lengthening the chain which binds society together, and the rupture of a single link would be felt to the extremities of the earth. Statesmanship has been taught that every hand is a producer, and every mouth a consumer; that industry is the true vocation of our race—the supply of mutual wants our interest and our duty; and that civilisation can only advance from conquest to conquest under the sheltering wings of peace.

We commence a new year under hopeful auspices. A Sovereign universally beloved graces the throne; her long reign, as a daughter, a mother, and a wife, follows the duties of a monarch every home. The laws are administered by Judges of integrity and integrity. The national revenue exhibits a surplus over expenditure; and we may calculate on a progressive reduction of taxes. Patriotism is largely on the decline. New mines of wealth and enterprise are opened to us in every part of the world. Our country is recovering from recent depression. The war in Russia is just drawing to a termination, and the sword in India will soon be returned to the scabbard. With all foreign powers our relations are friendly. Our people are fully employed; their wages are remunerative; their provisions are abundant. We have reason to be grateful for the blessings we enjoy; and, in celebrating the anniversary of the commencement of the Christian era, let us reflect how much we are indebted to Christian teaching for the advances we have made in social well-being; and the lesson that such reflections will impress on our minds will prompt us to acknowledge that the development of civilisation must be preceded by a yet deeper diffusion of the truths of Christianity.

CHRISTMAS MORNING IN EXETER CATHEDRAL.

THE custom of welcoming this season of holy joy with “psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs,” lingers in the cathedral city of Exeter; where, during Christmas-eve, the parish choir perambulate the streets singing anthems, with instrumental accompaniments. The singing is protracted through the night, when the celebration often assumes a more secular character than is strictly in accordance with the festival. A more sacred commemoration is, however, at hand.

At a quarter past seven o’clock on Christmas morning the assemblage of persons in the nave of Exeter Cathedral is usually very numerous: there are the remnants of the previous vigil, with unwashed faces and sleepy eyes; but a large number are early risers, who have left their beds for better purpose than a revel. There is a great muster of the choir, and the fine Old Hundredth Psalm is sung from the gallery to a full organ, whose billows of sound roll through the vaulted edifice. The scene is strikingly picturesque: all is dim and shadowy; the red light from the flaring candles falling upon up-turned faces, and here and there falling upon a piece of grave sculpture, whilst the grey light of day begins to stream through the antique windows, adding to the solemnity of the scene. As the last verse of the Psalm peals forth, the crowd begins to move, and the spacious cathedral is soon left to the more devout few who remain to attend the morning service in the Lady-chapel.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BARTRAM, the lime-burner, a rough, heavy-looking man, begrimed with charcoal, sat watching his kiln, at nightfall, while his little son played at building houses with the scattered fragments of marole, when, on the hill-side below them, they heard a roar of laughter, not mirthful, but slow, and even solemn, like a wind shaking the boughs of the forest.

“Father, what is that?” asked the little boy, leaving his play, and pressing betwixt his father’s knees.

“Oh, some reveller, I suppose,” answered the lime-burner; some merry fellow from the bar-room in the village, who dared not laugh loud enough within doors, lest he should blow the roof of the house off. So here he is, shaking his jolly sides at the foot of Graylock.”

“But, father,” said the child, more sensitive than the obtuse, middle-aged clown, “he does not laugh like a man that is glad; so the noise frightens me!”

“Don’t be a fool, child!” cried his father, gruffly; “you will never make a man, I do believe; there is too much of your mother in you. I have known the rustling of a leaf startle her. Hark, here comes that merry fellow now. You shall see that there is no harm in him.”

Bartram and his little son, while they were talking thus, sat watching the lime-kiln. It was a rude, round, tower-like structure, about twenty feet high, heavily built of rough stones, and with a hillock of earth heaped about the larger part of its circumference, so that the blocks and fragments of marble might be drawn by cartloads and thrown in at the top. There was an opening at the bottom of the tower, like an oven-mouth, but large enough to admit a man in a stooping posture, and provided with a massive iron door. With the smoke and jets of flame issuing from the chinks and crevices of this door, which seemed to give admittance into the hill-side, it resembled nothing so much as the private entrance to the infernal regions, which the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains were accustomed to show to pilgrims.

There are many such lime-kilns in that tract of country, for the purpose of burning the white marble which composes a large part of the substance of the hills. Some of them, built years ago, and long deserted, with weeds growing in the vacant round of the interior, which is open to the sky, and grass and wild-flowers rooting themselves into the chinks of the stones, look already like relics of antiquity, and may yet be overgrown with the lichens of centuries to come. Others, where the lime-burner still feels his daily and nightly fire, afford points of interest to the wanderer among the hills, who seats himself on a log of wood or a fragment of marble, to hold a chat with the solitary man. It is a lonesome, and, when the character is inclined to thought, may be an intensely thoughtful occupation, as it proved in the case of Ethan Brand, who had mused to strange purpose, in days gone by, while the fire in this very kiln was burning.

The man who now watched the fire was of a different order, and troubled himself with no thoughts save the very few that were requisite to his business. At frequent intervals he flung back the clashing weight of the iron door, and turning his face from the insufferable glare, thrust in huge logs of oak, or stirred the immense brands with a long pole. Within the furnace were seen the curling and riotous flames, and the burning marble, almost molten with the intensity of the heat; while without, the reflection of the fire quivered on the dark intricacy of the surrounding forest, and showed in the foreground a bright and ruddy little picture of the hut, the spring beside its door, the athletic and coal-begrimed figure of the lime-burner, and the half-frightened child, shrinking into the protection of his father’s shadow. And when again the iron door was closed, then re-appeared the tender light of the half full moon, which vainly strove to trace out the indistinct shapes of the neighbouring mountains; and, in the upper sky, there was a fitting congregation of clouds, still faintly tinged with the rosy sunset, though thus far down into the valley the sunshine had vanished long and long ago.

The little boy now crept still closer to his father, as footsteps were heard ascending the hill-side, and a human form thrust aside the bushes that clustered beneath the trees.

“Halloo! who is it?” cried the lime-burner, vexed at his son’s timidity, yet half infected by it. “Come forward and show yourself like a man, or I’ll fling this chunk of marble at your head!”

“You offer me a rough welcome,” said a gloomy voice, as the unknown man drew nigh; “yet I neither claim nor desire a kinder one, even at my own fireside.”

To obtain a distincter view, Bartram threw open the iron door of the kiln, whence immediately issued a gush of fierce light that smote full upon the stranger’s face and figure. To a careless eye there appeared nothing very remarkable in his aspect, which was that of a man in a coarse, brown, country-made suit of clothes, tall and thin, with the staff and heavy shoes of a wayfarer. As he advanced, he fixed his eyes—which were very bright—intently upon the brightness of the furnace, as if he beheld, or expected to behold, some object worthy of note within it.

“Good evening, stranger,” said the lime-burner; “whence come you so late in the day?”

“I come from my search,” answered the wayfarer, “for, at last, it is finished.”

“Drunk, or crazy?” muttered Bartram to himself. “I shall have trouble with the fellow. The sooner I drive him away the better.”

The little boy, all in a tremble, whispered to his father, and begged him to shut the door of the kiln, so that the stranger might not be so much startled, as yet, and not look away from him. And indeed, even the lime-burner’s dull and stupid sense began to be impressed by a certain morbidness in that thin, rugged, thoughtful young man, who, with his hands thrust into his pockets, and his eyes fixed upon the brightness of the furnace, seemed to be waiting for something to happen, and then to do something. “You are a strange fellow,” said the lime-burner, “but I’ll not quarrel with you, for you are a stranger, and I am a poor man. You may be a scholar, or a philosopher, or a saint, or a devil, but I’ll not quarrel with you, for you are a stranger, and I am a poor man. You may be a scholar, or a philosopher, or a saint, or a devil, but I’ll not quarrel with you, for you are a stranger, and I am a poor man.”

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burner, in amazement. I am a new comer here, as you say, and they call it eighteen years since you left the foot of Graylock. But, I can tell you, the good folks still talk about Ethan Brand in the village vender, and what a strange errand took him away from his lime kiln. Well, and so you have found the Unpardonable Sin?”

“Even so!” said the stranger, calmly.

“If the question is a fair one,” proceeded Bartram, “Where might it be?”

Ethan Brand laid his finger on his own heart.

“Here!” replied he.

And then, without mirth in his countenance, but as if moved by an involuntary recognition of the infinite absurdity of seeking throughout the world for what was the closest of all things to himself, and looking into every heart, save his own, for what was hidden in no other breast, he broke into a laugh of scorn. It was the same slow heavy laugh that had almost appalled the lime-burner when it heralded the wayfarer’s approach.

The solitary mountain-side was made dismal by it. Laughter, when out of place, mistimed, or bursting forth from a disordered state of feeling, may be the most terrible modulation of the human voice. The laughter of one asleep, even if it be a little child; the madman’s laugh; or the wild screaming laugh of an idiot, are sounds that we sometimes tremble to hear, and would always willingly forget. Poets have imagined no utterance of fiends or hobgoblins so fearfully appropriate as a laugh. And even the obtuse lime-burner felt his nerves shaken as this strange man looked inward at his own heart, and burst into laughter that rolled away into the night, and was indistinctly reverberated among the hills.

“Joe,” said he to his little son, “scamper down to the tavern in the village, and tell the jolly fellows there that Ethan Brand has come back, and that he has found the Unpardonable Sin!”

The boy darted away on his errand, to which Ethan Brand made no objection, nor seemed hardly to notice it. He sat on a log of wood, looking steadfastly at the iron door of the kiln. When the child was out of sight, and his swift and light footsteps ceased to be heard treading first on the fallen leaves, and then on the rocky mountain path, the lime-burner began to regret his departure. He felt that the little fellow’s presence had been a barrier between his guest and himself, and that he must now deal, heart to heart, with a man who, on his own confession, had committed the one only crime for which heaven could afford no mercy. That crime, in its indistinct blackness, seemed to overshadow him. The lime-burner’s own sins rose up within him, and made his memory riotous with a throng of evil shapes that asserted their kindred with the master sin, whatever it might be, which it was within the scope of man’s corrupted nature to conceive and cherish. They were all of one family; they went to and fro between his breast and Ethan Brand’s, and carried dark greetings from one to the other.

Then Bartram remembered the stories which had grown traditional in reference to this strange man, who had come upon him like a shadow of the night, and was making himself at home in his old place, after so long absence, that the dead people, dead and buried for years, would have had more right to be at home, in any familiar spot, than he. Ethan Brand, it was said, had conversed with Satan himself in the lurid blaze of this very kiln. The legend had been matter of mirth heretofore, but looked grisly now. According to this tale, before Ethan Brand departed, on his search he had been accustomed to evoke a fiend from the hot furnace of the lime-kiln, night after night, in order to confer with him about the Unpardonable Sin; the man and the fiend, each labouring to frame the image of some mode of guilt which could neither be atoned for nor forgiven. And, with the first gleam of light upon the mountain top, the fiend crept in at the iron door, there to abide the intensest element of fire, until again summoned forth to share in the dreadful task of extending man’s possible guilt beyond the scope of Heaven’s else infinite mercy.

While the lime-burner was struggling with the horror of these thoughts, Ethan Brand rose from the log, and flung open the door of the kiln. The action was in such accordance with the idea in Bartram’s mind, that he almost expected to see the evil one issue forth, red-hot from the raging furnace.

“Hold, hold!” cried he, with a tremulous attempt to laugh, for he was ashamed of his fears, although they overmastered him. “Don’t for mercy’s sake, bring out your devil now!”

“Man!” sternly replied Ethan Brand, “what need have I of the devil? I have left him far behind me on my track. It is with such half-way sinners as you that he busies himself. Fear not because I open the door. I do but act by old custom, and am going to trim your fire like a lime-burner as I was once.

He stirred the vast coals, thrust in more wood, and bent forward to gaze into the hollow “prison-house of the fire, regardless of the fierce glow that reddened upon his face. The lime-burner sat watching him, and half-suspected his strange guest of a purpose, if not to evoke a fiend, at least to plunge bodily into the flames, and thus vanish from the sight of man. Ethan Brand, however, drew quietly back, and closed the door of the kiln.

“I have looked,” said he, into many a human heart that was seven times hotter with sinful passions than your furnace is with fire. But I found not there what I sought. No, not the Unpardonable Sin!”

“What is the Unpardonable Sin?” asked the lime-burner; and then he shrank further from his companion, trembling lest his question should be answered.

“It is a sin that grew within my own breast,” replied Ethan Brand, standing erect, with a pride that distinguishes all enthusiasts of his stamp. “A sin that grew nowhere else! The sin of an intellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God, and sacrificed every thing to its own mighty claims! The only sin that deserves a recompense of immortal agony! Freely, were it to do again, would I incur the guilt. Unshrinkingly I accept the retribution?”

“The man’s head is turned,” muttered the lime-burner to himself. “He may be a sinner like the rest of us, nothing more likely, but I’ll be sworn he’s a madman too.”

Nevertheless, he felt very uncomfortable at his situation, alone with Ethan Brand on the wild mountain side; and was right glad to hear the rough murmur of tongues, and the footsteps of what seemed a pretty numerous party stumbling over the stones and rustling through the underbrush. Soon appeared the whole lazy regiment that was wont to intest the village tavern, comprehending three or four individuals who had drunk flip beside the bar-room fire through all the winters, and smoked their pipes beneath the stoop through all the summers, since Ethan Brand’s departure. Laughing boisterously, and mingling all their voices together in unceremonious talk, they now burst into the moonshine and narrow streaks of fire-light that illuminated the open space before the lime-kiln. Bartram set the door ajar again, flooding the spot with light, that the whole company might get a fair view of Ethan Brand, and he of them.

There, among other old acquaintances, was a once ubiquitous man, now almost extinct, but whom we were formerly sure to encounter at the hotel of every thriving village throughout the country. It was the “agent.” The present specimen of the genus was a wilted and smoke-dried man, wrinkled and red-nosed, in a smartly-cut brown bob-tail coat, with brass buttons, who, for a length of time unknown, had kept his desk and corner in the bar-room, and was still puffing what seemed to be the same cigar that he had lighted twenty years before. He had great fame as a dry joker, though, perhaps, less on account of any intrinsic humour, than from a certain flavour of brandy-toddy and tobacco-smoke which impregnated all his ideas and expressions, as well as his person.

Another well-remembered, though strangely-altered face, was that of a lawyer Giles, as people still called him in courtesy—an elderly ragged man, in his soiled shirt-sleeves and tow-cloth trousers. This poor fellow had been attorney in what he called his better days—a sharp practitioner, and in great vogue among the village litigants; but now, and sling, and toddy, and cocktails, imbibed at all hours—day and night—had caused him to slide from intellectual to various kinds and degrees of bodily labour, till at last, to meet his own phrase, he slid into a soap-vat. In other words, there was now a soap-bubler in a small way. He had come to be the fragment of a human being—a part of one foot having been chopped off by an axe, and an entire hand torn away by the devilish grip of a steam-engine. Yet, though the corporal hand was gone, a spiritual member remained; for, stretching forth the stump, Giles steadily asserted that he felt an invisible thumb and fingers with as vivid a sensation as before the real ones were amputated. A maimed and miserable wretch, he was; but one, nevertheless, whom the world could not trample, and had no right to scorn, either in this or any pre-

to a popular tradition three persons came, in this manner, to an untimely end, no further back than the year 1832.

Where witches abound, it may be readily imagined that charms like those of Hallow-e'en, immortalised by Burns, are not wanting. Thus, on the three special Thursdays the village-girls about Pfullingen pour warm lead into cold water, and predict from the shapes taken by the metal the trades of their future husbands. In the same district, and at the same period, a gosling is also used as a matrimonial oracle. The girls form a ring, in the midst of which is placed the gosling with its eyes blindfolded, and the one whom he first approaches is destined, before long, to obtain a husband.

The virtue of the Christmas period extends to the festival of the Epiphany, or, as they say in Germany, to the "Three Kings' Day." In the neighbourhood of Pfullingen it is deemed impious to spin on the twelve holy evenings; and dreams that occur in their course are sup-

posed to have prophetic value. Much weather wisdom, too, is based on an observation of the meteorological changes which occur at this time; and it is supposed that the state of the weather for the whole year is predicted by that of the twelve days, a quarter of a month being represented by every six hours. The mode adopted to record the observations is primitive in the extreme. Twelve circles, representing the twelve months, are made on a sheet of white paper, and each of them is divided by cross lines into four compartments. In each compartment the Suabian peasant marks the result of each six hours. If he be a scholarly man, he makes his record in words; but if he be blessed with that unsophisticated innocence of reading and writing which Jack Cade so much admired, he denotes fine weather by leaving the paper white, and wet weather by a smear. It is, however, a singular fact, that the value of this elaborate proceeding is only regarded as hypothetical till Twelfth-day actually arrives. If that day proves fair, the

record paper is valid; but in the contrary event, it may be cast aside as worthless. In some parts of Suabia, an onion is used as the oracular instrument. It is cut in half, and twelve little cups are made by separating the layers. Into these some salt is put, and accordingly as this salt melts or remains dry, the weather of the month to which the particular cup refers is expected to be wet or fair.

In a country so rife with mediæval superstitions, it could not be supposed that the three magi, or "Kings," to whom Twelfth-day is dedicated, would be without visible representations. In many villages, during the whole interval from Christmas to the Epiphany, three boys go about, attired in white gowns and leathern girdles, with crowns of coloured paper on their heads, one of them having his face blacked, to denote the complexion of the Moorish King. It is likewise customary to invoke a blessing on a house, by writing on the door the letters K. M. B., the initials of Kaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, as the three magi are named in Romish tradition.



THE DREAM OF THE THREE HOLY KINGS.—BY C. BEGAS.

OF THE EPIPHANY.

[SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, the author of the following poem, was born in 1582, and died in 1623. He was the elder brother of Francis Beaumont, the celebrated colleague of Fletcher. His known poetical remains are comprised in a small volume of miscellaneous poems. His contemporaries speak of his having written the "Crown of Thorns," a poem in eight books; but this is apparently lost to posterity. Winstanley, in his "Honour of Parnassus," speaks of Sir John Beaumont, as one of "the great souls of numbers," and his poems certainly possess great merit. The chief recommendation of them is, however, that they are all dedicated to the service of virtue and piety: no mean praise for a writer of the times in which he lived.]

FAIR eastern star, that art ordained to run
Before the sages to the rising sun,
Here cease thy course, and wonder that the cloud
Of this poor stable can thy Maker shroud:
Ye heavenly bodies glory to be bright;
And are esteemed as ye are rich in light;
But here on earth is taught a different way,
Since under this low roof the Highest lay;
Jerusalem erects her stately towers,
Displays her windows, and adorns her bowers;
Yet there thou must not cast a trembling spark—
Let Herod's palace still continue dark.
Each school and synagogue thy force repels,
There pride, enthron'd in misty errors, dwells;
The temple where the priests maintain their choir
Shall taste no beam of thy celestial fire.
While this weak cottage all thy splendour takes,
A joyful gate of every chink it makes.
Here shines no golden roof, no ivory stair,
No king exalted in a stately chair,
But with attendants, or by heralds styled;
But straw and hay inwrap a speechless child.
Yet Saba's lords before this babe unfold
Their treasure, off'ring incense, myrrh, and gold.
The crib becomes an altar; therefore dies
No ox nor sheep, for in their fodder lies
The Prince of Peace, who, thankful for his bed,
Destroys those rites in which their blood was shed:

The quintessence of earth he takes and fees,
And precious gums distilled from weeping trees;
Rich metals and sweet odours now declare
The glorious blessings which his laws prepare:
To clear us from the base and loathsome flood
Of sense, and make us fit for angels' food;
Who lift to God for us the holy smoke
Of fervent prayers, with which we him invoke,
And try our actions in that searching fire
By which the seraphims our lips inspire.
No muddy dross pure minerals shall infect,
We shall exale our vapours up direct:
No storms shall cross, nor glittering lights deface,
Perpetual sighs, which seek a happy place.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

HE cometh! Like a dawn delayed,
When rolling mists, the earth surrounding,
Too long control the gracious sun's abounding.
He cometh! Through the clouds that shade
A world for peace, and love, and gladness made:
A world whose silent chords await his finger's holy sounding!
He cometh! To his father's fields
With heavenly gaze he draweth near,
Like a mild gleaner, ere the grain is sere!
Too blest when aught the harvest yields,
The bread of life within his hand he yields,
His meek eyes bent like sunset down upon the golden ear.
With curb unbound, and slackened rein,
He rideth, meeker than a child,
The monster War, that through the world ran wild.
Counting his bondage richer gain,
The humbled savage needeth not the chain—
Grudging no toil, but proud to bear that burthen undefiled.

A conqueror whose words are peace,
He weepeth o'er each ruined city,
Where Famine's voice rings out its time-old ditty.
The captives' bonds his prayers release,
And, while he bids the work of havoc cease,
Sets flowing through the arid streets the precious founts of pity.

All human hearts with love that beat
His true but veiled disciples are:
The railings of strange altars cannot bar
The eager tread of stainless feet;
Each mountain is a shrine for worship meet
Where e'en the scouted Pariah's voice may praise him unaware.

His love doth fall upon the soul
Like silent droppings of quick tears
Amid the sobbings which God only hears!
It bids the shattered heart be whole,
And hope no more drop fainting at the goal
Where life itself sinks, deafened by the rushing tramp of years.

Where his mild wand the hours doth number,
Where his right hand the way doth keep,
Death's but the falling of the lids in sleep,
Life but a robe whose folds encumber,
And Memory's failure only the soft slumber—
The dreamy trance of angels—silent, beautiful, and deep.

O, glorious sleep! More glorious waking!
When the tired soul, its journey o'er,
All dumbly walking heaven's shining floor,
Shall see the ransomed Just partaking
Those waters that—life's thirst divinely slaking—
Through God's crown'd kingdom ever flowing, flood the eternal shore!



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

THE ANNUNCIATION AND TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.

We give here, as peculiarly appropriate to the season, two illustrations having reference to the above subjects. They are extracted from a series of plates, etched by the artist himself (Joseph Fuhrich, of

Munich), exhibiting, with striking simplicity and expressiveness, the successive steps in the progress of Christianity, from its first prefigurations to its promulgation by the Great Teacher himself, and its subsequent, and as yet, far from completed triumphs. This is done by a long train or procession of symbolic and historic figures, each summing up a remarkable point in the history of the progress of the

Christian idea, and serving as a fresh link to show its relation to man. An earnest and elevated spirit pervades the whole work, and powerfully appeals to both the understanding and the heart. We have selected the central and the terminal group: but in order to connect both these with the rest of the work, it will not be by any means uninteresting to show, in a short summary, with what appropriate-



THE NIGHT OF GENTLENESS.

ness and fullness of meaning the artist has wrought out his idea Adam and Eve begin the procession, and form the starting-point from which all the rest take their purpose and necessity. In their sin and their departure from God, are involved the sufferings, the struggles, the needs, the atonement, and the triumph impersonated in the figures which follow. Whilst Adam, under a sense of sin and death, walks with down-bent gaze, Eve, with her burden of sorrow and repentance, lightened by a ray of hope, lifts upward her hands and eyes to Him who has given her seed the promise of victory. Abel follows them: as showing, by his murder, the first awful consequence of sin, and prefiguring, by his sacrifice, the great atonement. Next comes Noah, bearing a model of the Ark; which was a symbol of that covenant into which all tribes and nations were to be received, and saved from the deluge of evil; while, over the ark, descends the dove, with the olive branch, an emblem of that spirit which moved over the face of the chaotic waters, and brought forth order and goodness from blank disorder, and descended on the Great Teacher also, when he set out on his mission of order and goodness, among the universal moral chaos. Melchizedek then appears, the figure of the great high-priest; and Abraham and Isaac, with the knife and the fire and the wood, prefiguring the great sacrifice of the Son by the Father. Next comes Jacob with the heaven-ladder of his dream, as a memorial that at that very Bethel, the place of his vision, should be born—Him who should open to the whole world the vision of the way to heaven, and that there the angels of his dream should announce, "Glory to God, on earth peace, and good-will among men." Joseph then appears, whose fate also is prefigurative: cast out by his brothers, deliberated over and sold; redeeming them in their starvation and distress by the riches he has stored up with the King; while, as in his dreams, the surrounding sheaves, and the sun, moon, and stars, all that springs from earth, all greater and lesser dignities, bend before and worship him. He is followed by Moses and Aaron, the law and the priesthood, the state and the church, the moral and the spiritual in life and doctrine. The warriors Joshua and Gideon succeed them, to the one of whom God appointed the sun, and to the other the fleece of the lamb, as a sign of victory. Samuel comes next, and Sampson, both Judges in Israel; while the latter, bearing the gates of Gaza, prefigures Christ's bursting the gates of death, and in his death also overwhelming the oppressing and enslaving powers and dissipations of this world. Now there appears, heading the troop of the prophets, David the poet-king—the prophet-singer—the outward ancestor of Christ. First among the prophets advances Isaiah, with the clear, seer-glance; Jeremiah, sunk in sadness at the calamities of his people, and prophetically bewailing the sorrows of the Saviour; Daniel, the one true among many false; and Ezekiel, the seer of the great universal resurrection, the descent of new divine life into the dark valley of the shadow of worldly death. The six lesser prophets follow, among whom Jonas, three days buried and then uprisen, more peculiarly prefigures Christ. After these appear the Sybils, women of mysterious inspiration, who, in dark figures and oracles, spoke out to Leathen night of the Light that was to come.

And now the immediate foretellers of Christ pass before us: the star which guides the three wise men or holy kings of the East, and the angel calling the herdsmen to the manger; shepherds of the people and shepherds of the flock, going onward to the great everlasting Good Shepherd; and who call reaches equally the peasant and the king, and absorbs both the old traditions of the divine dealings, which had floated down, from the ancient times, among the simple pastoral races the wisdom of Eastern philosophy, which had accumulated, from the days of Abraham's fellow Chaldeans to the latest star-readers and solvers of earth's riddles. In the midst of this group (the central one which we have given in our illustrations) stands forth John the Baptist, who, more than a prophet, exclaims, "I am the voice crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord;" and, pointing to where Christ himself advances, cries "Behold the Lamb of God." The murdered innocents of Bethlehem, the first young martyrs, with palms in their hands, fill up this group; and, with the announcement of the new faith, prefigure the manner of his first teaching.

At length Christ himself appears, sitting in a car; as world-deliverer, he holds in his left hand a globe surmounted by a cross, over which he extends his (for us) pierced right hand, in blessing. At his feet sits Mary, his mother, his first guardian and sharer of his last sorrow, now sharer of his honour and triumph. The four great teachers of the early church, Gregory, Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine, push on the wheels of the car, which is drawn by the four mystic beings of the Apocalypse. These are followed by the great first messengers of the Evangel, the apostles, led by Peter, the holder of the keys, and by Paul, the unwearied—invincible world-apostle. These are succeeded by the most notable of the martyrs: Stephen, bearing the stones which shed the first blood that watered the young plant of Christianity—the young tree of life. Lawrence; Clement, with the tiara and dress of the head of the Church; Polycarp, Ethelbert, and John of Nepomak, the patron saint of Bohemia; Sebastian, with the arrows in his hand, and George slaying the dragon, both warriors, as a sign that it is, through battle and victory over evil, we must follow Christ; while St. Vitus, and Wincentius of Bohemia, close this group.

But, that it may be remembered that God makes the weak also mighty through faith, and that not to men only are we indebted for the upholding and spread of the truth, there follows next a group of women and maidens, who in humility—in gentle patience—in steadfastness through sorrow, boldly suffered. Helena, Constantine's mother, goes first, with the cross; Thekla, Barbara, Catherine, and others follow, with the signs of their martyrdom. Cecilia, the patroness of sacred music, plays a small organ. The young martyr, Agnes, carries a lamb, and is an emblem of the innocence and virgin purity that persecution could not crush. The maid-servant, Nothburga, appears in this group, as a sign that in every station God may be and is glorified. The penitents Magdalene and Margaret of Cortona, show both that only through repentance and punishment can purification and lost innocence be re-attained, and that even to the lost does the message of mercy reach.

After these comes a group, led by Paul, the first anchorite, in a dress of plaited palm-bark, of early hermits and monks; who, led by an infatigable vocation to renounce the pleasures and pastimes of the world, and to meditate in the solitude of deserts and cloisters, on "the one thing needful," sought to tame the wild spirits of the times, and lead the active and unbridled energies of men into submission, to truth and good: Antonius, Makarius, Serapion, Francis of Assisi, Seraphicus, and Bruno, Ivan of Bohemia, Irocopius, and others.

The last group (which we also give) contains other characters and symbolic figures; and not only closes the procession, but sums up, by its figurative personifications, the later progress and ultimate triumph of the Christian Idea. They represent souls which, in the most various circumstances of life, pursue the same end of attaining, maintaining, and extending God's Truth; and they also represent the victory of that Truth over the various worldly principles and powers, and the bringing into order and submission the physical, the kingly, and the intellectual forces which move men on earth. The legendary giant, Christopher, gently bearing through the swollen river, through darkness and storm, the at first unknown infant, then recognised as Christ, is a symbol of the bearing of the physical powers of the world, which seem gigantic as compared to the small voice of Truth, and of their willing service in bearing through the rough stream of events—through the darkness of ignorance and the storm of opposing passions, the pure and gentle influence of Christ. Francis Xavier, the zealous spreader of Christianity, baptising a young negro, personifies the missionary agency, which pours

out the water of life upon heathen nations. He is followed by a husbandman and a herdsman—Isidor and Wendelin—the latter a king's son, who exchanged the sceptre for the shepherd's crook, who here claim a place, in the triumph as in the Annunciation of Christianity, for the simple and lowly, the toiler with rough hands—the labourer in the inclement fields. After them come two of the mightiest and most elevated in the world's ranks, Constantine and Charlemagne, who may either represent Christianity reaching the throne, even in these dark ages, and bending the ambition of the most ambitious to its establishment, and the spread of its influence through laws and social institutions; or may personify one of its greatest obstacles, in its name being taken hold of as a tool by worldly designing rulers, and its semblance in reverse being established on the throne of the state, and the unworlly made worldly—the spiritually and ineffably rich—degraded into a wealth of material revenue and gaudy trappings, and the unattainably infinite narrowed into a round of forms and prescribed doctrines; but over this too, it shall triumph. The procession is closed by the humble and gentle Fra Angelico da Fiesole, in whose unpretending but various and elevated talents are well personified the magnificent old schools of art, and the revival of science and literature; thus beautifully and appropriately summing up the progress of the Christian Idea, by pointing to the alliance of eternal truth with eternal beauty, and to the triumph of science and letters, as that which, imbued by divine impulse, shall come after, but last beyond, all the other powers, and glories, and ambitions of the world.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

O GOODLY Christmas Tree!

From whose green heights depending,
The sacred gifts of love we see;
Thy torch-light flames like glow-worm lamps are blending
Amidst those boughs whose pious lading
The light-winged hours have driven:
The small bells 'neath thine arches ringing
That nod in music to their leafy shading—
Thy tiny censers slowly swinging,
Sound and breath up to Heaven!

Beautiful art thou in thy dainty trimming,
Thy quaint devices strange;
Magnetic fishes in the broad air swimming,
And birds with wings of scanty range;
Arrows that poison not, nor wound,
And harps by Love's own finger tuned;
Blithe minims meet for fairy hall,
Trumpets for elfin call,—
Wild stags through forest boughs their antlers rearing,
Hounds swiftly chasing, and bold steeds careering.

On that blessed Eve when the banned witch is scared,
And the stabled ox goes down upon his knee,
When youth and maid have to the dance repaired,
Children shall gather round the Christmas Tree;
And with sweet upward gaze,
Lo! 'mid the leafy maze,
Stand rapt in mute delight,
Or rend the still air of hallowed night,
Hailing with infant voice the world's new prime—
Innocent laughter, holy as the Time!

Man, with the silvered locks,
Standing 'midst these white flocks,
Blessing Christ's eve with bent and humbled brow,
Lay at these children's feet
Gifts beautiful and meet,
That Love and Gratitude from Joy may grow!
So shall each toy, thrice hallowed by the hour,
Touch the deep heart of childhood in its spring;
And thine shall be to each unsullied flower
The wise man's offering.

Thou, darling, in whose cheek,
The soul begins to speak,
Lie down, soft dreaming of thy Christmas Tree!
And may its branches to thy vision be
Like guardian wings in love outspreading,
Where angel guests are threading
The leafy depths whose hoarded treasures seem
Like flowers new cropped,
Which God hath dropped,
To make thy life one summer dream.

Woman! in whose deep eyes,
The holy aspect lies
Of glorious motherhood, unstained of earth,
Breathe o'er each sleeper's rest
The words Christ's lips have blessed:—
O guide them heavenward from their first life-birth!
And though they should require
Thee, like thy gifts to-night,
Slighting the heart that breaketh with their fall,
Still in thine arms uplift them to God's great call!

A WINTER SCENE.

DRAWN BY B. FOSTER.

Winter's white shroud doth cover all the ground,
And Cuckoo blows his bitter blast of woe:
The ponds and pools and streams in ice are bound,
And famished birds are shivering in the snow.

Among the countless instances which ever prompt man's gratitude to the maker of this beautiful world, a scene of Winter, such as the Artist has here depicted, is one of the most impressive; more especially at the present blessed season. The sketcher's objects are few; but the picture is cheery, and poetic withal. The lowly homestead and hovel are here picturesquely grouped: their snow-clad roofs are in bright contrast with the dark sky; while the fair, fleecy snow touches with silver the forms of the trees, which are stripped bare but to show the strength, beauty, and grace of every limb. The stream is silent; or, as the poet sings:—

The little brook that erst my cot did lave,
And o'er its stony pavement sweetly sang,
Doth now forget to roll her wanton wave;
For winter hoar her icy chain has flung,
And still'd the babbling music of her tongue.

There is no season more beautiful

Than Winter when 'tis clad with snow;

as Milton calls it, at the season of the Nativity, "innocent snow," conscious of the presence of Divine innocence.

The picture before us has its incidents of busy life breaking the wintry silence. The cottager and his family have just returned with the firewood they have picked up, and the good housewife is ready to give them welcome; even the ducks are astir upon their "crystal pavement." The sight of the cottagers is suggestive of the crackling upon the hearth for the evening cheer: hence, this is a cheerful view of Winter:—

For 'tis the season, when the nights are long:
There's time, ere morn, for each to sing his song.

A snow-clad landscape is a favourite subject for painters and poets. One of the latter thus describes its characteristics, as we often witness them in a quiet nook of the country, wrapped in utter silence beneath the snowy pall:—

Deep on the face
Of the wide landscape lies the spotless flood.
The yester wain, that thunder'd as it pass'd,
Now makes impression on the rugged plain.

* Brande, in his "Popular Antiquities," gives an account of a superstitious notion prevailing in the western parts of Devonshire, that at twelve o'clock at night on Christmas-eve, the oxen in their stalls are always found on their knees, as in an attitude of devotion.

With frozen sockets rough, now softly moves,
And labours silent through the feathery drift,
As if its every wheel and every loof
Were shod with noiseless felt, or stiffer down.
How fair the deluge that enwraps the hill!
Its whiteness shames the murky cloud above;
Makes ocean turbid seem, and doubly foul;
And to the sullied aspect of the cliff
Allows no nearer seas. What! if the clear orb
Of night or day, from the pure vault of heaven,
Look unimpeded down! How glowing then
The thence-bleach'd purity of earth beneath,
Wrapp'd, like a spirit, in a blaze of light;
And how excell'd her splendour, well oppos'd
By the deep azure of the heaven above.

How touching is this sleep of the year, so like unto death that the poet has sung its dirge—but to dispel its gloom:—

Orphan hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smil' in-tead,
For the year is not asleep.
See it smile as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping—SHELLEY.

THE ELFIN OF HAZELNOOK.

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS-EVE.

Zyg was couchant on a puff of swan-down, in the cup of an acorn: he lay listening to the flake-falls of the snow on the holly close by, and he was not in the best of humour thereat; for he loved the great red berries which were fast being covered by the broad congeries of crystals that continued to descend. Every now and then he turned over and beat up his bed, declaring the down was coarse, and had lumps in it; his jerkin, too, which was made of gossamer, was a new one, and he was sure it was a misfit, for the seams hurt his wings: he ordered his glow-worm in waiting, who lay on a half-withered leaf hard by on the same low branch, to move to a greater distance, for her vulgar glare was hurting his eyes; and he requested her to be more careful for the future. The vibrations of the morrow's east wind were causing his joints to ache, and giving him a violent cold; but what put him most out was the chirrup of a cricket somewhere near, against which he vowed a signal vengeance. Stretching himself out, he regarded languishingly a sparkling necklace of honey-dew with which he had lately been presented; but turned from it to gaze on, and then kiss rapturously, a ring of nectar which encircled one of his fingers—the love-token of his adored Vermille. It cannot be disguised that Zyg was a great fop, and that he was also capricious; but in the main, he understood, he was as well-meaning and amiable a little sprite as any in all Faerydom.

Zyg lay perdu waiting for twelve o'clock; for it was Christmas-eve, and he had a commission—a mission we mean, simply, for he owned no allegiance to any lord of Fairyland, but took in sprite-work on his own account. The fortunes of Toby Postlethwaite were engrossing his professional attention, and he had lately neglected everything else most ruinously in his care for that sole object. From the first moment, when the shutting of the lattice in Toby's cottage parlour imprisoned him temporarily there, and he overheard the circumstances that had interested him so much, he had run all sorts of risks of being caught in the course of his frequent visits; for, more than once, when Toby's children thought they saw a butterfly flutter by, it was no one else than our small friend Zyg, on one of his reconnoitring expeditions; and, as he had no ambition at all for figuring as a specimen in the glass case over the chest of drawers which contained the Postlethwaite collection of wasps and cockchafers, and other objects of natural history, and to have a pin twice as tall as himself stuck through his body, however highly he might have been prized, those narrow escapes had been rather alarming to his spritishness. The circumstances in the fortunes of Toby Postlethwaite, which had engaged so exclusively his attention, were briefly these:—

Toby's family had lived at the dairy farm of Hazelnook from times at least as remote as those of the Roundheads; and, though small, it was their own independent patrimony. In that stretch of time they had known many reverses, being sometimes well up, and sometimes rather low down, though never exactly broken, on Fortune's wheel. On the whole, the waves of the sea, as boys depict them in their first drawing-books, would represent their fortunes with tolerable accuracy; still they always managed to preserve Hazelnook intact. It had so happened that when old Simon Postlethwaite, the father of Tobias, and who was still alive, was in his prime, and when Toby was up in arms—in his mother's we mean—that the contiguous estate of Lindengrove became the property, by purchase, of one who had amassed great wealth in India—Mr. Nugent Malahide by name; and that when that gentleman entered upon possession, and conned over, with his agents, Messrs. Sligo and Griffin, the title-deeds and maps of his demesne, he grew dark in the countenance when he found that the continuity of his north-east boundary, till it should intersect the King's highway, was interrupted by the dovetail forming the small landed possession of Simon Postlethwaite. Now he was a man of business was Mr. Malahide, to say the least; and when he discovered that flaw in the fair proportions of Lindengrove, he promised himself no rest until the annexation of Hazelnook thereto should be accomplished.

The ingenuity of the law agents was forthwith in exercise; but a material obstacle to their success consisted in the fact that the owner of the dairy farm had no desire to part with it, and had his valid and unembarrassed titles lying snug and dry in his strong box. The market demand for dairy produce was healthy; so were his wife and children; and his income was enough for his wants. Such were the arguments with which Simon met the advances made to him; but he thought besides, within himself, there was some virtue in baulking desires which could only have their origin in pride and intolerance. These very sentiments his great neighbour had already suspected, and he did not like him the better for them; but resolved that a money sacrifice, if such would avail, should not be wanting to attain his removal. Sligo and Griffin had now authority to offer terms which Simon believed were far beyond the actual value of Hazelnook—and his mind wavered; "for," thought he, "so far from acting as a good steward over the birthright of my children, I may be depriving them, by thus stubbornly consulting my own feelings, of a better fortune." He gave way, then, to the importunity of those practitioners, permitted them to prepare the deed of sale and conveyance, had it home with him to Hazelnook Cottage, and adhibited his seal and sign-manual in due form.

All that was needful now was to look out his titles, send for the agents, receive the money, hand over the documents, and transport his moveables; but, as he leant back in his high-backed chair, and scanned the old features of the place—with which the humble history of his family was associated time out of mind, and thought of the uncertainties of the world's ways, in things which were out of the beaten track which he had been born to tread, and of the honest pride which would be lost to his children of occupying the scene which their forefathers had so long made honourable by exemplary conduct, and also contemplated the grasping pride whence the transaction arose, and to which it was to contribute, he well nigh cursed himself for his folly in submitting to be led so far, and resolutely deposited the deed in the

* In October, 1851, three very interesting mural paintings of "St. Christopher," "St. George," and "The Doom," were discovered in the parish church of Gawsorth, near Macclesfield, in Cheshire. The wall upon which the paintings were found had been repeatedly whitewashed, so as to assume the character of a thin coat of plaster; and a workman, having accidentally struck the surface, a quantity peeled off, and discovered a subject in colour; and, subsequently, two others were found. Mr. J. P. A. Lynch, of Macclesfield, immediately made drawings of the three subjects, this requiring great application, as the colours faded on exposure to the air. The "St. George" picture was extremely rude; but the artist had laboured, in many parts, to produce a fine effect. The nimble round the warriors' heads were gilt, and elaborately decorated. The saint on St. George was similarly decorated. St. Christopher is represented in the midst of the river, recognising the infant on his shoulder; and a monk appears on the shore, bearing a lantern to light the saint. Below is a man angling, and fish are represented in the stream. Upon the opposite bank are a castle, trees, &c. The paintings were executed in tempera, and of great brilliancy, which, however, in a few weeks almost entirely disappeared. These specimens of early pictorial art, which are especially interesting to the antiquary and ecologist, have been lithographed by Mr. Burgess, of Macclesfield, and may be had of Dolman, New Bond-street.

same secure receptacle which contained his other papers—an action to which Toby's mother gave her entire concurrence.

The wrath of Malahide and his agents, on the return of their messenger, when that individual announced the reply which Simon Postlethwaite had made to the inquiry if he had signed the deed of sale—"Yes, I've signed it, but I've also changed my mind; and before I'll part with the property of my children, to pamper your purse-proud employer, I'll see him and his oily-tongued agents d—d first!"—rendered the trio a tableau worthy the pencil of a Hogarth; and at the same time added, if possible, to the enmity with which they already regarded him.

"Let him alone a bit," said Nicholas Sligo; "let him calm down again, and we'll conquer his contumacy yet."

And they did let him alone awhile, and met him so pleasantly that he thought he might possibly have judged them over-harshly; and, being more hasty than ungenerous in his disposition, Simon returned their civilities in kind.

At length, one day, Mr. Sligo encountered him, apparently by the merest accident. "Morning, Mr. Postlethwaite," said he. "I have just been admiring your crops and your fences."

"Oh! they're nothin' very extra, sir, either of 'em," said Simon.

"Oh! yes, they are, very fine, very fine," repeated Sligo. "By-the-by, I have never sent you that bill of ours, Mr. Postlethwaite."

"Bill!" said Simon; "I beg your pardon."

"For that conveyance which was talked of, but was given up."

"Oh! ah! sure!" said Simon, with some feeling of alarm, "I'm sorry I did not think of it. What may be the amount, sir?"

"Oh, only—so much: stamps, you know—correspondence—expensive; but it's o' no consequence."

"Dear me! I had quite forgot it," pursued Simon, a good deal nettled at having overlooked the circumstance that Malahide's agents had indeed a claim upon him, and rather alarmed at the amount, which he did not feel prepared for, and yet ought to settle at once. "Would you wish to have payment soon, Mr. Sligo?"

"Oh, eh—No, no—never mind! By the way, Mr. Malahide is going to shut up Lindengrove House for a while, having business that will detain him in London. His son—young Loftus, you know—is rather delicate; and it strikes me your place is very healthy and beautiful: would it be possible for us to arrange anything for him at the farm? How are you off for room there?"

Now the proposition conveyed in these sentences was one which Simon would have been slow to entertain, coming from any quarter; and was not over palatable coming from the one it did; but the preamble about the bill, for which he had been unprepared in mind, and was also unprepared in purse, gave it another colour; and he acknowledged that there was more house-room at Hazelnook than they had occasion for.

The wily Nicholas laughed loudly—in his sleeve. He had gained his point, and thereby advanced a piece of deep-laid treachery against Simon Postlethwaite, in which, not his employer, but the younger Malahide (who inherited the father's qualities, but nourished to a worse degree by the lawyer's designing subtlety) was his accomplice. This was no other than to obtain possession of the titles and conveyance of Hazelnook; for, could but Postlethwaite's strong-box, which was no very heavy affair, he spirited away, he saw no great obstacles to being himself, ere long, master of that desirable possession. Old Malahide's constitution, damaged by his eastern life, had lately shown symptoms of breaking up; and over the younger he had obtained an ascendancy which he promised himself greater scope with when once the right time should arrive.

The arrangements for Mr. Loftus Malahide taking up his quarters at Hazelnook were soon completed upon liberal terms. Mr. Malahide, sen., saw in it a chance for accomplishing, amicably or otherwise, some day, his scheme for annexing Hazelnook to the Lindengrove estate: in fine, all parties were made agreeable, and Malahide, jun., became one of the family at the dairy farm. The young gentleman, being an adept in the *finesse* to which he had been tutored by old Nick Sligo, made himself, ere long, a general favourite; and things proceeded quite prosperously.

Loftus was not long in discovering the resting-place of the coveted strong-box; and more than once, while weighing it in his hands, did he weigh in his mind the possibility of carrying it, some propitious night, far enough to clear the boundary line that parted Hazelnook from Lindengrove; and he did not despair: there it lay, never looked at or thought of; and likely enough it had not been looked at for six months. Numerous were the meetings which the conspirators had together; but Sligo was never a visitor at Hazelnook: numerous, too, were the occasions fixed on for carrying off the prize; but something or other occurred to render the attempt inexpedient.

Fortune at length seemed to favour their villainous enterprise: a member of the household, the proximity of whose sleeping room to the closet in which the box lay had been hitherto, night and day, an insuperable barrier, was to be absent for one night. It was late in autumn, and the moon was far in her last quarter. Loftus contrived to communicate with Sligo, and at midnight the attempt was to be made.

Now, Simon and his family followed the adage "Early to rest, and early to rise;" and as they did not indulge in afternoon naps, they slumbered soundly, unrocked, when nature drew the curtain of night around their dwelling.

Long before midnight, all, save Loftus, were wrapped in deep sleep; and his nerves were strong for the venture. The hour approached, and he opened the doors that were convenient for his purpose, seized the prize, wrapped a cloth around it, and, with unerring steps, had cleared the house; when, lo! in his progress by the gable, having failed to mark precisely the situations of sundry pits which Simon had dug for receiving two rows of young trees, and now suddenly perceiving his error, he became agitated in the obscurity, and going wrong in seeking to avoid them, stumbled over a heap of earth, and fell into one of them headlong, giving utterance involuntarily to a slight exclamation, which was answered by a bark from the house-dog chained at some distance. The panic which had seized him was now so strong that any energetic effort to still carry off his prize vanished altogether from his thoughts; and he had just presence of mind sufficient to rake quickly an armful of earth over the box and its wrapper, regain his feet, clear the other pit-falls, take off his shoes on the grass-plot, find the doors close and fasten them, and reach his own room, when another bark of two from the dog roused Simon Postlethwaite. Simon thought it was rather an unusual demonstration on the part of Toby, and accordingly put on his slippers, slipped down in the dark, and went piping out to reconnoitre; but, sorry to find as there was nothing wrong, returned, looking a little puzzled.

Loftus, when he had reached the bottom of the pit, found himself more dead than alive; but when he had crawled out, and returned to his bed, with a shudder, he thought of the deed he had done, and how he would come to account for it; and he was so much troubled that he was worth to see the next morning. He was out again that night, however, and did not return till the first stirring of the dawn. He found that his whole family were in some perturbation; but at length fatigue overpowered him, and he

fell asleep. At early day he awoke again; and the task of removing from his clothes the evidence of his fall into the pit, afforded him occupation till the proper time for making his appearance. At breakfast, thanks to the valuable tuition of the worthy Nick, he looked most quintessentially simple; and when asked by Simon whether the dog had disturbed him in the night, he smiled benignly, and answered, "Not at all." Shortly he managed to breathe the morning air on the scene of his night's adventure; he glanced at the several pits, but could not distinguish one from another; and he could not for the life of him make out the one in which he had so hastily deposited the treasure!

Simon seemed to have some slight passing thought, for he removed the house-dog nearer to the cottage; and, as it happened, to just such a spot as would prevent any covert attempt in future to obtain possession of the strong-box. So there, no doubt, it lay, in one or other of those pits. The young trees were soon planted, and the turf made good; and a month or two passed, and no words of the box being missed from its corner. Mr. Malahide, senior, returned to Lindengrove; Mr. Malahide, junior's health had improved, and he went home; and Mr. Sligo chewed the cud of disappointed hopes as best he could. Another month or two passed, during which sundry civilities also passed between the proprietors of the large and small estates.

But at Hazelnook, by and by, misfortune knocked at the door, and then did not run away, but entered without bidding. Simon had a younger brother in South America, who, after being many years silent, had communicated the intelligence that, after long prosperity, and when he had resolved to return to the bosom of his family, he had suffered by the perfidy of a partner; and unless a good round sum could be immediately remitted to him he must be completely ruined. What was to be done? Simon loved his brother, and the money must be raised, if it were possible. The proposed sale of Hazelnook recurred to Simon's mind; he went to have a look at the signed deed of conveyance. His strong-box was nowhere to be found! Some hard-earned savings and the titles to his property were gone! The individuals of his family—of his household—were marshalled in review before his imagination: the younger Malahide followed: no, he could suspect no one! Then that night, when the dog had been disturbed, occurred to him; and he could but suppose that then his treasure had been stolen. He could no way else account for his loss; and he now cursed his folly in having reposed his whole confidence in the lock, never having feared that the box itself might be carried away.

One day he met Sligo; and the latter opportunely spoke of Hazelnook.

"I think we must draw on you for that little bill of ours," said the lawyer.

"Oh, certainly," replied Simon, "but what would you say to my drawing on you, sir, on the security of Hazelnook?"

"No great difficulty about that, Mr. Postlethwaite; for I suppose it is quite unencumbered," answered Sligo; and he chuckled, internally; for, thought he, "now I shall get you into a net of your own seeking."

"Quite free of burthen as yet," said Simon.

"Then I'm your man, sir; for Mr. Malahide is desirous to invest some money just now."

The idea of Malahide advancing the money on Hazelnook was unpalatable to Simon's feelings, but he could not help himself; and the preliminaries were gone further into. In a few days the necessary deed of mortgage was prepared, the money was paid into Simon's hands, and, saving the amount of Sligo and Griffin's bill, and a small sum beside, was paid into the bank to the credit of his brother in South America. In the course of the transaction Simon had to own the loss of the papers, which, with any other negotiator, would probably have proved a difficulty insurmountable; Nicholas Sligo, however, waived it, on such grounds as to himself appeared tenable.

Simon had the satisfaction, in due course of time, to learn that his brother's credit was preserved, and fortune was again promising fairly with him; but his own cares were heavy at home: the interest on the mortgage he year after year paid without fail, but year after year the effort required became greater and greater, and the achievement more miraculous; still he struggled on. Meanwhile his family grew up: his son, Tobias, in course of time, married, and the resources of the dairy farm were taxed to the uttermost. Mr. Malahide, senior, followed the course of nature, and of all the Malahides; and suddenly, too, dropt old Nick Sligo from his perch; so Malahide, junior, reigned alone at Lindengrove, a reserved and sullen man. Simon's interest fell years into arrear; and the old man, with his aged helpmate, sank into the chimney-corner, hopeless, and resigning all effort into Toby's hands.

At length it appeared to Mr. Loftus Malahide, that circumstances were fully ripe to justify active steps at Hazelnook; and he caused notice to be served that sale must ensue immediately. A valuation was, however, made which old Simon's memory told him was not half what had been long before offered to him; and the inhabitants of the dairy farm had the option of agreeing to the offer now made, or incurring the expenses of a sale. A written representation was made as to the disparity between the old and present offers; but Malahide had never seen the first, and there was no evidence respecting it; so he scouted it with contempt; well knowing that the evidence lay buried under the roots of one or other of those handsome sycamores, which now, in summer's prime, formed an umbrageous little vista to the bow-windowed parlour of Hazelnook: assured of his safety, therefore, he scornfully wrote in reply, that, "let them prove such an offer to have been made by his father, and he would soon ratify it." It mattered little which alternative of the offer made them they now chose, for little would revert to them either way. They agreed to the sum proposed; and the last day of cold December was to see the sad departure from the home of their fathers of Toby Postlethwaite, his aged parents, and his wife and darlings; and whither he had not yet made out.

Such was the position of affairs at Hazelnook on the Christmas-eve on which our tale commenced. It was a sad Christmas-eve to the Postlethwaites. There were no busy preparations for that yearly festival on the morrow which once gladdened its ample kitchen; no yule-log was in store; no pudding simmered in the great pot; no holly or mistletoe hung from the dark oaken beams of the ceiling.

They are queer creatures, those fairies: how they busy themselves with other people's affairs, and give them ear-rings by day, and brain-buzzings by night! To think that no sooner can you lay up your weary body and limbs for rest, and promise your thought-spent brain a night's repose, but the instant your back is turned, and you are off, the little vagabonds swarm in, and are at their pranks—cramping your head with their diabolical, whispering insidious suggestions into your ears, heaping themselves like gigantic mites upon your heaving chest, so as to suspend digestion, and waking up your mental vision only to harass it with titual and indefinable phantasies. Not that their delight is solely to tease, we acknowledge; for your visions are sometimes, truly, beyond all rapture; and much wealth would you give to slumber away again into such ecstatic happiness, which is neither to be realised nor recalled; and for that reason are we constrained to forgive the funny elves, with all their mischief.

Zyg, the *midy*-est of his tiny race, no sooner got an inkling of the state of matters at Hazelnook, than he must needs take the entire business under his own especial charge; and, *certainly*, there, in the cup of the acorn, as we said, he lay, filigetting and petulant, on Christmas-eve, waiting for twelve o'clock.

The long hour resounded at length from the distant village tower; and just as a merry shout sped through the crisp air from the same quarter, foretelling the plots that were laid for the morrow's festivity. Zyg sprang to his feet, spread forth his wings, and skipped like lightning from tree and shrub, and from the snow-flakes, which afforded him broad footing as they floated, slowly descending; and only pausing for an instant when he reached the thumb-latch of the cottage-door; when, feeling the dignity of his mission, he stalked proudly through the keyhole, and presently alighted between the two pillows on Toby's couch. Poor things! Toby and his wife, Alice, were soundly sleeping, worn-out with the care-fraught thoughts of the day.

To relate the antics which Mr. Zyg, in the exuberance of his humour, played off at the expense of the weary sleepers, as he skipped like a concentrated merriman from ear to ear, or squatted, snip-fashion, upon the tip of Toby's nose (which, had it been of the carunculated and fiery order, would only have served him according to his merits) would, we feel, be derogatory to the dignity of our pen; and hence we can but await with all patience till it shall be the pleasure of his elfship to proceed discreetly with something like business.

A somer-ault of the most sprite-ly kind landed him close by the ear of Toby Postlethwaite, wherein he whispered with all his might, till Toby grew restive under the operation. Three skips then brought him to the ear of Mrs. P., into which he whispered in like manner, till he was scarce; when presently he was fain to effect his escape to a pinnacle at a distance, in consequence of the turmoil he had stirred up in the heavy heads of the honest couple.

"Toby, Toby," cried the drowsy spouse of the dreaming Postlethwaite, as she sat up, rocking, and rubbing her eyes; "d'ye hear, man? Wake! for I've had such a strange dream. Wake up: don't you see the house is a-fire?"

Alice was wide-awake enough to tell a white one; but it had the desired effect; and Toby was soon staring at her, although it was pitch dark, all but the faint infusion of light from the snow that was still falling.

"Eh? what, Alice?" said Toby: "a dream? Sure enough you couldn't have a stranger one than I've had: dear, dear, such strange nonsense!"

Now Alice was rather particular in the relation of her dreams; while Toby, if he condescended to allude to his at all, was extremely brief; so she chose, very shrewdly, to hear his first; and he complied with more than his wonted readiness. But what was her surprise to find, as he proceeded, that he was describing her dream, without flaw or omission!

"Yes, yes," she said, "it's all quite correct; but tell me your own dream."

"The woman's mad!" said Toby. "Am I not telling you my own dream as fast as I'm able?"

"But that's just what I've been a-dreaming myself," reiterated his spouse; "and word for word!"

"Do you say so?" exclaimed Toby: "the middle tree on the north?"

"The middle tree on the north; or, at least, it's the third one," repeated Alice.

"Well, that is extraordinary," said Toby, thoughtfully; and he was impelled to rise and strike a light; for his rest was disturbed; and a superstitious sensation crept over him as he groped about for the tinder-box. That article was soon found; and ere long Toby had the lamp alight. He then interrogated Alice again as to the particulars of her dream, thinking it possible there might be some mystification about the matter which would vanish with the obscurity; but Alice stood stanch to her property: it was her dream, in every particular. While the lamp was being lit, Zyg cut some most fantastic and complicated capers on the pinnacle on which he had perched himself; then, with half-a-dozen astounding skips, reaching the lock of the door, he gave a merry look back, sprang through the keyhole, and is seen no more.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what it is," said Toby, as he bustled on with his clothes, "whatever you may think of it, I'll not rest again till I've seen the bottom of it—of that tree, I mean."

"You are quite right, Toby," said his wife; for she had caught his enthusiasm, and her curiosity was excited. "Quite right, lad; and I'll help thee myself."

It luckily happened that they alone slept at the end of the house where the scene of their operations lay, and thus they could indulge their wishes without awakening the other members of the family. So Alice took care to see that her husband and she were well protected against the night air and the falling snow; and, having secured spades and picks, they proceeded to the spot, where stood the veritable rows of sycamores under one of which lay buried the long-lost money and papers. Hard and long did they work, for the ground was frozen to some depth; but it is wonderful what enthusiasm—superstitious enthusiasm—and a union of efforts, will achieve. Toby stood up to stretch his back, and to look at the tree, which he had undermined on one side; for he thought it just possible that it might shortly fall over; and he up with his pick again, and sent it with a powerful stroke into the tough bottom of the pit; when it struck hard, and gave a wrench that almost drew him over.

"What's the matter, Toby?" said his wife, in some alarm.

"Why, I've broke the pick!" said he: "there's a stone there, or father's strong-box, or something of the sort, that's certain." And to it he went again. In half an hour the iron box lay on the snow-clad grass-plot, even with some rags of the wrapper in which it had been buried adhering to it; and Toby and Alice sank, in admixed fear, gratitude, exhaustion, on the large earth-heap they had raised. In another half hour it lay on the floor of their bed-room, open, Toby having found the old rusty key, which had always been preserved, and the lock having yielded to the invincible strength with which he plied it. There were the documents so long sorrowed after—there the titles and wills—there the deed of sale, with the high offer for Hazelnook!—and there a goodly purse of the current coin of the realm; though the deeds were rather mildewy, and the mintage somewhat dingy and out of date.

Need we say that old Simon Postlethwaite and the dowager Mrs. P. were raised at an unreasonable hour that morning, and that the old folk suddenly grew young again, and without going so far as second childhood either? Need we say that the proud owner of Lindengrove was invited to call with his agent that very morning—not to ratify his father's offer, but to receive a round portion of the arrears of interest due on the mortgage? Or will it be doubted that, when he saw that pit and thought of his own act, and examined those mildewy parchments, and heard the relation of that twin dream, he shrank from any further attempt to dispossess the rightful occupiers of Hazelnook? No; these are probabilities so palpably in the course of nature that they need not be insisted on, any more than that there was yet found time to procure a yule-log as mighty as of old, and a plum-pudding as hot and heavy; a holly-bush with berries as ruddy, and a mistletoe with berries as fair, as had of yore gladdened the hearts of old and young on Christmas nights at the dairy farm. And who was that who, ere long, filled



THE ELFIN OF HAZLENOOK.—TORY POSTLETHWAITE RECOVERS THE LONG-LOST TREASURE.

another big arm-chair in the family circle? Why, who but old Uncle Mark, with his short neck and long purse, that had returned to strengthen the old house, and to end his days where he had begun them—in Hazlenook Cottage.

Some people will be infidels enough to doubt the agency of our friend Zyg in the matter of the double dream, and will prefer to adopt

some such theory as—the *likelihood* that the loss of the box of money and papers, and its assumed occurrence at the time when the grass-plot presented the unusual appearance of so many pits made for the reception of so many sycamore trees, should, by virtue of its being often the subject of thought and topic of conversation, act coincidentally on the brains of two persons equally interested in the matter. And no doubt such a view is ingenious and philosophic enough, considering

the subtilty of the premises: so, as it would take no end of chapters to go into a discussion adequately ratiocinative to satisfy the heterogeneous idiosyncrasies which might array themselves against us, we must be content to leave those respectable but benighted individuals to the enjoyment of their respective hypotheses, and hug ourselves in the conscious integrity of having given the story as it came to us.

JAMES WYLLSON.



A WINTER SCENE.—DRAWN BY FOSTER.—(SEE PAGE 571.)

A STORY OF A COLUMBINE.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

CHAPTER I.

BOXING-NIGHT.

CHRISTMAS-DAY—an old Christmas-day—had passed, but the genial atmosphere of the time was at its richest. It was Boxing-night; and, as everybody knows, the full climax of Christmas festivity is not attained, the full glory of the Christmas rite is not consummated, until, somewhere between ten and eleven o'clock of the night of the 26th of December, a fairy in gauze and spangles pronounces from a gilded car the magic rhymes by which, from tyrants, respectable citizens, beadles, and other functionaries, are hatched Harlequin and Columbine, Pantaloon and Clown. These rhymes, then, had just been spoken at a theatre which I shall call the Nonsuch, situated in a leading thoroughfare of town, and which on Boxing-night was, of course, crowded to the roof; the rolled-up shirt sleeves and the incessant mopping of foreheads giving a notion of the temperature in which revelled the gods. But they were in a state of high delight, nevertheless: shout after shout had burst forth as Harlequin made his first tototum spin; as Pantaloon first wagged his decrepid head; and a still more thundering roar greeted the apparition of the Columbine (her first appearance in the part)—a slenderly formed young girl—too young, perhaps, for the violent exertion, but who curtsied with a smile in which there was blended the *naïveté* of the child with the acute intelligence of matured womanhood; and the whisper buzzed round the house, "Miss Lucy Bradley—old Bradley's daughter—old Bill Bradley's daughter—old Clown Bradley's daughter," and an extra "hand" was awarded to the offspring of the popular favourite. The next moment he himself was before them—the clown visage grinning in their faces, the clown walk with the intertwisting legs, and the turned-in, goose-like toes, and hands holding out from either thigh the mass of drapery which forms the intricacies of the clown's pockets. Up, shaking the crystal drops of the chandelier and making them ring against each other a tiny music, went the hoarse roar of popular mirth; and louder and louder it pealed as the grotesque face began to work in those strange convulsions into which only the cheeks, jaws, and tongues of Clowns ever fall, and at length the mute heavings found an expression in a rich chuckling voice, which spoke the time-honoured phrase—"Here we are again. How are ye?" All the world agreed that old Bill Bradley had never looked more intensely clownified, and had never before spoken his entering words with so inimitably rich a chuckle.

"Ah, there's the clown for you! Nothing like Bill since old Joe, eh? Wonderful fellow for fun. No pantomime would be a pantomime at the Nonsuch without Bill. Wouldn't draw a sixpence without old Bill. Bill's the boy for stealing sausages—ah, see Bill butter the stage. Bill is the pantomime."

Columbine danced gracefully and brilliantly; Harlequin was as active and light as need be; Pantaloon was deliciously feeble, and took the severest kicks and cuffs with the mildest complacency; but Clown—Clown was superb. He picked ever so many pockets in no time, he bonneted policemen, and pulled the tails off their coats to an unknown amount; he stole a string of sausages as long as a cable, and ate them at three gulps; and then, with a strange fat chuckle, a race, and a bound, he leaped at the dial of an eight-day clock in the scene and disappeared. Up rose again the shout of applause, but in a moment it was checked. Hardly had the Clown's ankles vanished through the yielding surface, when a loud and intense cry of pain rang through the theatre, making itself heard over the boisterous merriment of boxes, pit, and gallery. Pantaloon, who had been tottering about the stage, suddenly moved off like any ordinary being; but Columbine shot from near the orchestra, like a flash of white light, into the recesses behind the scenes. The next moment the curtain fell, and, amid the confused clamour of inquiry and surmise, a gentleman in evening dress and white gloves glided before it. "Hush, hush!" and there was hush. "An accident," he was sorry to say, "Mr. Bradley—not aware to what extent—medical man just sent for—would audience wait for few minutes, with that kindness, generosity, &c., which always characterised," &c.

Meantime, what was the scene occurring in what is technically called "behind"? Close to the aperture through which the poor Clown had so gallantly leapt were stationed three or four half-drunken carpenters (popularly scenshifters—a word, by the way, unknown in a theatre), with a strong blanket in which the performer was to be caught and safely restored to mother earth. A second before his leap, one of these worthies had suggested that they had as well be ready, holding the blanket in his hands. "It's all right," said one of his comrades, "there's time enough—let's have another swig first." He was in the act of putting the pewter-pot to his head, when Bill Bradley dashed in like an eighteen-pounder, prostrated the drinkers, and after flying six or eight feet, fell like a log, half upon a small platform which was to be a part of the next scene, and half down an open-trap, up which a great structure of canvass and wood was just ready to rise. In the utmost dismay the carpenters rushed towards him to raise him, but at the first grasp he uttered the cry which the house had heard, and they let him sink again upon his hard bed. In a moment he was surrounded by a noisy, gesticulating group, rushing hither and thither, as the furious stage-manager, high in oath, aimed kicks and blows at the appalled carpenters, and ordered them off the premises, never to return. But in the centre of the crowd was a sight strange and touching to see. It had never before occurred in any pantomime. Clown lay uttering low moans in Columbine's arms, one powerless limb lying stick-like across her lap; the fingers of the other hand clasping and being clasped by hers. The face of Clown was distorted and working, but not in glee, but pain, and the eyes, peering out from the circles of grimy paint, were bent upon the face which leaned down close to his—a royal treasury of love and agony in its gaze.

"The angel of consolation supporting a stricken mortal," was the slightly inflated, but perhaps not unnatural thought which occurred to Lewis Ruthven, a fair-haired young man, with a face, despite its somewhat bleached hue, indicating above all other feelings, firmness, as he, with a mob of others, some in private, some in stage costume, were hustled to one side by the stage-manager, who, in a fury of desperation, and a voice at which humble actors and actresses quaked, burst through the group, in one breath consigning the carpenters to eternal heat, and urging Bradley to make an effort to get up and finish the part somehow.

"Oh, don't say so; it's impossible, Mr. Vamp; my poor dear, dear par (pronounced as written); he's hurt—oh, he's hurt so bad." And as she touched his arm, even with her fond light fingers, the maimed man did not cry, but he shivered and ground his teeth under the torture.

"Oh! stuff—nonsense. Come, Bill, make an effort, it's only to make an effort. Let's see what's wrong." He was stooping to examine, when a little nicely dressed man, with an intensely bald head, gently put him aside. It was Doctor Bland, the doctor of the theatre, who



THE PRACTISED HANDS OF THE DOCTOR GLIDED OVER BRADLEY'S LIMBS. "VAMP," SAID HE QUIETLY, "GET A NEW CLOWN."

gave the sick certificates upon grounds more or less substantial, so his enemies alleged, as his terms with the manager chanced to be friendly, who knew everybody and everything in the house, and in every other house, who used to slip about from private box to private box, with his quick and purr-like voice, retailing a bit of good humoured scandal, or, perhaps, a smartish joke with a sting at its tail: in fact, a clever, sly old man of the world, as simple in speech and manners as a Corydon out of a pastoral, but not to be done by the united talents of Machiavelli and Robert Macaire.

The practised hands of the Doctor glided over Bradley's limbs. "Vamp," he said quietly, "get a new Clown." Two bad fractures, left leg and right arm. Poor Bradley groaned and his daughter bent her face close to his and held him tighter.

"By all the —" the stage-manager was beginning, when Mr. Sludge, the prompter, whispered that an enterprising "super" who had played Clown in the country, and was "up in the business" had oched his face on speculation, and was ready to "go on." The stage-manager rushed in search of the enterprising super, after a deeply sympathetic order to "carry old Bradley out of that, some of you there, will ye?"

In a contiguous dressing-room, good-naturedly given up by the kindest-hearted and most pious man in the theatre, who always played the ruffians and the devil, the poor Clown was stretched, preparatory to Dr. Bland's reducing operations, his daughter's arm still around him, and his eyes still fixed on her face. "Lucy," he moaned out, "don't leave me, Lucy."

At this moment an ugly boy popped a sharp face into the room. "Miss Bradley!" he cried in a shrill, mechanical tone.

"Oh! oh!" she exclaimed. "I can't leave Par, I can't."

"Miss Bradley!" thundered the stage-manager, appearing in his turn. "The stage will be waiting, Miss Bradley."

She made no answer, but clung to her father. The Doctor interfered. He took her kindly by the hand. "Go, my dear," he said. "You will be better away. Leave your father to me. It's best for both. Go, play it out."

She looked a moment in her adviser's face, then kissed her father's forehead again and again, until her lips were whiter with chalk than terror, and flew from the room.

"Capital good Columbine" said Bobby Jones of Somerset House Dickey Gray, his comrade at the desk, as—in consequence of having jointly accepted a bill for £100 at 20 per cent. for three months, proceeds £30 down, the rest in pianos and pictures by Raphael—they lounged in a pit-tier box: "Capital good Columbine."

"Why, by Jove, Bob," replied Dickey, gazing through his double-barrelled lorgnette, "she's crying—actually crying."

"Crying in a pantomime?" answered Bobby, who was an incredulous philosopher and a *roué* sceptic of the French school. "Absurd! How could she cry when its not in the bill?"

CHAPTER II.

CLOWN AND COLUMBINE IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Clown was aged fifty-three—a great age for a posturist and dancer to be in work—but he was habitually a sober man. Indeed, a pantaloon, with whom he long played, used to state that he despised him because he liked tea. The Pantaloon liked stronger stuff, but some how he broke down at forty and disappeared. Clown was, however, come to the turn of life—in men of his profession it comes soon—and so the consequences of his accident were the more to be dreaded. Columbine would be sixteen next June. In June, sixteen years ago, her mother had left her an infant, three days old, in the hands of Clown. The mother was also a dancer in a small way—one of those



THEY TURNED UP THEIR NOSES AT LUCY...AND NICKNAMED HER "SIDDONS JUNIOR."

meek, uncomplaining, weak-fibred, but long-enduring women, who furnish forth so goodly a conscription to the army of the unknown social martyrs. The child was delicate but not weakly. It throve, and Clown loved it with all the love of his battered body, and his not very strong or enlightened soul, and while he was presenting the first spoonful of pap it was ever his lot to give to Miss Lucy, he muttered to himself, "The night I see her Columbine will be the proudest night of my life." And here we get at the great feature and point in Bill Bradley's character. He fully, firmly, and enthusiastically believed that a pantomime was the greatest possible artistic emanation of human genius, and that to be the first Clown on any stage, was to hold the most elevated position the practical drama could bestow. To assail this position in Bill's mind, all reasoning, and all facts, were like hailstones rattling on the rock of Gibraltar. He heard them all placidly, and his unvaried and complacent reply was, that "these things might be all very well, but that made no difference." So, although he was often trotted out for the amusement of his comrades, Bill's theory had been given up as totally impregnable years ago, and he lived in the middle of it—like Jove in Olympus. The natural consequence, or perhaps the natural cause, of Bill Bradley's opinions was that he was a sadly ignorant and unintelligent man. Most actors know little or nothing out of their art, but the art of a Pantomime actor is of the lowest description—not calling for that degree of intelligence and acquaintance with the art of expressing natural emotion insuitable terms, which, even the humblest speaking artist must possess. Bill then knew nothing save about Pantomimes, but in that respect his knowledge was immense. He could recite you the scenes and call over the tricks of every noted entertainment of the kind—from "Mother Goose" downwards. He was clever, indeed, at inventing tricks himself, and made the model mechanical apparatus with some neatness. As he sat by the fireside, the smoke from his pipe curling round his worn and coarsely-skinned face, Lucy would say "Now, then, Par, a thinkin' about a trick." And "Par," would pat her head and go on thinking strenuously. This, indeed, was about the only subject on which he ever did think. But if he thought little he felt much. He had a mild shallow nature, and it was all filled up with love of Lucy. For years and years he had grieved for her mother. The girl could remember when she was a child, packed in her crib in a closet off her father's small room, having lam awake and listened to him sobbing and crying for "Lucy," and if it had been her he meant she would have risen and gone to him. But the Lucy whose name she heard would answer no more.

The child grew up, and the father recovered all his gaiety. Lucy was hardly ever out of his arms, and the first word she was taught to lip was not "Par," but "Pan—Pan—Panto!"—(Oh, what a hard word!)—"Pantomime." One day poor Bradley received a terrible blow. He wondered what Lucy would think of him as Clown; and he painted his face privately and experimentally for the purpose. The child—she was not more than two years old—shrank and called "Par," and Bradley retreated abashed to the washstand. The difficulty, however, was soon conquered. Before a week was out, Lucy crowded and clapped her hands at the patches of red and white upon her father's cheeks. Christmas was approaching—it came, and nightly he carried down the child to the theatre, and the little thing was so pretty and so taking that worn-out old dressers quarrelled as to who should have charge of it; and even the dreadful stage-manager made no objections to its presence. It was odd, too, to see Clown, just after he had squeezed one baby flat upon the stage and pulled the legs out of another to the extent of at least eighteen feet, standing for a moment, perspiring, at the wing, and dandling in his arms the little girl, who crowded and laughed, and called him "Par." She was soon initiated in the sayings and doings of the wing, was poor Lucy.

As she grew up her father taught her to dance. Since she could stand she naturally stood in one of the "positions," and at five years of age she could skip about the floor in merry and by no means bad imitation of the popular *danseuse* of the Nonsuch. One evening, at her father's desire, she went over all her little saltatory accomplishments. The grace and the agility of the little thing were wondrous. Old Bill called "Bravo!" (he had but an indefinite notion of genders), and applauded till his hands were sore. Then she came to his knee, and looked up with deep, serious eyes into his face. He had never seen a child look so much like a woman. She was like his old Lucy, but there was a difference, he knew, but he could not define it.

"Par," whispered Lucy, "I'd like to speak on the stage, better than to dance on the stage."

Poor Clown stood aghast. Here was heresy—and from his own flesh and blood!

"When you are playing Clown, Par, they all laugh, but when Mrs. Delamaine was playing Mrs. Beverley, they listened, and cried, and applauded. I cried too," she added softly.

Here was a kettle of fish! Bradley could only dimly comprehend his own child, but her words jarred on his ear. Laughter was all the applause he had ever thought of. A guffaw from Mr. Bobby Jones, Mr. Dickey Gray, and their co-equals was his crown of laurels. He could conceive no other. For the first time in his life he was harsh to Lucy, and she went to bed in tears. Next day she was put under the charge of a theatrical dancing-master, a figurant, as he called it himself, and who let out his pupils, to fill up all the *corps de ballet* in London. For each girl he had 5s. a week. He called himself Monsieur De Saint Roquette—his christened name was John Brown.

Under the auspices of this distinguished foreigner, Miss Lucy Bradley learned to a certain extent the art of theatrical dancing, and drafted with her comrades from one house to another, wherever a "heavy" spectacle was in progress, she made fair advances in her profession. But as to the rest of her education—alas! Dancing was all her education! She learned somehow—she hardly knew how, but principally by studying playbills to read—after a fashion; but a long word was a fearful stumbling block, and although she would pronounce many short words rightly, she read them wrong. Thus "said" she would pronounce when reading as rhyming to "laid" or "raid." Her writing was a monstrous collection of indefinite strokes. Sometimes she could make it out, more often she could not. In fact it was not writing at all, for any practical intents or purposes. But still Lucy could read, and she did, how she did read. Every leisure hour was passed in reading, in devouring the stage editions of every play, tragedy, comedy, drama, or melodrama she could scrape together. When old Bradley was snoring she would slyly rise, light a quiet, or "thieves" lucifer match, and fling herself, brain and heart, into the "Wreck Ashore," "the Slave," "Victorine," or just as probably as not, "The Maid's Tragedy," the "Duchess of Malfy," or "Juliet." The essential dramatic element was all she looked for, or, indeed, could appreciate. That she lighted upon with a God-given instinct which was wonderful and sublime. What were the literary qualities of a play to her? She thought, or knew, or cared nothing about construction, or language, or the theory of situation. But let the heroine—whether a Queen or a housemaid—be in a position only dramatic, and she was down on it like a tiger, and with flashing eyes and quivering frame, would act, all under her breath, the scene to herself. By slow degrees, as she got on in her dancing, and earned higher and higher salaries, she let her father into the secret of her dramatic readings; but all the time slyly putting them in the mere footing of relaxation from her saltatory studies. So viewed Bill had no objections, and sometimes would ask her to give *Lady Macbeth*, or *Mrs. Hatter*, or, indeed, *Shylock* or *Othello*—she was not particular about sexes—when he would sit by the fire-side, pipe in mouth, and laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks, just as one of the elder Kembles might enjoy Mrs. Fanny Butler giving an imitation of Pantaloon when her elocutionary studies for the day were over. The passion, the untamed nature, the tremendous energy of these performances the a-tress had not the slightest idea of. Neither had Bill. None were there to mark the flush of power in the cheek or the spark of genius in the eye. The father laughed and thought the exhibition "not bad monkey tricks." It was when she worked hard at her posturing and dancing that he looked earnestly on, and the tears of gratified pride and strong affection came into his eyes.

They lived in a small set of rooms, up three pair of steps, in Broad-court, Bow-street. There was a humble parlour; Clown's bed-chamber on one side and Columbine's on the other. The place was charmingly neat. The picture of Joe Grimaldi over the fire-place was the main ornament, and models of pantomime tricks flanked it. Lucy's little dramatic library was piled on a shelf in her own room; Bill's principally consisted of files of Christmas playbills, of course, with a pantomime in each. Father and daughter were, for theatrical people, curiously domestic. When unoccupied in the summer evenings, they

walked together. They always, if possible, were engaged at the same house. They came home together after the performance, ate their suppers and went to bed—two as inoffensive and loving creatures as lived in the world of God.

CHAPTER III.

COLUMBINE IN LOVE.

THREE weeks had elapsed since the accident, and poor Clown lay helpless on his back, nursed daily and nightly by Columbine, and fretting and mourning over the terrible probability that as a Clown he could never again appear upon the stage. Dr. Bland attended the poor fellow with as much regularity as if he had a fee for every time he mounted the three pair of stairs; and day by day was the clever, clear-headed Doctor deeper and deeper impressed by the strong affection and the unwearied assiduity of the daughter, as she watched and tended the sick man, whose peevish querulousness never banished the coaxing smile from her pretty face. Almost without knowing it, the Doctor found himself taking a strange interest in the little household. Meantime Lucy, the nurse all day, was still Columbine at night; and when she was at the theatre, poor Clown lay alone, generally occupied in the perusal of playbills.

While these events were pending, Lucy had unconsciously made a conquest. Mr. Bobby Jones, of Somerset House, had never got over his admiration of the "capital good Columbine." Night after night he was in the pit—the private box was too "salt" for a continuance—rolling an ugly little pair of eyes at the performer, and sometimes venturing on the refined Don Juanism of a wink. Lucy had never made any responsive signal however to these blandishments, so that at last Bobby Jones determined to take bolder steps and accost the young lady as she left the theatre. "There's nothing," as he remarked to Dicky Gray, "like boldness with that sort of people," with which philosophical sentiment his friend fully agreed. Accordingly, one Saturday night, as Lucy, closely wrapped up, was gliding from the theatre, her whole soul in the home to which she was going, she found a spruce young gentleman, of what is called "sporting" appearance, her unwelcome companion.

"Now then, my dear," was the elegant salutation of Mr. Bobby Jones, "take my arm, Miss Bradley, you danced magnificently to-night. Upon my soul you did. I never saw half so prime a Columbine. And you don't know how deep I am in love with you."

Lucy was accustomed to the ordinary free and easy style of address between the *camarades* of the theatre, but she had never been so approached in the street. In a great fright she ran quickly on, but Bobby was at her side.

"What are you running away for, my dear Miss Bradley, I aint going to eat you. Come now, be sociable; don't do the modest so terribly; come now." And he attempted to take her round the waist, when, crack, down upon the crown of his hat came as lusty a bullet as need be, and Mr. Bobby Jones was in a sitting position on the stones.

"Permit me, Miss Bradley, to protect you from insult to your house," said a low voice not unknown to her, and she saw the pale firm face of Mr. Ruthven, with whom, as the author of two or three rattling farces, and who was consequently a good deal in the theatre, she had a sort of bowing acquaintance. Heartily thanking him, as well as her agitation would allow her, they hurried off together.

"My poor par," she said, "I'm so anxious to get home every night, you can't think. He frets so till I come."

"I trust he is getting round. I heard them say so at the theatre."

"Oh! sir," murmured Lucy, "oh! sir, I'm afraid he'll be a poor cripple all his days; he's not able yet to move a limb, sir; he lies like a child till I come home and move him, sir." And she stopped, choked with her tears.

Next moment they were in Broad-court. Lucy looked up to the windows and uttered a loud exclamation, "Look, sir! oh, my God, look, sir! There's fire, fire in his room; something has caught. Oh, my God!" And she flew up a common stair, used by all the tenants. Stopping only for a moment to see a bright red glare gleaming fiercely through the drawn blind, Lewis instinctively followed her, and they burst into the room together.

The sight was terrible. On his bed, as unable to move as a log of wood, his face ghastly in the glare, and unutterable horror in the wide-open staring eyes and the quivering bloodless lips, lay the Clown, the curtains blazing in one bright flame above him and around him, and a mass of burning playbills just setting fire to the drapery of the bed beneath.

Uttering no sound, but, with a leap like a wild animal, Lucy sprang to her father, caught him in her arms as if he were an infant, and bore him muffled in the still unkindled bed-clothes from beneath the arch of fire, the ribbons of her dress catching in the process. Ruthven was by, and at the expense of severely scorched fingers, he crushed the nascent fire, while, by the help of a water-jug, the original conflagration was presently extinguished. Then they both stooped over Clown.

"Par," said Lucy, with her quivering voice; "Par, it's all right now, you're safe—the fire's put out."

Clown looked at his daughter and at the stranger; but there was no intelligence in his eye. It was a strange stony glance, and meant nothing.

"Par, par, why don't you speak; it's me—me, Lucy! Speak, speak."

"Here we are again. How are ye?" came with a ghastly chuckle from Bradley's jaws, and then the hollow Clown laugh grated on the ears of the listeners.

"Mr. Bradley, Mr. Bradley; it's your daughter, Miss Bradley—Miss Lucy," cried Ruthven.

"Your own Lucy—your own. Oh, my God! speak to me. Do you know me? Only a word—a word, for God's sake."

"Here's the police," squeaked the Clown in the Clown's voice.

Lucy shrank within herself in horror. Ruthven looked steadfastly into the man's eyes. They were totally vacant in expression, as meaningless as the eyes of the Sphinx.

"I fear—I much fear—Miss Bradley, that the fright—the horror of being burned to death—has—has—"

"Has took away his reason. Oh dear! oh dear! Par, speak; just one word—do; please, please do."

But the poor wretch rolled his eyes round and made a Clown's grin. How often had brilliant houses applauded it! Lucy shrieked and covered her face; and Ruthven murmured to himself, "God help us all, what poor weak devils we are!"

Just then a foot was heard upon the staircase, and in a moment Dr. Bland, white-gloved and trim as though just out of a bandbox, stepped gingerly in.

"Thank God! Oh dear, dear doctor, come here, look at him," screamed poor Lucy. The doctor did so. He was speedily enlightened as to the catastrophe, and long and carefully did he examine the patient, particularly the contraction and dilatation of the eye-balls, as the candle was flashed before them. Poor Clown was perfectly quiet and tranquil. He seemed to suffer no pain, and was easily replaced in bed, where he lay smiling with a strange, unmeaning stare. Dr. Bland then kindly, but candidly, informed Lucy that the nervous and cerebral systems had received so great a shock, that, with the worn constitution of the patient, it was more than doubtful whether he would ever recover the use of his faculties. Another shock might possibly set all to rights again; but that was a desperate experiment, only to be risked under certain peculiar circumstances. Meanwhile quiet was imperatively necessary. He must just be treated like an infant again—so said Bland—and added, that to-morrow an experienced elderly woman, an acquaintance of his, would be there. "She's used to such cases, and will do all that's needful."

Lucy struggled to speak through her tears. "We have so little, Doctor, that"

The jolly-faced little man patted her upon the head. "Leave all that to me," he said. "You are a good little girl, Lucy, and deserve to be helped. When you are a *première danseuse* at the Opera, you know, and I a poor broken-down old fellow hobbling about town, you'll give me an order now and then to see the great new *pas* that all the world is mad about. But," he added, with an odd smile, "not a word about this, or it would spoil my character as the knowingest old codger about. So dry your eyes; your father will be quite quiet all night, and to-morrow Mrs. Dosey will be here by breakfast time."

Lucy lighted the gentlemen down stairs, and returned alone to watch through the long night over poor mindless Clown.

Ruthven and Bland knew each other slightly; but the incident to which they had both been witness had naturally brought about, *quoad* the scene they had left, an intimacy.

"I tell you what, sir," said the Doctor, "trust an old fellow who knew the world before you were born, and who sees and hears much more than he says; 'trust me, that that little girl that we have left is a trump, a regular ace of trumps.'"

"She's very pretty," said Ruthven, remembering the features.

"It's undeveloped beauty," answered the Doctor, "Pity she's the daughter of such an old fool. She knows nothing. She can't speak her own language; but, it's in her, my boy, it's in her, and some day it will come out?"

"What will?" enquired Ruthven.

"How should I know," was the reply, "but this I do know, there's something working in that girl. She's none of your common rats. (French slang, we may perhaps as well say, for ballet-girls.) There's the stuff that heroines are made of in that face, and in that heart. What's a heroine, eh? There's two sorts, the doers and the sufferers, active and passive, Mr. Ruthven, and that girl is fit for either character, or both. Poor little Lucy. An ace of trumps."

They parted, the Doctor to his residence in Pall-mall, Ruthven to his chambers in Dusty-inn. He climbed up three pair of stairs, sat down in an uncommonly mouldy room, like all the rooms in all the inns of court, stirred up a smouldering fire, and drawing a writing-desk close to the grate, inscribed on a blank sheet of paper, "Act I., Scene I.," and then—stuck. He sat long musing over the paper, but not a word would come. He rubbed his head, walked up and down, and then sat to the desk again.

"It's no use," at last he said aloud—"I see her face before me; her voice is in my ears. Lucy, the prettiest of all female names—Lucy! I'll call, of course, to-morrow the first thing; it's only decent. A good old card, and sharp, too, that Bland. I never thought so much of him before. Lucy, I wonder if she will make acquaintance: I mean serious acquaintance. Lucy, it is a pretty name; and that face, so sweet, so pure. Lucy!"

He went to bed and dreamt of Lucy, just as Lucy, fatigued with long watching, sank into a dose and—let the truth be told—dreamt of Ruthven.

Lewis Ruthven, a cadet of a ruined Scotch family, was one of the soldiers of fortune of the pen with whom all great capitals abound—a journalist, a dramatist, a novelist—not of very great fame in either capacity, but still possessed of a rising reputation for brilliance of style and lively play of fancy. He was also a thoroughly sound-hearted fellow, a merry companion, with just an occasional dash of nationality in his style and pronunciation to put piquancy into his converse; elastic and keen of temperament, sanguine and bright of hope, and endowed—his best gift—with undaunted enthusiasm in whatever he undertook. His fortunes, though varied, were, on the whole, prosperous. A clever and ready writer, with some tact and a good address, may soon work himself into a decent competence in London: and this Ruthven was just beginning to see before him. Still he was indolent in making the first exertion. Labour was a task until he was hot in the harness; then it was a pleasure and a blessing. He wanted a stimulus, and he soon became aware that at length he had found one.

He called on Lucy the next morning. Mrs. Dosey was there—a sharp, bustling old dame, with a cheering voice, invaluable in a sick-room. Poor Clown was no better, and no speedy change was to be looked for. In the evening Ruthven walked to the theatre with Miss Bradley. At night he escorted her home. He dreamt of her again. She dreamt of him again. He had not said that he would call next day: but he did, and she did not seem either surprised or angry. Of course he called to inquire after Mr. Bradley. He was in his little room. Mrs. Dosey with him. Lucy and Ruthven sat together in the parlour, beneath the shadow of Joe Grimaldi; and when Mrs. Dosey came in and said that the patient had dropped off asleep, they were astonished to hear how late it was. Next day it was the same; and so with many days. Ruthven gave up writing and reading, and his friends joked him, and Columbine's health was drunk with significant honours at a certain club, of which he was a distinguished member; or, rather, it was about to be drunk, when Ruthven, calmly, mildly, but with resolute firmness, begged that that lady's name might not be made the subject of after-supper conversation; and from this time it was known that matters looked serious.

Meantime, how were the days spent by Lucy and Ruthven, for they were constantly together? Lucy had leisure; for a spectacle in which she played had a great run, and her presence was only needed at night. The days were passed in hard, unremitting study. Ruthven was the teacher, and Lucy the aptest of pupils. It was not until she knew Ruthven that she had seriously felt her deficiencies, and in a fearful agony of delight she embraced his offer to teach her, to lift her nearer to his own level of intellectual culture. Her progress was wonderful. She leaped instinctively at knowledge, grasped it, and kept it; and Ruthven thought of the doctor's judgment of the "something" he could not yet tell what, but which would come out. In fact, her talents, now at last finding a vent, carried everything before them; and the fiery dramatic instinct, now fortified by knowledge and chastened by purity of pronunciation, made Ruthven look with wonder, almost dread, at the creature he had, as it were, called into a new being. She had told him of her old dramatic amusements, her old solitary recitations, and she had almost involuntarily burst into one of them. It was the magnificent torrent of sorrow of *Constance* in the third act of "King John." Ruthven listened, overwhelmed, until as she paused and knelt down by him, as she sometimes did in taking her lessons, he said, "Lucy, you are not only an angel; you are a genius."

She looked up in his face, and replied, "I only want to be worthy of you."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST TRANSFORMATION OF COLUMBINE.

RUTHVEN had written a very carefully constructed play of strong interest, and intended to appeal to home and domestic sympathies; but he could not get the management of the Nonsuch to entertain it. He had a reputation for lively touch-and-go farce, and the prudent manager looked with suspicion upon elaborate dramas intended to "embrace the entire strength of the company," unless they came from very experienced hands. So put off by vague promises and heart-breaking postponements, he had managed—and that was a feat—to get his MS. from the dusty drawers of the manager's room, intending to reserve it for more favourable auspices. This play, Lucy, who had heard snatches of the plot, was very anxious to see; and, accordingly, Ruthven had brought her the manuscript, written out in the neatest handwriting of a theatrical copyist. On his next visit—and it was not, as may be believed, very long postponed, not much over two hours—Lucy met him at the door, her face flushed and her eye bright.

"Oh, my dearest!" she exclaimed; "your play, I have read it—I know it by heart almost. It is glorious. I feel Mary's part so—I could give it so—I feel I could, Ruthven. Nothing I ever read has appeared to me more glorious." She had read Shakspeare; but then Shakspeare was not her lover; so poor Lucy must be excused for the warmth of her panegyric. "Oh, Ruthven, if we could get that piece accepted, and I could play *Mary*, and father could understand and appreciate, oh, what a night that would be—a night of triumph and glory for us all."

"Perhaps one day, dear, such a thing may come to pass; we must work, and wait, and hope together; and, after all, that will not be so unpleasant."

"Unpleasant, Lewis, with you?" But lovers' talk is confessedly insipid except to the parties, and we omit the long half-whispered dialogue which succeeded. Presently, however, they spoke of their prospects. It had been determined that the spectacle in which Lucy then danced should be her last appearance as one of what a certain class of good people call the votaries of Terpsichore. Her mind revolted at the mindless capering to which so many long years had been devoted.

"It is so dreary—oh, so sad," she murmured, "to put on that unvaried stereotyped smile, with no cause, no reason. Night after night the same, and go smiling through those wretched evolutions of twirls, and hops, and languishing jumps for the gaping libertines, whose eyes one sees gloating on the dancer, who are incapable of any other gratification at theatres than that of a sort of lazy admiration of physical beauty. Oh, dear Lewis, take me from it, for your own sake and mine. I feel I am doing you a wrong every night I appear upon the stage."

And so it was arranged. There were obstacles however, as

to Lucy's entering the higher class of her artistic companions—those old conventional obstacles which are sure to attend all changes, however unobjectionable abstractedly. The manager could not see why dancers should wish to become actresses. The ladies of the dramatic corps were jealous. The ladies of the ballet corps were jealous. Latterly Lucy had mingled with them no more than was necessary. She had her new associations, her new cares, her new tasks, her new hopes to interest her, and cared abundantly little for details of whitebait dinners with the Guards, or lovely evenings at Richmond with gentlemen whose names were often in the *Court Circular*. So the troupe of young ladies with pretty legs—it was legs the manager always looked to in that department when giving an engagement; if he didn't he would have been in the Bankruptcy Court in a twelvemonth—the young ladies of the pretty legs therefore turned their noses up at Lucy, and talked of “stuck up people” at her, and nicknamed her Siddons junior, and did many other clever things of the same moral calibre, which the persecuted victim laughed at very heartily, as heartily as she could, considering how much she had to be anxious about. Engagement or no engagement, however, it was determined that she should leave the “votaries of Terpsichore.” Ruthven would set to work strenuously. He had great plans. Journals to be founded, “quarterly reviews” to be established, theatres to be taken, and dramas to be written. Both of our young friends were excellent castle builders; and when they sat by the quiet fireside in Broad-court the atmosphere above them was all one superb palace.

We revert to the evening when Lucy had studied Ruthven's rejected play. The great scene had descended on her soul like a cloud of fire; and, almost unknowing in her frenzy what she did, she sprang upon the floor and began an impassioned speech, in which the heroine intimated her intention of giving up a brilliant match and vast prospects because she would be separated from an infirm and doting father. Ruthven gazed at the light of her enkindled eyes, the dilation of her form, and drank in the rapt passion of her declamation like one beside himself. Lucy had never looked so beautiful, had never looked so triumphant. She was formed to conquer, and he knew it; and so, in the wisdom of her genius, did she. Their exaltation lasted but for a moment. The door opened, and Dr. Bland appeared. Lucy screamed, and ran instinctively to Ruthven, hiding her face in her hands.

“I heard all—I heard all,” cried the little Doctor. “Admirable! wonderful! genius—genius at last upon our stage! Lucy, my child, my darling, hold up your head; what are you hiding it for? God bless you! You little monkey, I'm proud of you. I told him you had it in you, I did, and I was right; I'm always right. Come here, you jade, and let me kiss you. Siddons junior, indeed. We'll make some people laugh on the wrong side of their mouths, I'm afraid. Before a month is out you will do that on the stage. Oh! you wicked, sly, abominable, darling little slut, you!”

Lucy had gone off into hysterics. They were soon quieted, however, because they were the genuine thing, and not imitation; and then the three sat down by the fireside, Mrs. Dosey of course being with the patient.

“I declare,” said the Doctor, as a gentle joke to lead the way to ordinary conversation, “if Mr. Bradley recovers, I should not be surprised if he runs off with Mrs. Dosey.”

Then came the question of the play.

“Jorum would not have it,” said Ruthven.

“D—Jorum! who the deuce is Jorum?” replied the occasionally peppery doctor.

“Why, the manager of the Nonsuch, of course,” answered Ruthven literally.

“Confound the manager of the Nonsuch, I am the manager of the Nonsuch when I choose. Why, if he don't do what I ask him, I'll give all the actors and actresses sick certificates half an hour before the curtain goes up, and make him shut his house up.” If the Doctor had been an untheatrical man he would have concluded with “That play shall be acted.” As he wasn't, he finished with, “That piece shall be done.”

They sat long in talk about the play, and about poor Clown. He was in the same hopeless, imbecile condition. He was brought in dressed to the parlour, was led out on sunny days leaning on Lucy's arm. His old comrades, with sympathising faces, and sympathising hearts too, came to see him, and tried to talk to him. It was useless. The mind, if not gone, was utterly dormant. Clown was a puppet. Upon all this, we repeat, they sat talking.

All at once Dr. Bland's face lighted up with a most uncommon

beam. Then he paused, then he lighted up still more, then he burst out—“There's another genius in this room, and he sits in my chair.”

Lucy and Lewis were prepared for some joke; but the increasing seriousness of the Doctor's face undeceived them.

“Ruthven,” he said, “in that piece of yours you have a young girl and an old infirm father. Listen, you are a clever fellow, and will jump at what I say. You saw a catastrophe here one night in which there was a father and a daughter, could you in any way reproduce it on the stage?”

“Oh, oh,” exclaimed Lucy, with a sort of hysterical pulsation agitating her whole frame, and her quick keen woman's mind leaping on to the result before the practised dramatist's. “Oh, oh,” she said, with a sort of sob which shook her in her chair, “I know what you mean.”

“And so do I,” exclaimed Ruthven. “A great, a hopeful plan.”

“Hush, stay one moment.”

There was a pause; the Doctor's and Lucy's eyes looking into his.

“Yes,” he shouted, leaping up. “Yes, I see it. It can be done. It shall be done.”

“Then,” said the Doctor, “there's one more chance for Clown.”

CHAPTER V.

THE NEXT BOXING-NIGHT.

SIX weeks the opening of our story, Clown has lain three weeks immovable upon his bed; and has passed fifty-nine—an unconscious, mindless man, only appearing most complacent at home when nearest the fire, and without doors when basking in the sunshine.

Boxing-day has come again, and again we are in the Nonsuch Theatre; the audience we saw there last year are once more re-assembled, and the gentlemen in the gallery are again mopping their foreheads with even more assiduity than before; and all this without a pantomime! No, there is to be no pantomime, but a drama—a wonderful drama—of which a wonderful rumour has spread far and near, and not quite (as the writers of good Saxon would say) “unholpen:” the newspapers have been full of puff's preliminary—“paragraphs” the wise call them. The “entire resources of the theatre,” and ever so many more resources besides, were to be pressed into the service. The bill was a perfect outburst of wild—not to say frantic—type: it appeared as if the manager had set his management upon the cast, and that he would stand the hazard of the die.

Let us listen to some of the conversation emanating from the same class of auditors whose comments we repeated upon the last occasion of Boxing-day. “Mary—Miss Bradley?” “Eh! why one knows that name.” “To be sure—she used to be a dancer.” “Yes; she was Columbine this night last year.” “What! old Bill Bradley's daughter—old Clown Bradley's daughter?” “She herself. They say she's turned a first-rate actress, and she's going to be married to a chap, Ruthven; there's been a lot of farces and such like of his here.” “And the old man?” “Oh, done up. Don't you remember he had an accident last year?” “Jumping through the clock?” “Exactly so.”

One melancholy sight there was in the gallery. It was Bobby Jones and Dickey Gray among the shirt sleeves. It was humiliating. Nevertheless, they had paid the £100 bill by hard struggling, and they had both acquired very great degree of additional common sense. Bobby had, indeed, improved immensely. He had bought a bouquet, cheap—it was principally made of wall-flowers—to cast to his old flame. Being a frequenter of small theatrical circles, he had heard how it tared with her, and laying his own pretensions, and all feelings of animosity aside, he had determined, being now a lover of virtuous indignation—a step in advance of sceptic philosophy—to condone all past grievances.

“I say, Bobby,” said Dickey, “where's old Bradley to-night, I wonder?”

“Ah, where indeed?” said the plaintive Bobby.

He was not so far off, after all, seeing that, accompanied by Ruthven and Doctor Bland, he occupied precisely the pit-box which had been engaged by the two honourable gentlemen in the gallery on the previous anniversary. He was pale and woe-begone, and knew nothing of where he was. His companions gazed on him with palpitating anxiety. The lights flashed up. He started. The music began. He breathed short. The curtain rose. He rubbed his forehead.

“The struggle is beginning,” said the Doctor; “keep quiet.”

Lucy entered.

Bradley breathed hard and quick; and, as they watched his eyes,

they saw returning into them something like the intelligence—the mind of man—that which distinguishes our eyes from the eyes of cats and parrots.

Their highly raised hopes were gradually beaten back. The shock had not yet been strong enough, and the patient was relapsing into imbecile lethargy. “Never mind,” said the Doctor; “all depends upon the scene.”

The audience, however, were obstreperous in their delight, and Lucy was called before the curtain at the end of the first act. Immediately after, the box-door opened, and a muffled-up figure entered.

“How is he?” she asked.

“You have made an impression,” whispered the Doctor. “Everything depends on the scene.”

Another act passed. Bradley had given still stronger symptoms of the approaching crisis. Tears were seen gathering in his eyes, and he listened to the thundering applause of the house as a war-horse to the trumpet.

The play was “going” triumphantly. The third act came. Bradley seemed more and more absorbed, although they knew not to what extent he understood it. The house was in a state of fiery excitement magnificent to see. Poor Ruthven was in tears and laughter at the same moment. Only the Doctor was as cool as though he had been dissecting, his eyes fixed on Bradley's, and his fingers on Bradley's pulse. In the phrase of his own profession, he was “exhibiting” the play to his patient, and watching its operation.

The scene came. The effect upon the audience was overpowering. Ruthven and the doctor only watched Bradley's face. It became whiter and whiter. Then the blue veins appeared on each temple. The nostrils quivered and dilated, and the lips moved as though he “addressed himself to speak.” Amid a roaring torrent of applause the superb climax was given by the triumphant actress, as she dashed forward to save her sick parent from impending death; and faintly uttered, unheard by any save those who stood over him, there was pronounced by the sick man, stretching forth his thin white hand, and trembling from head to foot with a strange emotion, the first words he had spoken announcing returning consciousness.

“That's me!” he stammered out, rising in his chair, and panting as he spoke, “and that's her! that's Lucy, my own Lucy! my daughter Lucy; that's how she saved me from the fire. Lucy, Lucy,” he cried, in his weak, shrill voice, “Lucy, come to me—come to your father!”

But the adjuration was unheard in the mighty roar of acclamation which followed the *coup* of the play, and no one, so intense was the gaze fixed upon the stage, observed that a pale old man in a pit-box had fallen upon the floor in struggling to get to the front, and had been raised by his companions and borne away.

Among the score of bouquets blooming upon the stage was one principally composed of wall-flowers, drooping with the heat. When Lucy picked it up, the faithful Bobby Jones uttered a disconsolate *brava*, and hastened from the theatre to drown his sorrows in a pint of stout and a Welch rabbit.

Upon the stage, after the curtain fell, father and daughter met. He knew her, and blessed her. She was not Columbine now. Heaven's will be done! She was still Lucy; and the infirm old man wept silently on her neck. They were blessed tears. Dr. Bland said they re-established his reason.

Then came the congratulations—some sincere, more false—poured upon the successful actress. The manager was at her feet; and of course the rest of the company would have gone, if they could, lower than her feet.

“I told you so, you unbelieving heathen,” vociferated Dr. Bland; “I told you what the piece would be, and what the woman would be. God bless the actress and the author. Come here to me, both of you, you brats. Shake hands, friend Bradley; you have a great daughter and a great son-in-law, and, what's better, a good daughter and a good son-in-law.”

Bradley still stood looking confounded.

“Ah! my poor fellow,” the Doctor continued, “you've had a long illness. Never mind, your children have cured you. Join their hands. Confound me if genius and affection are not better than physic.”

Bewildered, but yet with some glimpses of what was meant, Bradley did as he was told.

Clown that was put into the grasp of Ruthven the hand of Columbine that was.

These two hands clasp each other yet; so do these two hearts. Bradley is well—the Doctor merry.



THE NEW GAME OF REGATTA.

A NEW GAME—THE REGATTA.

THIS Game (says the inventor, who has obligingly forwarded a sketch and description) is played with dice, on a piece of painted canvas, three or four feet square, representing the sea, placed upon a table, and numbered as in the Engraving. The Guard-Ship (pool) should be from 8 to 10 inches long; breadth in proportion; the hulls of the Yachts, from 2 to 2½ inches, cast in brass or lead; and the Lighthouse of wood, 3 or 4 inches in height. When the stakes are agreed upon, and the pool made, each member must then select his yacht, and enter her at the starting-buoy. All the players must then throw; the highest thrower, with the letter A marked on his die, superintends the Game, and is to be

styled Admiral, and may or may not enter a yacht; but if he should enter one, he commences, unless he be a gallant Admiral, when he allows the ladies to commence. If the letters G-S should turn up, every one in the fleet pays one counter to (100) Guard-Ship. If the letter A turn up, every one pays to the Admiral. But if the letter F turn with any of the above letters, it is vice versa, viz.:—

[G-S] All pay 1 to Guard-Ship.

[A] All pay 1 to Admiral.

[G-S] [F] Guard-Ship pays 1 all round the fleet.

[A] [F] Admiral pays 1 all round the fleet.

The Admiral must keep all the counters he receives from the fleet separate from his own; for, should his yacht be wrecked on the Light-house rock (81, 82), he has to give them all up to the possessor of the leading yacht, who then becomes Admiral, and remains so until the end of the Game, unless he also gets wrecked. Any yacht running aground on the sandbank (81, 82, 33) not only pays half stakes, but goes back 10. Any yacht getting on the Light-house rock (81, 82) must withdraw from the game, as wrecked. The yacht that first reaches the buoy marked 100 gains the pool. All yachts that pass the Lighthouse are to throw but with one die. In reaching the winning buoy, the number thrown must amount exactly to 100.



THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR

POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY; MUSIC BY SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

Slow, and with expression.

SOPRANO.

Soft - ly tread! the year is dy - ing,

f p f p f p f p pp

rall. a tempo

Faint - ly ebbs his part - ing breath; Ev' - ry change - ful mo - ment fly - ing, Rocks him to the sleep of death.

rall. a tempo


cres.

SOPRANO I.
sotto voce *pp* *cres.* *pp* *rall.*
Lul - la-by! lul - la-by! lul - la-by! lul - la-by! Rocks him to the sleep of death! Lul-la-by! lul - la - by! Now he's dead, the

SOPRANO II.
sotto voce *pp* *cres.* *pp*
Lul - la - by! lul - la, lul - la - by! lul - la, lul - la - by! lul-la - by! lul - la - by!


TENORE.
sotto voce *pp* *cres.* *pp*
Lul - la-by! lul - la - by! Rocks him to the sleep of death! Lul-la, lul - la-by! lul - la - by!

BASSO.
sotto voce *pp* *cres.* *pp*
Lul - la-by! lul - la, lul - la - by! lul - la, lul - la - by! lul-la - by! lul - la - by!



bells are ring - ing; Long his loss shall we de-plore; Win - try winds his dirge are sing - ing, Dead and gone for e - ver-more.

rall. *slower* *a tempo*

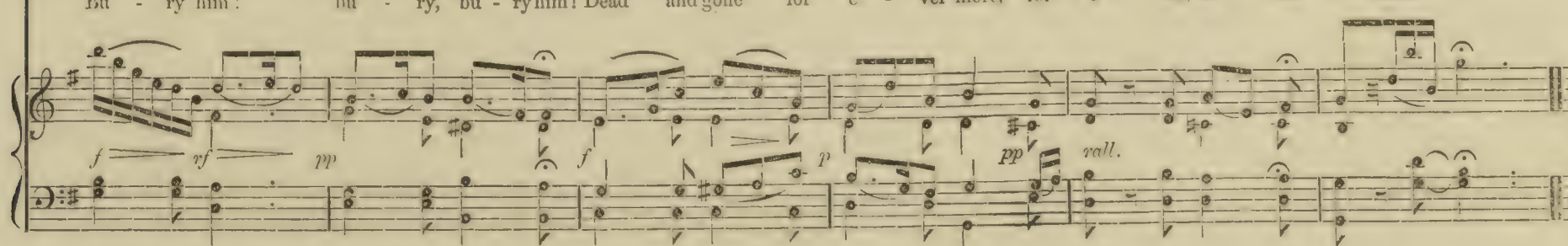


SOPRANO I. *pp* *rall.* *f* *p* *pp* *rall.*
Bu - ryhim! bu - ryhim! bu - ryhim! bu - ryhim! Dead and gone for e - ver-more, for e - ver, e - ver - more.

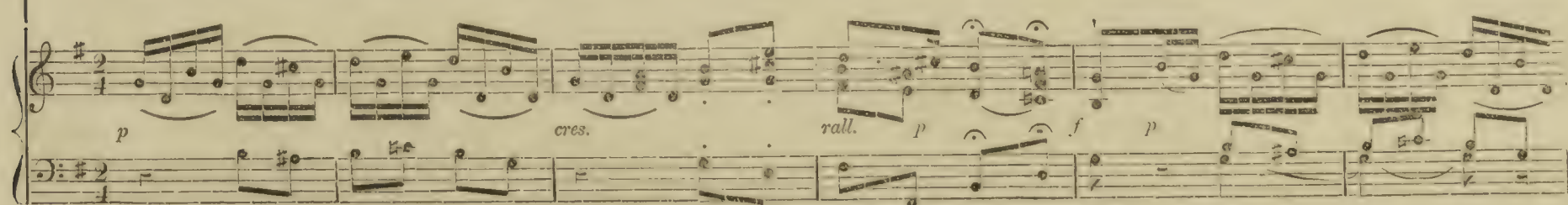
SOPRANO II. *pp* *f* *p* *pp*
Bu - ry him! bu - ry, bu - ryhim! Dead and gone for e - ver-more, for e - ver, e - ver - more.

TENORE. *pp* *f* *p* *pp*
Bu - ry him! bu - ry, bu - ryhim! Dead and gone for e - ver-more, for e - ver, for e - ver - more.

BASSO. *pp* *f* *p* *pp*
Bu - ry him! bu - ry, bu - ryhim! Dead and gone for e - ver-more, for e - ver, e - ver - more.



SOPRANO
With spirit, but not too quick. *rall.*
Life's too short for vain re - pi - ning; Days are born when days de - part; And the bright New Year is shi - ning,



Like a sun - beam on the heart, Like a sun - beam, Like a sun - beam on the heart.

crs. *p* *mf*

SOPRANO I.
Wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! Bright-ly beam-ing on the heart. Wel-come! wel-come!

SOPRANO II.
Wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! Bright-ly beam-ing on the heart. Wel-come! wel-come!

TENORE.
Wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! Bright-ly beam-ing on the heart. Wel-come! wel-come!

BASSO.
Wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! wel-come! Bright-ly beam-ing on the heart. Wel-come! wel-come!

f e marcato.

Bright - ly beam - ing on the heart, beam - ing on the heart, beam-ing on the heart.

Bright - ly beam - ing on the heart, beam - ing on the heart, beam-ing on the heart.

Bright - ly beam - ing on the heart, beam - ing on the heart, beam-ing on the heart.

Bright - ly beam - ing on the heart, beam - ing on the heart, beam-ing on the heart.

ff *ff* *ff* *ff*

SOPRANO.
Strew the ro - ses, ban - ish sad - ness, Joy comes danc-ing with the year; While he lasts may ev'-ry glad - ness

p

Crown the friends as - sem - bled here, Crown the friends as - sem - bled here, as - sem - bled here

SOPRANO I.

Mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! All the friends as - sem - bled here.

SOPRANO II.

Mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! All the friends as - sem - bled here.

TENORE

Mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! All the friends as - sem - bled here.

BASSO.

Mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! All the friends as - sem - bled here.

f e marcato.

Mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! All the friends as - sem - bled here, all as - sem - bled here, all as - sem - bled here.

Mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! All the friends as - sem - bled here, all as - sem - bled here, all as - sem - bled here.

Mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! All the friends as - sem - bled here, all as - sem - bled here, all as - sem - bled here.

Mer-ri - ly! mer-ri - ly! All the friends as - sem - bled here, all as - sem - bled here, all as - sem - bled here.

SOURCE! the Year is dying,
Faintly with his parting breath;
Every cheerful moment flying,
Rocks him to the sleep of death:
Lullaby! lullaby!
Rocks him to the sleep of death!

II.
Now he's dead, the bells are ringing—
Long his loss shall we deplore;
Wintry winds his dirge are singing—
Dead and gone for evermore.
Bury him! bury him!
Dead and gone for evermore.

III.
Life's too short for vain repining:
Days are born when days depart;
And the bright New Year is shining
Like a sunbeam on the heart:
Welcome him! welcome him!
Brightly beaming on the heart!

IV.
Strew the roses, tansy, sea-rose,
Joy comes dancing with the year;
While he lasts may every gladness
Crown the friends assembled here!
Merrily! merrily!
All the friends assembled here.

PLUM-PUDDING: A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY WATTS PHILLIPS, FROM "NOTIONS" BY E. GRANT, ESQ.



I THINK ABOUT GOING TO BED.



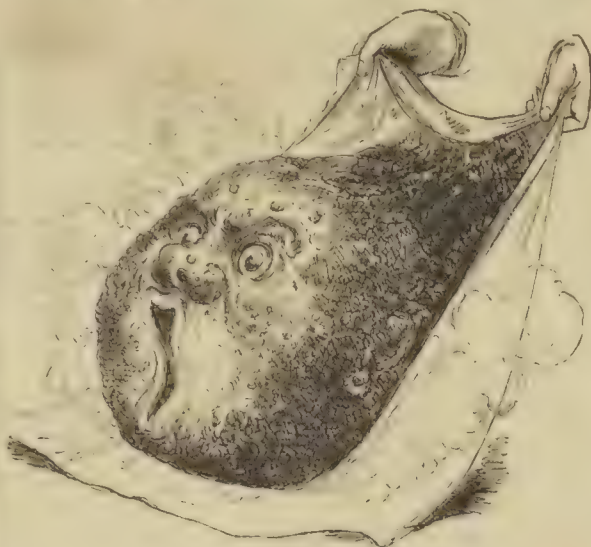
DREAM THAT I AM A PUDDING; AND WAS NEVER SO STIRRED BEFORE.



I YIELD TO THE PRESSURE FROM WITHOUT.



GET INTO HOT WATER.



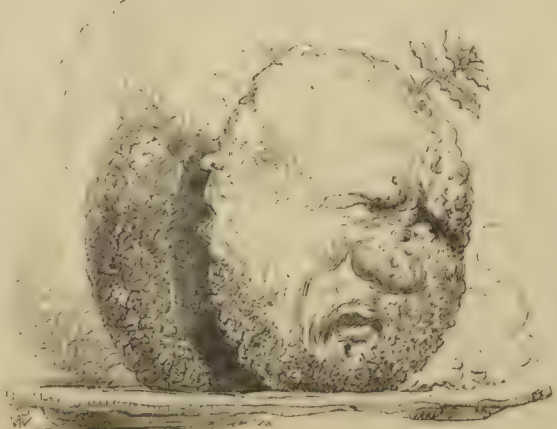
IT'S NOT ALWAYS AGREEABLE TO BE TURNED OUT BY YOUR FRIENDS.



I MAKE MY DEBUT.



AM CUT UP, THOUGH NOT BY THE CRITICS,



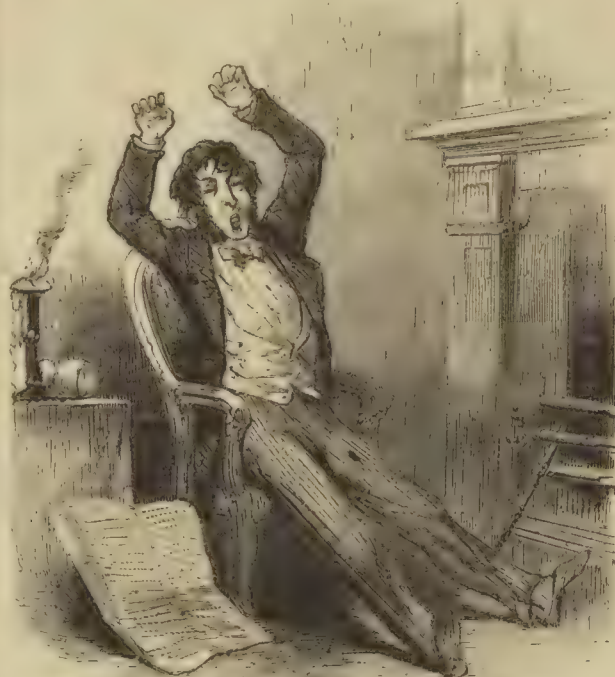
AND FEEL HURT.



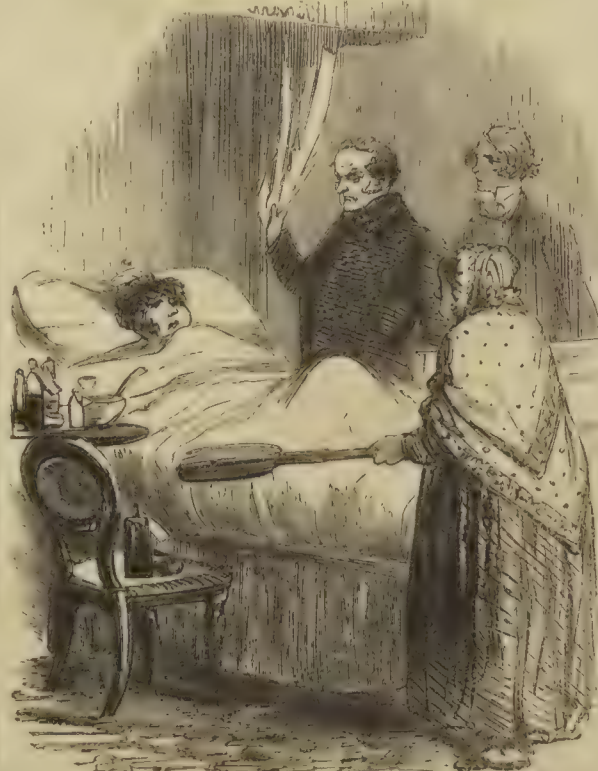
I AM NOT UNIVERSALLY POPULAR.



THE VAIN FEELINGS OF MY YOUTH PASS AWAY;



I AWAKE; HAVING SLEPT IN MY CHAIR ALL NIGHT.



MY STATE NEXT MORNING.

LITERATURE.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

THE SALAMANDRINE. By CHARLES MACKAY, Author of "Egeria," "Legends of the Isles," &c. With Illustrations, drawn by JOHN GILBERT; engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

The story of the Salamandrine is sweetly told; it abounds with graceful imagery, life-like description of scenery and incident, and true pathos. The Illustrations, from the pencil of Mr. John Gilbert, are alike characterised by variety and beauty, piquancy and artistic grace. The incidents are striking, the accessories have been carefully studied. They are exquisitely engraved upon wood by Messrs. Dalziel; and, what is indispensable to success in this branch of art, the work is most delicately printed: it is very tastefully bound; and, altogether, the Salamandrine is one of the most elegant gift-books of the season.

The argument of the poem is drawn from the Rosicrucian story of the "Count de Gabalis," by the Abbé de Villars. "The Salamanders (as we learn from this authority) are inhabitants of the region of fire; and their wives and daughters, the Salamandrines, are more beautiful than all the other holy creatures of the human form, because they are of a purer element. The beauty of their minds surpasses that of their bodies; but their souls are mortal, and they have no hope of divine felicity in the presence of that Supreme Being whom they know and whom they religiously adore; from their extreme purity, they do not die till after many centuries, and return at last into eternal nothingness. This thought so afflicted the philosophers that they complained to God of the fate of these wretched people; and He revealed to them that as man, by the alliance which he has contracted with God, has been made a participator of the divinity, so the Salamanders, by the alliance which they may contract with man, can be made participators of man's immortality." This idea supplies the main incidents of the poem. It is divided into seven cantos: the Watch-fire; the Soldier's Return; Love Betrayed; Hope and Fear; the Bridal Feast; the Doom; and the Triumph of Love. The illustrations, some fifty in number, are selected with taste and judgment, so as to personify the varieties of action with which the poem abounds. The plan of illustration is, first, that the master-passion of each canto is portrayed in a title-page; thus, "The Watch-fire" is personified by a line of mounted warriors. The tail-piece to Canto One is a vignette of the battle-field, with a group of the slain, a touching episode of war. The intervening incidents are the gathering of the host on a frosty morning; the sentry and his beacon-fire; the shivering remnant of the host, seated round a fire; the appearance of the Salamandrine to Sir Gilbert, the hero, and captain of the band, in a vision; Sir Gilbert attempting to follow the vision; and the révéillé, a spirited group of richly-costumed trumpeters—such are the pictures of Canto One.

The title-page of the Second Canto is a bright contrast to the opposite tail-piece of the saddening battle-field. "The Soldier's Return" is personified by the sturdy man of war playing with his infant, beside his loving wife; in the head-piece, the wives and children welcome the returning host; next, the peasants' dance, and youths and maidens and elder people beneath the trees; Sir Gilbert thrown from his horse, and found by the maiden in the wood; Porphyry shooting deer; and the maiden pensive by the stream, illustrate Canto Two.

"Love Betrayed" in Porphyry's absence, the cavalier and maiden seated upon a flowery bank, opens the Third Canto; the head-piece, "Mora's lovely stream, in a sweet wild-wood valley;" succeeded by the lover's walk in the woodlands; the lovers outwatching the moon, on the border of the forest; they are surprised by Porphyry, the maiden's mysterious brother; and the maiden watching her lover out of sight.

In the Fourth Canto—Hope and Fear—the maiden awaits her lover by the stream—is the title-page; the head-piece, a festive scene in Minden's domain, to celebrate Sir Gilbert's return from the wars; next is the banquet of 500 in the hall; the maiden at her lattice, watching for her lover; Sir Gilbert wooing another; his sire and mother preparing for the marriage feast; and the procession of peasants, masks, and cottage-girls, and the bride and bridegroom; and a picturesque tail-piece, completes the illustration of the canto.

The Fifth Canto—the Bridal Feast—has for its title-page a sparkling picture of the peacock borne to the banquet; head-piece, the arrival of the guests "at Minden's lordly hall;" the revel broken by the sudden appearance of Amethysta, the first love, "like Melancholy's self;" Sir Gilbert reprieved, in the forest shade; and the faithless one fallen, yet consoled, closes the canto.

The Doom—Canto Six—portrays, in three scenes, Gilbert, "soul-stricken and heart-sore," in the gloomy forest, hooted by men and children, and spurned by his wife; a beldame, with flaming brand, closing the canto.

Canto Seven.—The Triumph of Love has, for its title-page, the hero and the witch-like woman drooping over him; in the head-piece he is in her cave by her fire; then, he goes forth to gather branches; next, Sir Gilbert is reading his own epitaph; then he sees from behind a tree the bridal procession of his Rosalina. He now seeks his first love, his guardian spirit in the aged form. "His soul was Amethysta's now;" they are united, but

Old traditions say
The maiden perished on her bridal day;
Slain by excess of rapturous joy, she fell
Lifeless upon the breast she loved so well.

Such is the closing vignette of the most varied and graceful series of Illustrations it has ever been our pleasure to welcome from Mr. Gilbert's masterly pencil.

THE POETS OF THE WOODS; Twelve Pictures of English Song Birds.—Bosworth, Regent-street.

This sylvan choir numbers the Nightingale, Robin, Chaffinch, Skylark, Bullfinch, Thrush, Linnet, Blackbird, Goldfinch, Cuckoo, Wood-pigeon, and Turtle-dove; whose portraits are beautifully printed in colours by Messrs. Hanhart, after water-colour drawings by Joseph Wolf. In several cases, the nests of the birds are also introduced in the circular picture within frames printed in gold, each of different design. The letter-press accompaniment consists of passages selected from our best English poets, vividly describing the characteristics of each bird. Some of the pieces are of greater length; as, Keats's beautiful address to the Nightingale; Montgomery's touching lines to the Robin, Shelley's noble lyric to the Skylark, and Smyth's apostrophe to the "sweetest warbler of the skies;" Logan's old familiar lines on the Cuckoo, and Mrs. Hemans's impassioned address to the same bird; so that here we have poetic excellence combined with pictorial attraction.

THE COURT ALBUM; Twelve Portraits of the Female Aristocracy.—Bogue.

This year's bery of beauties are Mrs. Wood, the wife of Captain William Mark Wood, of the Coldstream Guards; Viscountess Nevill, the lady of the son and heir of the Earl of Abergavenny; the Hon. Mrs. Fellowes, eldest daughter of Baron Londes, and wife of Edward Fellowes, Esq., of Ramsey Abbey, Herts; the Viscountess Falmouth, Baroness Le Despenser, in her own right the lineal female representative of the ancient house of Neville, and thus at the head of the female aristocracy of England; and the Lady Jane St. Maur Stanhope, "representative of the Stanhopes of Elvaston, in whose veins, in common with the noble house of Chesterfield, still runs the royal blood of the Lady Anne Plantagenet, daughter and sole heir of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, younger son of Edward III." Next upon the royal and noble roll is the Princess of Saxe-Weimar, second daughter of the Duke of Richmond, married to the Prince of Saxe-Weimar Eisenbach, whose family is connected with every noble house in Europe. The remaining portraits are Miss Charlotte Anna Hume, only child of William Wentworth Fitzwilliam Hume, M.P.; Lady Emily Toler, sister of the Earl of Norbury; Lady Cecilia Catherine Lennox, youngest daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Miss Cholmeley, only daughter of Sir Montague John Cholmeley, Bart.; Mrs. Cordelia Boyd, the wife of Captain Walter Boyd; and Miss Balille, of the ancient family of the Balilles of Dochfour, Inverness. The portraits are the presentments of several styles of female beauty, such as is only to be found among the aristocracy of Great Britain. The drawings are by F. Grant, R.A.; and by John

Hayter, C. Durham, and H. Weigall. The memoir-sketches are rich in piquant anecdote and noteworthy points of genealogical history.

THE KEEPSAKE, 1853. Edited by Miss POWER. Bogue.

This "last rose" of the once numerous family of "Annuals" presents a master-roll of pens whose contributions are altogether of higher attraction than of late years. They include a few graceful *nouvellettes*, recollections of travel, and pleasant anecdote, and some graceful poetry; by Barry Cornwall, Walter Savage Landor, R. Monckton Milnes, S. R. Walter Scott, Albert Smith, W. M. Thackeray, Mr. and Mrs. Alaric Watts, &c. It would occupy more space than we can spare to enumerate the pieces, some fifty in number. The twelve illustrations, engraved under the superintendence of Mr. F. A. Heath, include Buckner's portraits of the Duchess of Manchester, Mrs. Kingston James, Lady John Manners, and Lady Oway; Solomon's characteristic picture of "Scandal," two scenes by E. H. Corbould; "Hotspur and Lady Percy," by Lord Bury. Altogether, we must congratulate Miss Power upon her editorial success.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

The tasteful multiplication of Gift-books is one of the most interesting characteristics of our intellectual age. Hence the recurrence of the present festive season is marked by the production of a shoal of volumes, of an instructive and amusing class, in which the higher purpose of moral teaching is not lost sight of for the sake of mere entertainment. Meanwhile the books themselves have been greatly improved by the abundant means which the progress of illustrative art has placed at the hands of their producers; and what are in common parlance termed "Children's Books" are no longer starveling in their embellishments; but the engravings are raised in character as well as increased in number. Time was when Francis Newbery and Benjamin Tabart scattered a few carelessly-coloured plates in a few widely-printed pages, within a gaudy binding, and the "child's book" was complete; or, perchance, the Christmas gift from the St. Paul's churchyard publisher was garnished with a few wood-cuts, ill engraved and worse printed; while still less attention was paid to the matter in which the holiday plums were dropped; but Newbery's successors have greatly improved upon this scant system, although they have not found another Goldsmith among their staff of writers for the smaller growth. Now and then a genial spirit left the infant world of its day a legacy worth preserving; such, for instance, as Mrs. Trimmer's "Tame Robins; or, the History of Flap-y and Pecky"—a delightful piece of humanity-teaching; but the precious bequest was often in a manner spoiled by re-production, and there was little externally to attract the child to the beautiful lesson of tenderness to animals, which was to be found in its ill-printed pages. This retrospect of the tasteless publication of books for the young might be "profusely illustrated;" but we are content with this well-remembered example, for the sake of pointing attention to the very superior manner in which such works are "got up" in the present day, in comparison with the "juvenile books" of the last generation; and how largely the little folks of the present day have profited by the great spread of wood engraving and improved printing we need not tell; unless it be to suggest that a few holiday pence be contributed in gratitude to raise testimonials to Caxton and Albert Durer, the inventors of the immortal arts of word-enlightenment. Neither need we enlarge upon the improved tone of the children's books of the present day, unless it be to remind the reader how admirably has been followed the excellent advice of that master-spirit, Sir Walter Scott, who, delighting to write for tender minds, has thus nobly expressed his opinion on the matter: "I am persuaded," said Sir Walter, "both children and the lower class of readers hate books which are written down to their capacity, and love those that are composed for their elders and betters. I will make, if possible, a book that a child shall understand, yet a man will feel some temptation to peruse, should he chance to take it up. * * * * The grand and interesting consists in ideas, not in words."

And now to our glance at what has been produced for the current season. First come the Christmas books, so entitled, commencing with—

Christmas-tide: its History, Festivities, and Carols. By William Sandys, F.S.A. J. R. Smith, Soho-square.—A very pleasant reproduction of olden Christmas observances, wherein the olden lore has been re-written and moulded into a more attractive form than hitherto. The book is better adapted for the teens than the earlier growth; and a very delightful task has the learned Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, its author, accomplished in this volume. Here the characteristic incidents of bygone ages are taken out of their cramped quaintness, and put into pleasantly flowing narrative; and the book is wound up with an excellent collection of carols, some of which are set to music; to the illustrations upon wood and stone we cannot award high praise; but, for authority and judicious handling of the subject, this is the best Christmas book of the season; the binding, green, with holly and mistletoe in gold, is beautifully characteristic.

A Holiday-book for Christmas and the New Year (Ingram, Cooke, and Co., Strand) consists of tales and sketches, music and poetry, illustrative of the festive seasons; accompanied by a profusion of highly-finished engravings, mostly selected from the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, and carefully reprinted in a very handsome manner. The majority of these papers are the contributions of writers of celebrity; and the artistic portion is of the same high character. To these reprints have been added some original sketches and music. The title-page is a beautifully characteristic composition, printed in tint; and the decorative binding, worked in colours, is rich and gay.

The Dial of Love: a Christmas Book for the Young, by Mary Howitt, is a little periodical, gathered into a volume; containing "New Stories, suggested by Old Rhymes," "Walks in the Country," "Nut-woods and Sea-sides," a few stories of travel, and Christmas scenes, all narrated in Mrs. Howitt's very attractive manner; with appropriate wood engravings.

A Leaf of the Christmas Tree is a little collection of tales, from the German, edited by the Rev. F. Gilbert White, M.A., and published for the benefit of two children who, by the death of their father (a clergyman) in the Irish fever of 1848, were left to the sole care of their widowed mother; who, as an aid towards their maintenance, has translated these tales of her own German "Fatherland." They are five in number, are narrated in the true spirit of the season, and are full of pleasant simplicity. To each story there is an illustration.

A Hero Philip's Book, by the author of the "the Head of the Family;" has for its narrator Uncle Philip, who, on several evenings, tells of Scottish scenes and incidents in a lively, discursive manner, much to the delight of his little family of listeners. There is a novelty of incident and manner in the book, which is welcome: it has four clever illustrative scenes by James Godwin.

Arnold Lee; or, Rich and Poor Children, by Cousin Kate, is a tale of our times, one of its incidents being from a ragged school set up by "Mother Betty," who imitates John Pounds in her benevolence. The book has an ingenious story-telling framework, and a tone of religious teaching judiciously introduced. There is a frontispiece of Mother Betty's school.

Family Adventures, by the Author of the "Fairy Bower," consists of five stories—the Little Netting-box, the Sheep-walk, the Lost Child, the Shetland Pony, and the Pencil-case—there being between each story a short conversation upon its incidents, the usual mode of estimating how far they have been appreciated by the listeners. Occasionally, the little folks are too shrewd in their criticisms. Perhaps the best story is the "Lost Child."

The Unseen Hand; or, Episodes in an Eventful Life, by the Rev. Stopford J. Bam, M.A., contains, the author assures the reader, "a recital of occurrences and events that have really taken place during the last ten years;" and, as far as we have examined them, they contain nothing beyond the strangeness of truth. They include some extraordinary scenes from college life, Liverpool, and emigrant ships, and a course of unhealthy excitement, temptation, and trouble, through which the "Unseen Hand"—the unceasing interference of Divine Providence—guides and protects the hero to a happy marriage. One of the author's secondary objects is, by picturing the abuses of university life, to aid in its reformation; the writer observing, incidentally, that of the vast numbers who every year distinguish themselves in a literary point of view, at Cambridge, the majority are composed of those, who, on entering the university, could not successfully take their place among the ranks of the so-called gentlemen, and whose means may not exceed £120 or £130 per annum; but who, by unwearied perseverance, diligence, and self-denial, elevate themselves to a condition far more really ennobling and great than that of the

* Thomas Bosworth, Regent-street.
† W. P. Kennedy, Edinburgh.
‡ Binns and Goodwin, Bath.

† Addley and Co., Old Bond-street.
§ J. and C. Mosley, Paternoster-row.

polished gentleman, who, on £1000 a year, contrives, during his college course, to do nothing but consume tobacco through scented water, and become thoroughly acquainted with Newmarket and *Bel's Life*. This may be pleasanter teaching than by "Blue Books;" and the scenes on board an emigrant ship are alike cleverly sketched. We need scarcely add that the book has a religious tone, and its pathos is occasionally impressive.

The Unclaimed Daughter; a Mystery of Our Own Day, edited by C. G. H.—is published with the avowed hope "that the facts thus made known might lead to the discovery of the forsaken child's parents or kindred, and thus unravel the secret of her birth." There is an appendix of documents attesting the character of the chief agents in the narrative. "It is almost impossible," says the preface, "with any approach to certainty, to form an idea of what the circumstances were which thus cast a child of a few years' old, and apparently of gentle birth and careful nurture, into a position so strangely different from that in which she had been born. The facts of the English soldier's attendance after the murder of the lady who is supposed to have been her mother, the advertisement in the *Times*, and the English officer's apparent scrutiny, seem to give colour to the idea that she may not be of Irish extraction. Perhaps, stolen from her parents by some unlawful claimant of property to which she was the natural heir, and never called by her name, that she might lose all trace of her origin. Deceived, perhaps, by a resemblance of the house near Nicholas Murphy's cottage, to her half-remembered home; for it appears hardly probable that she should have been kept so near it—the lady from whom, in her desolation, she so piteously yearned, may at last have traced, and been hastening to claim her, when arrested by the murderer's hand—that murderer it may be, but the agent of others." Such is the mystery which is narrated in this volume; embellished, by the way, with a portrait of "the Unclaimed."

HISTORY OF GREECE. By GEORGE GROTE, Esq. 10 Vols. Murray.

If the Scottish bard may as proudly boast of his Rob Roy as the "English ballad-singer" of his Robin Hood, between Germany and England a like competition exists, not, however, in relation to their thieves, but their historians. If Germany has its Niebuhr, England has her Grote—both subtle questioners of the past, reflecting upon it the light of the present for the benefit of the future. In one sense, both are the great apostles of doubt, and proceed sceptically. They tell us what can not be known, and reveal our ignorance rather than add to our knowledge, except negatively; that is, they show that a great deal that has been generally mistaken for knowledge is merely conjecture—or, to use a favourite phrase of Mr. Grote, "guesswork"—and that the boundaries of historical fact imply exceedingly narrow limits, and a very contracted arena.

Judging by the practice of modern historians, it would seem that an initial scepticism is now the main qualification for success in historical investigations. Formerly, a credulous accumulation of materials was all that the reader, however learned, required. Now, these materials are sifted; such only as are probable admitted, none conceded as certain. Facts are separated from ideas that, by this rule, even while the latter, as in Euclid, are in themselves apodictical, as the philosophers term it, the former have to be proved by evidence, and partake of the defects which are inseparable from the nature of the proof. To the perception of this difference we are indebted for Niebuhr's "Rome," and the "History of Greece" by our own countryman, now before us.

No doubt, scepticism has a legitimate use. It should ask a question for the sake of the answer, and thus lead the way to further information. In the historian's case, the result is, frequently, that no further information is obtainable. Thus, Mr. Grote finds that the early Greek genealogies, with their gods and heroes, are fictitious. History, like the science of law, and other sciences, commences in fiction. The postulates assumed are ideal, and exclusively matters of faith. Niebuhr and Grote will not admit them into the field of speculative or historical belief. Nevertheless, they have a *practical* effect and influence on the human mind in the shape of poetic legend, or oral tradition, which the historian is not at liberty to ignore. Mr. Grote, who considers these mythical researches in a chronological aspect, to be "fruitless in regard to any trustworthy result, and as diverting attention from the genuine form and really illustrative character of Grecian legend," still esteems the inquiry to have a certain value as illustrative "of the ideas which guided the Greek mind," and as exhibiting "its progress from the days of Homer to those of Herodotus." The province of the historian is subordinate to that of the philosopher. Absolute beginning or origin, Niebuhr confessed, was beyond his reach, the historical conception comprehends nothing beyond development and progress, or, as Mr. Grote expresses it, "change from one set of circumstances to another, operated by some definite combination of physical or moral laws." The legendary age of the Greeks, he adds, "as the earliest in any way known to us, must be taken as the initial state from which this series of changes commences."

Mr. Grote's chapters on the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" contain some interesting criticism; particularly in relation to the moral condition of the Homeric age. It was one in which power was held to be goodness, both in gods and men. *Good and just*, in relation to both, were euphisms arising from submission and fear, being not only not suggested, but often pointedly belied, by their particular acts." The ethical meaning of the words hardly appears until the discussions raised by Socrates, and prosecuted by his disciples. The epithets of *good men best men*, habitually applied afterwards to the aristocratical parties, descend from the rudest period of Grecian society. Those words then signified the man of birth, wealth, influence, and daring, whose arm was strong to destroy or to protect, whatever might be the turn of his moral sentiments; while the opposite epithet, *bad*, designated the poor, lowly, and weak, from whose dispositions, be they ever so virtuous, society has little either to hope or to fear. With too many, even to the present day, is not the case practically the same?

Personal authority was indeed the source of heroism, and of the submission to it shown by the crowd. Mr. Grote illustrates this position by some graphic remarks on the Homeric Boule, or Council of Chiefs, and the Agora, or general assembly of freemen. The former was a purely consultative body, with no power over its president or King, in whose determinations it acquiesced. The latter merely received the announcement of the Royal intentions, on which anything might be said, but nothing done, whether in the shape of a vote or otherwise. To sum up, in the words of Grote, "the primitive Grecian Government is essentially monarchical, reposing on personal feeling and divine right." The chiefs uniformly treated the multitude as Odysseus did Thersites, who was not only sharply rebuked for his political interference, but threatened with being stripped naked, and thrashed out of the assembly with disgraceful blows; as an earnest of which Odysseus administered to him on the spot a smart stroke with the studded sceptre, imprinting its painful mark in a bloody weal across his back. Odysseus had just before treated the people in the same manner, when he found them with their chiefs, retreating to their ships. Hastening among the dispersing crowd, "to the chiefs he addressed flattering words, trying to shame them by gentle expostulation; but the people he visited with harsh reprimand and blows from his sceptre, thus driving them back to their seats in the Agora." Hereupon, Mr. Grote takes occasion justly to remark that "the feeling of personal dignity of which philosophical observers in Greece, Herodotus, Xenophon, Hippocrates, and Aristotle boasted, as distinguishing the free Greek citizen from the slavish Asiatic, was yet undeveloped in the time of Homer."

The æsthetic merits of the Homeric poems are of secondary importance. Mr. Grote has entered fully into the Wolfian discussion as to the authenticity of the poems. To him it seems clear that the "Odyssey" has greater degree of unity than the "Iliad," and is the work of one bard; but that the "Iliad" is an enlargement of an "Achilleis," which originally consisted of the first and eighth books, and then from the eleventh to the twenty-second inclusive, to which two more were subsequently added. "The books from the second to the seventh inclusive, together with the tenth, are of a wider and more comprehensive character, and convert the poem from an 'Achilleis' into an 'Iliad.'"

This is the conclusion in which Mr. Grote lands the argument, and there is much in the internal evidence which is strongly in his favour. What appears against him, he thus disposes of:—

The primitive frontispiece, inscribed with the anger of Achilles and its direct consequences, yet remains, after it has ceased to be co-extensive with the poem. The parts added, however, are not necessarily inferior in merit to the original poem: so far is this from being the case, that amongst them are comprehended some of the noblest efforts of the Grecian epic. Nor are they more recent in date than the original; strictly speaking, they must be a little more recent, but they belong to the same generation and state of society as the primitive "Achilleis."

Both poems (if we accept the historian's hypothesis) were unwritten compositions, and so remained for two centuries. The power of rhyming such long poems must be regarded as a wonderful creative and productive act in the Greek poetic mind. The union of the poet and

actor, of the imaginative and the memorial, in one continuous narrative of such extent, is indeed a marvel. If it were pre-arranged by concert between several poets, the wonder is multiplied by the addition of numbers in the same proportion as it is reduced by the division of labour. We have many marvellous minds in their degree, though none to the same extent marvellous, as on the hypothesis of one author. The age, we are told, "was favourable to such fraternisation of poets, of which the gens called Homeridae probably exhibited many specimens." The suggestion reminds us of the school of prophets among the Hebrews; but their songs were written; a fact which, we confess, militates against the supposition of the Homeric poems being originally merely oral. That the "Odyssey" was the work of a single mind, to Mr. Grote seems clear; but, he recognises the probability of many having been engaged on the "Iliad."

Whatever presumptions (he says) a disjointed structure, several apparent inconsistencies of parts, and large excrescences of actual matter beyond the opening promise can sanction, may reasonably be indulged against the supposition that this poem all proceeds from a single author. There is a difference of opinion upon the subject among the best critics, which is probably not destined to be adjusted, since so much depends partly upon critical feeling, partly upon the general reasoning, in respect to ancient epic unity, with which a man sits down to study. For the champions of unity, such as Mr. Payne Knight, are very ready to strike out numerous and often considerable passages as interpolations, thus meeting the objections raised against unity of authorship on the ground of special inconsistencies. Hermann and Boeckh, although not going the length of Lachmann in maintaining the original theory of Wolf, agree with the latter in recognising diversities of authors in the poem, to an extent overpassing the limit of what can fairly be called interpolation. Payne Knight and Nitzsch are equally persuaded of the contrary. Here then is a decided contradiction among critics, all of whom have minutely studied the poems since the Wolfian question was raised. And it is such critics alone who can be said to constitute authority; for the cursory reader, who dwells upon the parts simply long enough to relish their poetical beauty, is struck only by that general sameness of colouring which Wolf himself admits to pervade the poem.

The question seems now to have been examined on every side, and it must therefore be left to adjust itself as it may in individual minds. A critical decision would be an absurdity. The Greek legendary age merits to be understood, because of the light which it throws on the historical; and this, in its turn, serves to interpret the first. There occur, as Mr. Grote admonishes his readers, numerous circumstances in the after political life of the Greeks which cannot be comprehended unless we are first initiated into the course of their legendary associations. Their sentimental attributes, their religious and poetic vein, are as important as their more vigorous and masculine capacities—such as their powers of acting, organising, judging, and speculation, by which they were distinguished in their after political relations. It is the fictitious that rules, after all, the historical; for, in truth, the Ideal is the soul of the Actual. The Greeks were also naturally affected by their geographical position, climate, and the mountainous nature of their country. That

Position made them at once mountaineers and mariners, thus supplying them with great variety of objects, sensations, and adventures; next, that each petty community, nestled apart amidst its own rocks, was sufficiently severed from the rest to possess an individual life and attributes of its own, yet not so far as to abstract it from the sympathies of the remainder; so that an observant Greek, conversing with a great variety of half-countrymen, whose language he understood, and whose idiosyncrasies he could appreciate, had access to a larger mass of social and political experience than any other man in so unadvanced an age could personally obtain. The Phœnician, superior to the Greek on ship-board, traversed wider distances, and saw a greater number of strangers, but had not the same means of intimate communion with a multiplicity of fellows in blood and language. His relations, confined to purchase and sale, did not comprise that mutuality of action and reaction which pervaded the crowd at a Grecian festival. The scene which here presented itself was a mixture of uniformity and variety, highly stimulating to the observant faculties of a man of genius; who, at the same time, if he sought to communicate his own impression, or to act upon this mingled and diverse audience, was forced to shake off what was peculiar to his own town or community, and put forth matter in harmony with the feelings of all. It is thus that we may explain in part that penetrating apprehension of human life and character, and that power of touching sympathies common to all ages and nations, which surprises us so much in the unlettered authors of the old epic. Such periodical intercommunion, of brethren habitually isolated from each other, was the only means then open of procuring for the bard a diversified range of experience, and a many-coloured audience; and it was to a great degree the result of geographical causes. Perhaps among other nations, such facilitating causes might have been found, yet without producing any result comparable to the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." But Homer was, nevertheless, dependent upon the conditions of his age, and we can at least point out those peculiarities in early Grecian society, without which Homeric excellence would never have existed—the geographical position is one, the language another.

The perfection and popularity of their early epic poems conduced to the diffusion among the Greek of a common type of language, and thus keeping together the sympathies of the Hellenic world. The historical period assumes this primitive unity. The Olympic games supply historical computers with recorded dates; every fifth year the victor-runner's name was inscribed, for a succession of Olympiads. The habit of running, wrestling, boxing, &c., in gymnastic contests, with the body perfectly naked, was common to all Greeks, having been first adopted as a Lacedæmonian fashion in the fourteenth Olympiad. Thucydides and Herodotus remark, that it was not only not practised, but even regarded as unseemly among non-Hellens. Of such customs, says Mr. Grote, a great number cannot be specified; but enough is known to prove, "there did really exist in spite of local differences, a general Hellenic sentiment and character, which counted among the cementing causes of a union apparently so little assured;" disunion being the political principle of the Grecian States—the members of each city being aliens to every other.

It is convenient in a subject so extensive as the argument of this history, to be enabled to group its several parts. This Mr. Grote has in part felicitously accomplished. Taking, he says, the period from Cæsus and Peisistratus down to the generation of Alexander (560—300 B.C.), the phenomena of Hellas generally, and her relations, both foreign and inter-political, admit of being grouped together in masses, with continued dependence on one or a few predominant circumstances, and may be said to constitute a sort of historical epoch. This merits to be called the first strictly historical period. Even the story of Lykurgus and the Spartan constitution is of a dateless legendary character. Mr. Grote takes a milder view of the Krypteia than Plutarch did; though he leaves the assassination of the two thousand Helots untouched, on the authority of Thucydides. Of the democratic tendencies of the Grecian states, Mr. Grote rejoices in taking a very different view from Mr. Mitford, and in rising superior to English prejudices. The conception which the Greek formed of an irresponsible Monarch was peculiar. According to Herodotus, he was necessarily "a subverter of the customs of the country; he adds the historian violates women; he puts men to death without trial." According to our larger experience, and in Mr. Grote's opinion, this notion of a King ought to be favourably modified. But this could not be the case either with Herodotus or Aristotle.

The theory of a constitutional King, especially as it exists in England, would have appeared to them impracticable; to establish a King who will reign without governing—in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is, in practice, of little or no effect—except from all responsibility, without making use of the execution—receiving from every one unmeasured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act except within the bounds of a known law—surrounded with all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of Ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist. This remarkable combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur and license with the reality of an invisible strait-waistcoat, is what an Englishman has in his mind when he speaks of a constitutional King; the events of our history have brought it to pass in England, amidst an aristocracy the most powerful that the world has yet seen, but we have still to learn whether it can be made to exist elsewhere, or whether the occurrence of a single King, at once able, aggressive, and resolute, may not suffice to break it up.

The story of Solon, the Athenian legislator, is beautifully told in the third volume of this history; and that of the usurpation of Peisistratus might be cited in illustration of the foregoing remarks. Mr. Grote had previously stated that the theories now prevalent respecting Cromwell and Bonaparte, "who are often blamed because they kept out a legitimate King, but never because they seized an unauthorised power over the people," had no place in Greek political philosophy. So far from considering success in usurpation as a justification of the attempt, such writers as Herodotus, Thucydides, and Æschines, regarded the despot as among the greatest of criminals. His position, however coveted by ambitious men, is painted by them—as also by Plato, Xenophon, and Aristotle—as "revealing clearly enough those wounds and lacerations of mind, whereby the internal Erinyes avenged the community upon the usurper who trampled them down." Those ancient Radicals went to the root of the matter, and, while they executed the tyrant, held in honour his assassin. "A virtuous Greek," says Mr. Grote, "would seldom have scrupled to carry his sword concealed in myrtle branches, like Harmodius and Aristogiton, for the execution of the deed." Peisistratus was compelled to resort to stratagem to create for himself that military power which modern tyrants have found ready made for their use. The would-be usurper appeared one day in the Agora of Athens in his chariot with a pair of mules; he had intentionally wounded both his person and the

mules, and in this condition he threw himself upon the compassion and defence of the people, pretending that his political enemies had violently attacked him. He implored the people to grant him a guard, and at the moment when their sympathies were freshly aroused, both in his favour, and against his supposed assassins, Aristot proposed formally to the Ekklesia (the pro-bouleutic Senate, being composed of friends of Peisistratus, had previously authorised the proposition) that a company of fifty clubmen should be assigned as a permanent body-guard for the defence of Peisistratus. Such was the simple elementary form of a process which, in a more complicated style, has recently been acted on the stage of the world, attended with more elaborate deceptions and a larger result. Mr. Grote adds to this narrative that the number of the body-guard was not long confined to fifty, and that, probably, their clubs were soon exchanged for sharper weapons. Peisistratus, moreover, soon found himself strong enough to throw off the mask, and seize the Acropolis. "Such is the moral of all human tales," yet, it would seem as if the past had existed, and its history been written in vain.

Thus far we have held it a sacred duty, in giving a character of this elaborate work, to indicate the spirit in which it is written. This was all the more expedient, since it is impossible for us to discuss fully the extensive matter of ten volumes of historical research. Else should we be happy to enter into the details of the battles of Marathon, Thermopylae, Artemisium, Salamis, Plataea, Mykalé, and of innumerable episodes connected with the fortunes of Sparta, Athens, and other states. Among these, the stories of Themistokles and Aristides are prominent. To which may be added, those of Pausanias, Perikles, Phœdias, Kleon, Alkibiades, and Socrates. A parallel drawn between the English jury and the Athenian dikastery is full of excellent application; and the argument on the influence of Athenian art and architecture on the public mind is admirably conducted. The antagonism of Corinth to that great and active state is also graphically set forth. Indeed, the whole subject of the Peloponnesian War is treated with the hand of a master. The story of Cyrus and the Ten Thousand Greeks is also abridged from Xenophon, with great skill; that of their retreat is remarkably exciting, interesting, and instructive.

Mr. Grote enters at large into a defence of the Greek sophists, showing that the term originally intended nothing derogatory, and that Socrates himself came rightly within the definition of the term. Compared, however, with that of Socrates and Plato, their aim was limited. Their object was to educate and accomplish the orator and professional man; whereas the purpose of these great philosophers was to edify and accoutre the man *proper*, elevating him, at the same time, to a transcendental point of morality, never attained, if attainable, by mortal. Alkibiades and Alexander were the fruits of this purely intellectual method; and their minds were universalised, as it would seem, to lend the character of infinity to their lusts or their ambition. Such, in relation to Alkibiades, was indeed the charge brought by his accusers against Socrates; and, though the blame, unquestionably, rests with the recipient of the philosophic element, rather than with the element itself, not without some ground in the actual fact. Mr. Grote, indeed, states that Socrates's philosophy was deficient on the moral side; but this, we are bold to think, arises from misapprehension on his part. He takes the Socratic leading assumption to mean only the half of what it does: the knowledge required includes self-knowledge, or wisdom, and, therefore, all those moral affections involved in the human personality. Upon his own ground, however, Mr. Grote has argued his case strongly; and the reader will derive much important information by a careful perusal of his elaborate chapters on this "high argument."

The major portion of the last two of these ten volumes breaks up new ground, commencing with the condition of Greece under the Lacedæmonian empire—a subject which, with others, will be included and concluded in volumes yet to be published. We must await their appearance before we venture on so copious a theme.

MEMOIRS, JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS MOORE. Edited by the Right Hon. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, M.P. Vols. 1 and 2. Longman and Co.

These memoirs of a distinguished poet have been undertaken by a distinguished statesman, in pursuance of a promise made by the latter to the former, and referred to in the will of the deceased bard, in which the task is confided to Lord John Russell of preparing them for publication, as "the means of making some provision for his wife and family." That will was written in 1828, since which date the testator's children have died; and Mrs. Moore only remains to be benefited by the work before us. Messrs. Longmans have fulfilled the wishes of the poet and his biographer, by purchasing the papers that form the basis of it, at a price that, "with the small pension allowed by the Crown, will enable Mrs. Moore to enjoy for the remainder of her life the moderate income which had latterly been the extent and limit of the yearly family expenses." Part of these papers consists of an autobiography dated 1833, and extending to the poet's twentieth year (1799), with a journal begun in 1818, and concluded in 1847, when his last illness prevented its continuance; and much of his correspondence, particularly that with his mother. From these materials the noble editor has constructed a biography which rests more on them than on his own remarks. Facts and letters are left to speak for themselves, and Lord John has no further interfered with them than in placing them in succession and connexion. He has preferred, as he tells us, to preserve the details of "the daily current" of the poet's life, and the "lesser traits of his character." He professes, indeed, to furnish "profuse details," such as give interest to "the lives of Sir Walter Scott and Madame Genlis." His Lordship also enters into the *rationale* of this—adducing the examples of the "greatest masters of fiction," who "introduce small circumstances and homely remarks, in order to give life and probability to stories which otherwise would strike the imagination as absurd and inconceivable;" and instances "Dante's tailor threading his needle," and "the crowds passing over a well-known bridge," Cervantes' descriptions of individuals and places, Defoe's use of trifling circumstances, and Swift's minute measurements in "Gulliver's Travels." In conclusion, Lord John offers his individual taste to look out, and appries us of his esteem of these authors, as superior, in his opinion, in these respects, to Homer, Virgil, and Shakespeare. Indeed, he states that "Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver," are "better known to us" than the three poets just named; meaning, we presume, than the heroes of their works. That this is an exaggerated statement need not be pointed out. It may be readily met with the fact that, for once, in the most ordinary literary composition, the names of the specified romantic personages are alluded to, those of the heroes of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," of the "Æneid," and of the great dramas of our mighty bard, are suggested innumerable times. In fact, from certain passages in his preface, we suspect that Lord John's critical discrimination is not of the sharpest or the surest. But his sympathy with the subject of his memoirs is undoubted, whom he praises for his exquisite sensibility to happy and affecting emotions—to music, which enchanted him; and to views of great scenes of nature, which made him weep. Thus, in Jura mountains, on a first view of the Alps at sunset, he was found speechless and in tears, overcome with the sublimity of Mont Blanc.

In his autobiography, Mr. Moore records his early aptitude for rhyming—so early, that it was something beyond the reach of memory. This, it is clear, is meant to be accepted as proof of poetic instinct; but such is obviously an error. The versifier and the poet are not identical; and Mr. Moore was more of the former than the latter all his life long. His first memorable attempt was on the French toy, the "bandoire" (in England called a "quizz").

Moore's instinct for music was, in his own opinion, prior to his poetic development, which, indeed, according to his own account, only grew out of it; and his feeling for it seems to have been nurtured by his mother. From her, too, he appears to have derived that love for society, which distinguished him in the years of his celebrity; and it was her custom to call his voice into play, and to exercise his taste and talent for singing, to enliven her gay tea-parties and suppers. Such was the life to which he was born—and to it the vivacity of his disposition in after days may be fairly attributed. To it he was doubtless indebted for his progress in London life, and the interest which Lord Moira took in his career, soon after his arrival in the metropolis, introducing him to the Prince of Wales, who at once conceived a great liking for the incipient poet. His claim to distinction was as yet only his unpublished translation of "Anacreon," which he wished to dedicate to his Royal Highness. Of his introduction to Carlton-house he writes in terms of delight, and describes the fascinating manners of the Prince; who, in his turn, was much pleased with Moore's musical talent. Moore's finances at this time were very small, and he had much difficulty in obtaining a new coat for the interview, for which he had to give an old coat and two guineas.

A very full account of the intended duel with Jeffrey, on account of his criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, is given by the autobiographer, in which these minute details required by Lord John Russell are "profusely" supplied. They testify to the courage and *sang froid* of both parties. To both, honour was more than life. Yet it is clear that, at least, Moore was not quite satisfied with the morality of such a contest;

for, on the combatants conversing together, and Jeffrey observing, "What a beautiful morning it is!" Moore relates that he answered, with a slight smile, "Yes: a morning made for better purposes;" and shortly afterwards regarded the man he was about to shoot with a merry anecdote. The duel, however, as our readers know, was prevented by the police; and an acquaintance, thus oddly commenced, ultimately ripened into friendship.

The letters, so loosely strung together by Lord John Russell, are singularly deficient of exciting materials for quotation. The interiors of Slopperton and Mayfield cottages are indeed laid open, and the domestic affections in the poet are illustrated by unmistakable signs; but not with that saliency of style which enables us to set any portion as a picture for exhibition. The reader must gather all this, and whatever else may be desiderated, as a sentiment present in innumerable passages and scattered over many segments of correspondence, but not anywhere concentrated, and to be specified in an exemplary instance. The poet's correspondence with his publishers is of a strictly business-like character. He proposes to provide so many verses for so much money, and on such conditions. Even in the most trying affair of his life—the defalcation of his Bermuda agent, he writes with a matter-of-fact coolness, that precludes any tragic emotion. His diary, indeed, lets us a little more into his inner man; but there is too little of the habit of self-intuition to invest even these entries with any philosophical value. They are discursive and various enough, but not important, nor even brilliant. We never felt more impressed with the want of the reflective power in the writer. Nor is there much of delineation. It was only as an artist or poet that Mr. Moore was descriptive; as a correspondent or journalist, he was negligent in the setting of his thoughts and the collation of his objects. He dealt in small talk, which was not calculated to live beyond the moment of its utterance; and was not at all remarkable for that "discourse of reason," which "looks before and after." All here is fugitive; but our trust is that the volumes to come may be more interesting. The want of colouring in the present is partly due to the absence of those remarks with which it might have been expected that their noble editor would have graced the space between letter and letter, drawing out the spirit of each and pointing to its associations. We cannot but think that too much haste has been shown in the preparation and manipulation of the materials here printed, rather than edited.

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRYCOOK'S; being the Clandestine Correspondence between Kitty Clover at School and her "Dear, dear, Friend" in Town. Edited by HORACE MAYHEW. Illustrated by Phiz. Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

Here we have the entire collection of the Letters, the commencement of which were given in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS in October last, a series of piquant exposures of the practices of boarding-schools, and a satire on the system of mis-education so frequently pursued at those establishments. We should be sorry, however, to have it implied that the strictures, intended by the correspondence before us, were applicable to all or even the majority of female seminaries; but there are, doubtless, exceptional cases, in which Mr. Mayhew's censure is eminently needed. In this age of progress, school discipline should improve with the age, and prepare the pupil for the exigencies of a highly-civilised state of society, by a moral cultivation sufficient to resist not only strong but exceedingly subtle temptations. With these preliminary remarks, we proceed to present our readers with a few characteristic extracts.

In the following description of one of her schoolfellows, Kitty Clover wields a graphic pen.

But the girl I dislike most is Susan Carney. Fancy a tall, thin creature, with hair the colour of blotting-paper, and with eyes like an owl's, that cannot look at you, and you have her standing before you. She is the "sneak" of the school, and moves about like a cat. When we are talking secrets, and turn round, there she is—pretending to look for something, but in reality listening. Or, if a girl has comfortably got one of James's delicious novels inside her rancor, and looks up to see that it is all right and snug, there is Carney's cold eye sure to be fixed sideways upon her. Meggy says her eye is so sharp, she's confident that, like a needle's, it would cut thread. We cannot have a bit of fun but Miss Carney is sure to spoil it. We cannot read or write a letter in class without her knowing it. We cannot talk to the masters, or have a comfortable bit of gossip about the filthy dinners and the Lady Principal, without our being requested, before the day is half over, "to step to Mrs. K.'s boudoir," after which you will see the girls coming back with red eyes and burning cheeks.

The oddest thing is, no one is sure that it is Carney who tells, though every one is convinced that she does. She manages it so cleverly that she is never found out. We tease her as much as we dare, calling her "policeman," "spy," "tell-tit," and everything we can think of; but it takes no effect upon her. She turns a little pale, talks morality in a whining tone, and leaves it to Mrs. Rodwell to redress her wrongs.

Another curious thing is the way in which she wheedles a secret out of you. Though on your guard, she flatters and fawns, and coaxes and lectures, till you have parted with your secret long before you are aware of it. You would imagine she was chloroform, so cleverly does she extract it, without the smallest consciousness on your part. The fact is, she crawls over you, Nelly; and as for talking, it is my firm belief she would talk a letter out of a letter-box. She is exceedingly neat and clean, with not a single hair out of bounds; and, somehow, her dresses do not rustle, nor her shoes creak, as other persons' do. She is down upon you, like a shower at the horticultural *fiée*, before you have time to run for it. What with her crawling, and her sleek appearance, and her gliding so noiselessly about the room, she looks like a big lizard, or a me slippery serpent, that was advancing towards you; and I always feel inclined to scream, or to put up my parasol, when she comes near me, to frighten her away.

Nor is she much a favourite with the remainder of the school. The little girls bribe her with oranges and cakes, and lend her small sums of money, to prevent her telling. But the big girls know it's no use, and waste nothing upon her; they know well enough she will take the bribe one minute, and so and so the next. The governesses even are afraid of her, and begin talking of the weather whenever she approaches.

But what shocks me the most, Nelly, is that she is righteous. She moans and groans, and turns up the whites (or the yellows, rather) of her eyes, and is so pious at church, and is always inveighing against "the shameful wickedness" of the school. When she reads hymns, and is embroidering a *prie dieu* for her godpapa, who is something in the Church, and exceedingly rich; and she writes such insufferably long sermons, twice the length of anybody else's; and after service she begs to see Mrs. Rodwell, *pour confier son cœur*, as she calls it, but we all know what that means, for, as sure as plum-pudding on Sundays, some one is sure to be punished that same afternoon. I only wish we could find her out in anything. I really believe the entire school would rush up to the Lady Principal, and tell of her. But Miss Carney is far too cautious to be caught tripping! They tell me she even sleeps with her eyes open.

His portrait is decidedly clever—a literal likeness, skillfully avoiding caricature. The following is in a more gracious spirit, and true to nature:—

But, Nelly, you would quite love little Jessie Joy; she is the wee'st little thing you ever saw. You might hang her to your *châtelaine*. You would declare that she was not more than ten, and yet she was sixteen last birthday. She has a round face, and little faxen curls, exactly like a pretty doll, if you could only keep her still for a moment to look at her. She plays about the room like the sun on a looking-glass, and her whole body seems to quiver with light. I defy you to catch her, unless, perhaps, it was in the dark. We call her "pet" and "pny."

I don't know how it is, Jessie cannot be taught; and yet she is far from being an idiot, for the little thing understands; nor is she stupid, for she is quick enough to outwit us all. Still, they have never been able to teach her anything. Her eyes (I don't know what colour they are) fly away like butterflies directly you attempt to catch them, and settle on all places but on her book. We think she can read, but no one is sure of it. If told to learn, she pouts her lips like cherries, until you feel inclined to bite them; and her little head swings to and fro, Nelly, like the bells on a tushia, when set a-dancing by the wind. The Lady Principal cannot scold her. The utmost she can do is to call her to her in an angry tone, when she takes up her little head in her two hands as if it were a bowl of milk, and kisses her gently on the forehead. This is all her punishment; and the little culprit runs back into her place as quick as a rabbit.

But if she can't read, or spell, or learn, you should only hear her sing. Nell! It is like a wild bird. She warbles every air she hears. Music seems to gush from her like water from a fountain. Once she was caught playing, and they say it sounded like the rejoicing of good spirits; but she cried when they wanted her to do it again, and has never touched the instrument since. She dances more like a fairy than a human being. And yet when Monsieur Violon (the French dancing-master) attempted to teach her the poka, she ran away and hid herself behind the great globe in the music-room. The truth is, her dancing has nothing of the ball-room in it. She sits about so restlessly, it makes your eyes wink to look at her. Her feet never seem happy on the ground, and I always have a curious fear when the window is opened that Jessie will fly out of it.

The girls are rather frightened at her restless ways and her strange beauty, which seems to belong more to the air than to the earth. They declare that she is a fairy changeling; and that the tale which is told of her father being shot in a duel, and of her mother dying when Jessie was born, is all a story. Jessie rarely goes home. The only person who comes to see her is an aged aunt, with a face all over lines like a railway map. She brings her plenty of toys and plenty of sweeties; but Jessie, apparently, does not care the least about her. The only person her slightly disposition stops in its giddy career about her is Amy Darling. She listens to no one else without impatience. She will play with no one else, except it is a young kitten that belongs to the cook. She will obey no one else. But then I believe if Amy spoke to the lightning, that she would stop it.

As might have been expected, the misery of being a professional governess is dwelt on—

She hasn't a moment to herself. She is the first to rise, and the last to go to bed. She hasn't even the privacy of a bed-room to herself, for she is obliged to sleep in the same room as the girls, to look after them. The only privacy she knows is when she creeps into bed and draws the curtains round her. Our play-hours are no play-hours to her; rather on the contrary, for then her torments really begin, and only end when the bell rings again for class. She is the target at which every little chit fires her fun, and thinks she has a perfect right to do so. She is the only one at which the girls never tire of playing, and to see how they enjoy it you would imagine there was no amusement like it. It is true, Nelly, I have seen much misery yet, and hope I never shall; but I can hardly imagine anything in this world more miserable than a school-governess on a half holiday.

Why, look at poor Blight. I have only to look upon her to feel for the sufferings of the whole class. Her nature seems to be sun-dried. She never smiles; and there is such an air of resignation about her, such a tone of despair that runs through all her words and smallest movements, that it is perfectly clear Hope never whispers into her ear any of those soft motherly words which soothe the agony of one's heart, and lull it quiet y off to sleep.

She may justly be called our "mistress of all work." She does a little of everything; she helps the smallest girls to dress; takes the junior pupils; hears the reading; sees to the wardrobes; gives out the linen; teaches needlework; and superintends the Saturday night's cleaning. In short, she is expected, as they say of servants, "to make herself generally useful," which means, in my instance, that she is worked to death by everybody, and spared by nobody; besides being teased, deceived, bullied, and ridiculed by every one who has a fancy that way; and for leading a life like this, she only gets £16 a year and her board and lodging during the holidays!

Snapp (another of our teachers) smiles at Blight's old-fashioned learning. She says it is quite out of date, and only fit for a charity-school. Mademoiselle (the French teacher) quizzes her dress and makes fun of her melancholy, and talks of her contemptuously, as "an old maid," which I am told is the same as if you were speaking of a cook, or a poor relation, and called her "it." Franklin (the German mistress) mimics her, and laughs over her patient endurance and old-maidish manners.

It must be confessed that poor Blight's appearance affords plenty of temptation for this cruel ridicule. She is certainly very ugly, and no one ever loses an opportunity of telling her so. The worst is, the example set by the school-mistress is followed with the greatest zest by the school-girls, who indulge in all kinds of practical jokes at her expense. She is, unfortunately, very short-sighted, and consequently they are always hiding her spectacles or else rubbing the glass over with butter, or ink. No one considers there is any harm in this, for the girls have grown to look upon Blight as "fair game;" and if any one can put her into a passion, it is considered "rare fun," and thought just as harmless as throwing bread-pills at one another when the mistress's back is turned. When there is no other amusement going on, the cry is always raised, "Let's go and tease Blight," and you see the whole school rushing forward as eagerly as if a gipsy suddenly appeared at the playground gate to tell us our fortunes. But if any one is in trouble, Blight is the first to screen her. If any girl is ill, Blight will sit up with her all night, and will pet and nurse the little sufferer until she almost fancies herself at home; and when the little invalid has grown well again, and has recovered the use of her tongue and fingers, Blight never says a word about the ungrateful return, but bears it all like a martyr, which, in truth, she really is. Ugly as she is, I really think there are times when I could throw my arms round her neck, and kiss her for her goodness.

I cannot tell you all the nicknames which they have for her face and person, nor would it be altogether as reasonable for you, Nelly, I think to hear them. Suffice it to say, the poor thing is very old—thirty-nine, if she is a day; and she has the funniest little head of hair, every hair appearing to be pulled as tight, and to be almost as wide apart, as the strings of a harp. The top of her head is mounted with a round knot of hair no bigger than the worsted ball you see on a Scotch cap. It's a wonder to me she doesn't wear a wig or cap of some sort; though, perhaps, it would be too dangerous, as every one would undoubtedly be trying to pull it off. The girls declare no one can recollect her having a new gown. Every quarter a very thin, snuff-brown silk, on a very stiff lining, is brought out as Sunday best; but it is only the old one turned and altered a bit, for that little wicked thing, Jessie Joy, put a drop of ink on one of the breadths on purpose to find it out; and there it is still, journeying about, backwards and forwards, first in front and then behind; now on the top, just under her chin, and next down at the bottom, sweeping the floor, precisely as the faded silk is twisted or turned to hide the creases and ravages of old age. The girls calculate the period they have been at school by this venerable gown; and it's no unusual thing to hear them, when disputing about any particular date, settling it at once by referring to the age of Miss Blight's brown silk, saying, "I recollect very well it was in the ninth quarter of Blight's Sunday gown;" and a reference to a date of this kind is considered as indisputable as to a Family Bible, or an old almanack.

But these are small matters, Nelly, which I am half ashamed to tell you, for under this poor garment there is a heart of so much goodness as to make us wonder at the strange hiding-places in which virtue sometimes delights in lurking, as if from modesty it had taken every precaution not to be found out. What do you think, Nelly? I am told by Meggy that poor Blight supports an old bedridden mother! She has no positive proof of this, but she is morally sure of it. This, then, accounts for the reason why the poor governess is always working so hard—never resting from crocheting purses, and knitting antimacassars sufficient to cover all the sofas in the world. If you ask her for whom she makes this extraordinary quantity (you can't think, Nell, how quickly and beautifully she works), she simply replies, her pale face becoming paler, "for a dear friend;" and that is all we can get out of her to reward our vulgar curiosity. This must be the truth, or at all hours, both early and late, has she got a needle in her hand. There is a story that she wakes up sometimes in the middle of the night, and works whilst the girls around her are sleeping. But no one knows the cause of her excessive industry, and I really think she would only be miserable if it were known, and her fingers would not ply their work of love half so nimbly if she suspected that the girls, as they watched her with such fixed curiosity, were acquainted with the sacred object for which she was toiling. It is a puzzle, when or where she tells all the things she finishes, and no one exactly likes to find out, though one or two attempts have been made, but always ending, I am happy to say, in the most complete failure. It makes me sad to watch her anxiety when there is a postman's knock at the door. She starts up in her seat, and pauses for a while in her work (the only pause it ever knows), until she gives out the letters; and then you would pity her with all your heart to see how disappointed she is—what a vacancy of hope falls like a dark shadow upon her face—when she learns that there is not one for her! Though when there is a letter it is so rarely any better. She sighs heavily, looks sometimes at a little locket she carries in her breast, and hurries on with her work quicker than ever, as if the purse she was finishing was to contain her own money instead of somebody else's, and she had so much that she wanted the use of it immediately.

If you have any fancy-work you want doing (any braces or cigar-cases you wish to give away as presents), will you send it to me, Nelly, and I will ask Blight, if I can do so without offending her, to do it for me?

This is a picture that goes to the heart. Equally individualised is the portrait of poor Penn, the writing-master. The want of proper education for governesses is rightly censured. There is no previous school for them; they are such, "by accident." There is, accordingly, the want of that discipline and method in their teaching, which ought to have characterised their own studies. Properly qualified teachers are the grand desiderata of public seminaries. The Lady Principal herself of this unauthorised Princess' College was as little prepared for her office by previous cultivation as her subordinates. The wife of a *roué*, she is driven to the use of life by necessity; and is continually liable to intrusion, whenever her whiskered "brute of a husband" would extort money from her. The system of forfeitures for small offences is also an evil, which meets with well-deserved condemnation—

This system, I mean to say, Nelly, is altogether a bad one. To begin, all punishments that are payable by money are bad—at least, so I have heard papa say when he has been reading the police reports. Then, it teaches us to run into debt, for if a girl has no more money, she is obliged to borrow some, as no one is allowed to go home until all her forfeits are paid. What her debts to her schoolfellows may be is quite another thing. Then, again, I maintain, it is a cruel robbery, almost worse than an income-tax, upon our poor girls, for our parents surely never intended when they gave us our pocket-money, that it should find its way, every penny of it, into the schoolmistress's pocket; and, lastly, it makes us suspect all manner of wicked things of our Lady Principal, as we imagine that the money forfeited all goes to her private use, and the girls really believe that one-half of her beautiful drawing-room has been furnished in this way. Whenever a new bonnet comes home, it is curious to hear the buzz of insinuations that instantly, like a swarm of gnats, go flying round the school. Every girl believes in her heart that she has been taxed for the payment of that bonnet. A system, Nelly, which reduces a schoolmistress in the estimation of her pupils, to the level of very little better than a thief, cannot be a very good one!

The school details are relieved by a beautiful episode of Colonel Owen and his daughter, which, however, we must leave for the readers of the work to enjoy in its proper place. We conclude our excerpts with a passage in which the author makes the *amende* for any thing that may have appeared harsh in his descriptions of female school life—

My first half-year ends to-morrow. School does not appear to me now the dreadful place—the awful Blue Beard's chamber—that it did when I first peeped into it. I have learnt by this time to respect my schoolmistress. I know her sternness is mostly assumed to frighten us into obedience; and that under her seeming severity there lurks a natural kindness that would sooner at any period render a punishment than inflict one. Moreover, I can make allowances for her temper ever since I have had two little girls to look after myself; and have discovered how trying it is to put up with their thousand little provocations and to keep them out of mischief. If it is difficult then with two girls—what must it be with sixty?

But there is one thing, Nelly, which reconciles me to school more than any other, and which will always make me look back upon it with feelings of pleasure—I mean the good friends I have made since I have been here—friends, who I hope will continue to be my friends through life.

Besides, I have learnt one great truth, and that is to look with great respect, if not admiration, on many of our poor taskmasters and taskmistresses, who are tutoring and punishing themselves daily in the great school of adversity, all the time they are teaching us. What are school sufferings compared to theirs? What are their school enjoyments in comparison with ours?

With this acknowledgement Mr. Mayhew will be readily pardoned, even by the most interested in his censures, for his exposition, even where unpleasant; showing as it does, that on the whole, the system though speculatively seen to be deficient, nevertheless practically works tolerably well; yet not so well as it might be made to work.

MILTON DAVENANT: a Tale of the Times we Live in. By JAMES BANDINELL. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

"Milton Davenport" possesses no claims to the dignity of a novel—it is merely a bundle of common-place episodes thrown loosely together, without plot to interest or incidents to amuse. There are, properly speaking, four heroes, and as many heroines, and all equally insipid—each pair move in a sphere of their own, without influencing the fortunes of the others, or in anywise contributing to the entertainment of the reader.

Clara Paudolph Davenport succeeds to the inheritance of her grand-uncle, who, after having killed both her parents by his cruelty, ultimately relents, and wills her his estate. She is proud and vindictive; falls in love with a young yeoman, a namesake and distant relative of her own, who some time previously saved her from the insults of a drunken sailor (without knowing who she was), and ultimately marries him. Robert Davenport, as it invariably happens, became enamoured of the unknown beauty to whom he had afforded protection; and Clara in the possession of wealth and rank, resolved to confer her hand on the man who had rendered her a service, when few would have troubled themselves to defend the outcast's daughter. The recognition having taken place, there is no bar to their immediate union, save the diffidence of the young man; but the author thinks it necessary that the rich and haughty heiress should perform some romantic achievement to stimulate the passion of her humble lover. Accordingly, having killed the father and elder brother of his hero, in order to compel him to leave Oxford (where he had distinguished himself), for the purpose of managing his mother's farm, Mr. Bandinell then burns the homestead (the servants and elder members of the family being conveniently absent), to afford the heroine an opportunity of saving two children from the flames. The description of the conflagration and rescue is more ludicrous than appalling, from its sheer extravagance; but it answers the purpose of bringing Robert to the side of Clara at a critical moment, where her heart expands, and he receives such encouragement as leaves the state of her feelings towards him no longer doubtful. Then we have Lord Duckandrade, a profligate fortune-hunter, who, after having been rejected by his cousin Clara and by Miss Snoreham, marries a cockney grocer's daughter, supposed to be rich, but who has in reality nothing but a small annuity derivable from her father's business; and Ellerton, a young clergyman, promised a good living by his uncle, Lord Ironside, provided he marries to his liking, and who is privately engaged to Agatha Butler, a small farmer's only child, subsequently obliged to take service at the rectory, in the absence of her betrothed, who has gone to the Continent for the double purpose of awaiting the death of the incumbent whom he is to succeed, and of purging himself of certain Puseyite tendencies with which he is tainted; and lastly comes Algernon Seymour, a proud young man of fortune, who loves Mary Brown, an apothecary's daughter, and who is also deterred from making her his wife by the threats of another uncle: he too travels, and becomes the guardian angel of all the characters in the book whose faith is wavering; he saves Ellerton from Puseyism, Dyke from Romanism; one Miss Snoreham from Evangelicism, and the other from Popery; he thwarts the efforts of, and finally unmasks, a certain villainous Mr. Pym, a Jesuit parson, who, finding his machinations defeated, hangs himself in despair. By the most clumsy of processes the two last-named young ladies are brought to reside with Clara (now become religious). The three lovers arrive, and almost simultaneously with them, the three uncles enter the drawing-room, where all the characters are then duly assembled. The old gentlemen first denounce the contemplated *mesalliances* in the most insulting language, immediately afterwards compliment their respective nephews on the correctness of their tastes, and so make all happy. The author of "Milton Davenport" appears to be a kind-hearted, and from his collegiate rank we must conclude that he is a learned—perhaps an accomplished—man; yet in the work under review, there is nothing which, were it an anonymous publication, would lead us to suppose that it could have been written by a Christian minister and an English gentleman. The sketches which he gives of some of his clerical brethren are, to say the least, revolting; and the language in which their characters are drawn, and in which they themselves are made to speak, is so coarse and "slangish" that the reader cannot fail to marvel at the indiscretion of the writer, who has the hardihood to use it. Rector Snoreham is a gross and hardhearted sensualist, who lives by, not for religion; and the chaplain (Clarence Porter), is a drunken, degraded bully, "something of the scamp, with a sprinkling of the brute, and a soupçon of the beast in his composition." The former despises his humble parishioners, and is deaf to the supplications of the poor. The latter hoaxes a farmer to enable his patron (Lord Duckandrade) to kiss the bumpkin's sweetheart; and afterwards, while attending the young peer on a bed of sickness, addresses him "as the biggest villain going," accuses him "of trying to gammon him," and concludes the dialogue by assuring him "that he is an infernal liar." This, to be sure, is done to discover a secret; but the same secret might, we should think, be come at by milder means, and in a somewhat less discreditable manner. Even the author's model clergyman does not escape the indignity of a degrading epithet; and the good and Christian Mr. Askerwell, because he happens not to possess the gift of eloquence, is designated in the unsavory language of Mr. Bandinell as "a dumb dog."

Our author's squires and noblemen are as untrue representatives of the aristocracy as are his parsons of the clergy. Squire Bamwall is a full grown *Tony Lumpkin*; the *roué*, Duckandrade, demeans himself like an ill-conditioned groom; while the haughty Lord Ironside is a veritable burlesque on all that is well-bred or dignified, and conducts himself more after the fashion of a knighted tallow-chandler than of a long-descended peer.

Mr. Bandinell professes to love the Church, and to respect the aristocracy; yet he would persuade the world that a large portion of the ministry of the Church are sensual drones, or hypocritical villains, while his samples of the aristocracy are as worthless and debased as could be portrayed by the bitterest enemy of their order.

He may be a zealous, but assuredly the author of "Milton Davenport" is not a discreet man; for, while assailing the Tractarians, he goes far to justify their conduct, by representing the bulk of the body to which they belong as divested of all the attributes which should adorn the Christian ministry. It pains us to be obliged to speak so harshly of one who doubtless means well; but justice requires it at our hands. Should Mr. Bandinell hazard another attempt at novel writing, we would recommend him to exercise more ingenuity in the formation of his plot, and better taste in the selection of his language.

HISTORY IN RUINS. A HANDBOOK OF ARCHITECTURE FOR THE UNLEARNED. By GEORGE GODWIN, F.R.S. Chapman and Hall.

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